

THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
J. J. ROUSSEAU.



THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
J. J. ROUSSEAU,
CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

PART THE SECOND.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A NEW COLLECTION OF LETTERS
FROM THE AUTHOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR P. BYRNE, J. MOORE, J. JONES,
W. JONES, A. GRUEBER, G. DRAPER,
R. WHITE, & J. RICE.

M.DCC.XCI.



T A B L E

Of the LETTERS contained in this Volume.

9	Letters to M. V...s.	-		Page 1
	Letter to M. Cartier	-	-	19
	—— to M. M....u	-	-	20
	—— to M....	-	-	22
2	Letters to M. M...u	-		24
	Letter to M. R....	-	-	28
2	Letters to M. M....u		-	30
	Letter to M. de ***	-		36
2	Letters to M. M....u	-	-	37
2	—— to the King of Prussia		-	41
	A 3			Letter

	Letter to my Lord Marshal	Page 43
3	Letters to M. M.....u -	45
	Letter to M..... Pr. at Neufchâtel	50
3	Letters to M. J. B. - -	52
2	——— to M. M.....u. -	55
	Letter to M. A. A. - -	59
	——— to M. Regnault of Lyons	61
	——— to M..... - -	<i>Ibid.</i>
	——— to M..... - -	64
	——— to Madame de Luze -	66
	——— to Madame de V.....	67
	——— to M. de S..... -	70
	——— to M. de P.....u -	71
	——— to M. M. - -	72
	——— to M. L.....d -	73
	——— to M. Deleyre -	<i>Ibid.</i>
	——— to M. F....r - -	75
	——— to Madame P** -	76
	——— to M. du Peyrou - -	77
	- - - to M. L.....d - -	79
	- - - to M. D'Ivernois -	80
		Letter

T A B L E.

vii

43	Letter to M. D. P.....	-	Page 81
45	—— to M. de Gauffecourt	-	82
50	—— to my Lord Marshal	-	83
52	—— to M. Balliere	-	85
55	—— to M. Du Peyrou	-	86
59	—— to M. S. B.	-	89
61	—— to M. P. Chappuis	-	90
<i>id.</i>	—— to Madame Guienet	-	91
64	—— to M. le Nieps	-	92
66	3 Letters to M. de P...u	-	96
67	Letter to M. Laliaud	-	102
70	—— to M. du Peyrou	-	103
71	—— to M. de P...u	-	104
72	—— to M. D'Ivernois	-	105
73	5 Letters to M. de P...u	-	106
<i>Ibid.</i>	Letter to M. D'Ivernois	-	111
75	—— to M. de St. Briffon	-	112
76	3 Letters to M. de P...u	-	115
77	Letter to D'Ivernois	-	120
79	3 Letters to M. de Luze	-	122
80			Letter

Letter to M. de P...u	-	Page 123
—— to M.	-	125
—— to Madame de Crequi		126
—— to M. de Luze	-	127
—— to M. D'Ivernois	-	129
—— to M. D. P...u	-	130
—— to M. D'Ivernois	-	133
6 Letters to M. Granville	-	135
Letter to Miss Dewes now Mrs. Port		138
Answers to the Questions asked by M. de Chauvel	-	139
Letter to M. de Voltaire	-	143
—— to Mr. Davenport	-	146
—— to M. du Peyrou	-	147
—— to the Countess of Boufflers		151
—— to M. D'Ivernois	-	154
—— to M. de P...u	-	156
—— to M. Laliaud	-	158
—— to Lord Viscount Newsham now Lord Harcourt	-	159
—— to Mr. Davenport	-	160
Letter		

T A B L E.

ix

Letter to Mr. ———	Page	162
——— to M....	- -	163
——— to the Earl of Harcourt		165
2 Letters to Mr. Davenport	-	167
Letter to the Earl of Harcourt		170
——— to M. de P...u	-	172
——— to the Earl of Harcourt		174
——— to M. de P...u	-	176
——— to M. D'Ivernois	-	177
——— to M. Mirabeau	-	178
——— to the Earl of Harcourt		179
3 Letters to Mr. Granville	-	180
Letter to M. de P...u	- -	183
——— to M. Mirabeau	-	<i>Ibid.</i>
——— to M. de P...u	-	184
6 Letters to M. Mirabeau	- -	185
3 ——— to M. de P...u	-	193
Letter to M. Mirabeau	-	199
——— to M. de P...u	- -	200
——— to the Earl of Harcourt		202
——— to M. Mirabeau	-	204
	Letter	

Letter to Mr. Granville	-	Page 205
—— to M. Mirabeau	-	207
2 Letters to M. de P...u	-	209
Letter to M. D'Ivernois		213
—— to M. Mirabeau	-	215
—— to M. de L. L.	-	217
2 Letters to M. D'Ivernois	-	219
Letter to M. de P...u	-	220
—— to M. Laliaud	-	223
2 Letters to M. de P...u	-	225
3 —— to M. Laliaud	-	229
Letter to M. Moulton	-	241
3 Letters to M. Laliaud	-	244
Letter to M. de P...u	-	250
—— to M. Laliaud	-	252
—— to M. Moulton	-	256
—— to M. de P...u	-	258
2 Letters to M. Laliaud	-	259
Letter to M. Moulton	-	263
—— to M. de P...u	-	266
—— to M. Laliaud	-	268
		Letter

T A B L E.

xi

Letter to M. Moulton	-	Page 269
2 Letters to M. de P....u	-	270
2 ——— to M. Moulton	- -	274
Fragment found among the Papers of J. J. Rousseau	- -	283



L E T T E R S

OF

J. J. R O U S S E A U.

L E T T E R

To MR. V s.

Paris, October 15, 1754.

I MUST keep my word with you, sir, and at the same time satisfy my heart and my conscience; for esteem, friendship, remembrance, gratitude, all are due to you, and of these I will acquit myself without thinking of your claim to them from me. Let us therefore love each other, and hasten to do this to such a degree as to make reciprocal assurances of it unnecessary.

I performed my journey more speedily and with greater pleasure than I expected to have done. I observe my return has surprised many people who have wished to have it understood I was forbidden the kingdom, and exiled to Geneva; this to me would be like the exile of a French bishop to the court. Here I am, however, in spite of them and their teeth, and here I shall remain, until my heart leads me to the

B

place

place where you are, which it would immediately do were I to listen only to its dictates. I have not found here one of my old friends.—Diderot is at Langres, Duclos in Bretagne, Grinim in Provence, and D'Alembert in the country; so that I have no resource but in my acquaintance, and these I do not consider of consequence enough to my happiness to induce me to derange my solitude in their favour. The fourth volume of the *Encyclopedie* appeared yesterday; it is said to be superior to the third. I have not yet received mine so that I cannot form a judgment of it. I know nothing, thank God, of literary or political news, and am as little desirous of being informed of the follies of the world, as of those printed in books.

I forgot when I came away, to leave you the *Canzoni* for which you had asked me. In the spring I will make ample amends for my negligence by adding to the *Canzoni* a few French songs more to the taste of your ladies, and which they will sing better.

A thousand respects, I beseech you, to your father and mother, and when you write to your sister pray do not forget me in your letter to her; I beg particularly to know how she does: I recommend myself to your remembrance in your journey to Secheron, and desire you will make ample mention of me there, provided the persons be in the same place. *Item.* To Mr. Mrs. and Miss Muffard at Châtelaine; you will have an opportunity of displaying your eloquence in making the apology of a man who, after receiving so much politeness, went away abruptly.

I have purposely made a separate article for M. *Abauzit*. Make me amends in my absence for the constraint his modesty laid me under every time I endeavoured to express to him my profound
and

and sincere veneration. Declare to him without reserve all the sentiments with which you know me to be penetrated for him, and receive on your own account the assurance of those I entertain for you.

P. S. Mademoiselle Le Vasseur begs me to assure you of her very humble respects. I intend to write to M. de Rochemont; but my cursed indolence—Let your friendship, I beseech you, do the needful with him for mine.

L E T T E R

To MR. V. . . . s.

Paris, July 6. 1755.

IT is a long time since I wrote to you, but as I am sensible of my fault and you cannot have forgotten our agreement, I have nothing new to add for my excuse, and I had much rather renew our correspondence without ceremony than after each interruption of it fatigue you with useless apologies.

I suppose you have before this time seen the work you seemed anxious to read. M. Chapuis has several copies of it. I received so much politeness from every body at Geneva that I know not to whom to shew a preference, without at the same time giving offensive exclusions; but in robbing M. Chapuis there would be a kindness of which friendship only is capable; and this I have some right to expect in those from whom I have received such marks of it as you have given me. I cannot express the satisfaction with which I learned that the council, in the name of the re-

public, had accepted the dedication of the work, and I am fully sensible of the indulgence and favour conferred on me by that condescension. I have always hoped the sentiments by which the *Epistle* was dictated could not be mistaken, and that it would be approved of by those who partook of them; I therefore depend upon your suffrage, upon that of your respectable father, and those of all my worthy fellow-citizens. What the rest of Europe may think of it is to me a matter of indifference. An attempt was made to spread terrible accounts of the violence of the work, and had my enemies succeeded according to their wishes I should have had to contend with government; happily my book was read before judgment was passed upon it, and after examination it was suffered to enter the kingdom without difficulty.

Let me know how your Journal goes on. I have not forgotten my promise, but I have lately been so busy in copying that I have not had a moment of leisure. Besides I will not give you any thing until I can make you an offer of that which shall be more worthy of your acceptance; but you may depend upon my keeping my word, and the worst that can happen will be my bringing to you in the spring what I shall not have had an opportunity of sending sooner; if I know your heart you will not, I am of opinion, on these terms complain of the delay.

Adieu, prepare to love me more than ever, for at my return I am determined to force you to do it.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. V s.

Paris, November 23, 1755:

HOW sensible am I of your tender concern! Every thing I see in you is an additional proof of the friendship you have for me, and renders you still more worthy of mine. You have had reason to think I was dead, not having received from me any sign of life, for I feel the affection I have for you will continue until the last moment of my existence. But still, as negligent as ever, I am no better than from my want of attention to you I seemed to be, except I be so in loving you more than I did; and if you knew how difficult a thing it is to love those to whom we give a right to complain of us, you would feel my attachment to be of some value.

You have been ill, and I knew nothing of the matter; but I knew you had too much business upon your hands. I am afraid fatigue has injured your health, and will be still more prejudicial to it; take care I beseech you of this invaluable blessing as of a thing in which others as well as yourself are interested, and which may contribute towards the consolation of a friend who has for ever lost his own. I have this summer had a violent relapse: the autumn has passed off tolerably, but the approach of winter is cruel: I know not what I shall have to say to you of that of spring.

The fifth volume of the *Encyclopedie* appeared a fortnight ago; the letter E not being finished, your article could not be made use of. I have moreover desired M. Diderot not to insert it unless

less he be satisfied with the contents. For in a work written with so much care, a weak article, when one only is admitted, should not be suffered to pass. The article *Encyclopedie*, by Diderot, is the admiration of all Paris, and yours after reading it will be increased when you are told he was ill when he wrote it.

I have just received, from a noble Venetian, an Italian Epistle, in which I have read with pleasure the three following verses in honour of my country :

*Deb ! Cittadino di Citta ben retta
E compagno e fratel d'ottime Genti.
Ch' amor del giusto hà ragunate insieme*.*

This eulogium is natural and sublime, but it was not from Italy I should have expected it. May we deserve so good an opinion.

Adieu. We must separate, my copying presses me. Every thing friendly, I beg of you, to your amiable family. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. V s.

Hermitage, April 4, 1757.

YOUR letter, my dear fellow-citizen, came to console me in a moment when I thought I had reason to complain of friendship, and I never felt more strongly how dear yours was to me. I said to myself : I gain a young friend ; in him I

* Oh ! citizen of a well governed city, companion and brother of the best of people, united by the love of what is just and right.

shall

shall survive myself, he will revere my memory : this idea softened me to tears.

I have read with pleasure the verses of M. Roustan ; there are very beautiful ones, amongst others very bad ; but this inequality is common at the beginning of the development of genius. I found in them many good thoughts and much vigour in the expression ; I am afraid this young man will become so good a poet as to be a bad preacher ; and an honest man ought to excel most in his own profession. His piece wants connection ; and, unless M. de Voltaire will take that trouble, the only resource is in Paris ; for there is a certain purity of taste and a correctness of style in the capital never to be attained in the provinces, notwithstanding every effort that can be made. I will most willingly endeavour to find some friend to correct the piece without spoiling it ; this is the most polite and proper manner in which I can thank the author, but his consent is previously necessary.

It is true, my good friend, I hoped to embrace you this spring, and that I shall count with impatience the minutes as they pass until I can retire to my own country, or at least to some place in the neighbourhood of it. But I have here a kind of little household establishment, and an old gouvernante eighty years of age, whom it is impossible to take with me, and I cannot abandon her until she has an asylum, or it shall please God to take her to himself ; as long as this obstacle exists I see no means of satisfying my desire and yours.

You say nothing of your health nor of your family ; for this I cannot forgive you : I beg you will believe you are dear to me, and that I love every body belonging to you. For my own part, I suffer more patiently in my solitude than
when

when I was obliged to make faces before those by whom I was importuned : I still keep upon my legs ; I walk, and want not strength, and am going to make up for the rude winter I have passed, in the woods.

I beg you will be particularly careful not to address me any letters to Madame D'Epinay ; this gives her trouble, and increases expences : she has to write and send messengers, both of which may be avoided by directing to me at the *Hermitage, near Montmorenci, by Paris*. Letters so addressed are sooner and as faithfully sent to me, and at a less expence both to Madame D'Epinay and myself. Indeed when large packets, like the preceding one, are in question, they may be put into an envelope with this address : *To M. de Lalive D'Epinay, Farmer-general to the King, at the Hotel des Fermes, Paris*. I perceive it is not known at Geneva that the farmers-general have their letters postage free to the Hotel des Fermes, but not to their own houses. Care must moreover be taken not to let it appear that their packets contain letters with other address ; and in this caution there is a little manœuvre I do not like.

Adieu my dear fellow-citizen ; when will the time come when we shall go together to receive advantage from the useful relaxations of that physician of the body and the mind, the modern Chrysippus whom I esteem more than the Chrysippus of antiquity, whom I love as my friend, and respect as my master !

P. S. I send you open my answer to M. Roustan, that you may see what I have written ; and, should you think it likely to displease him, which certainly is not my intention, suppress it.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. V s.

Montmorenci, July 4, 1758.

I TAKE the earliest opportunity, my dear V s, to undeceive you as to the meaning you give to my last letter, and which certainly was not mine when I wrote it. Be assured I have for you all the esteem, and all the confidence in you one friend owes to another ; it is true, I have had the same reliance upon others who have deceived me, and that, full of secret bitterness, a part of it was perceptible in my expressions : but my good friend, you had so little to do with this, that in the same letter, I think I gave you sufficient proofs of my ardent desire to see and embrace you. You do not sufficiently know me : if I thought you capable of deceiving me, I should have nothing more to say to you.

I have received the copy from M du Villard : I beg you will thank him for it. If he will send me two others, not by the same conveyance, but addressed to *M. Coindet, at Messieurs Theluffon, Necker and Company's*, I shall be obliged to him. He did wrong to print the article without first speaking to me on the subject ; he has left faults which I should have corrected, and has not made the additions with which I should have furnished him.

I have in the press a little piece on the article *Geneva*, by M. D'Alembert. His advice to us to establish a theatre appeared to me pernicious :

it has awakened my zeal and raised my indignation the more, as I clearly perceived he did not scruple to pay his court to M. de Voltaire at our expence. Such are authors and philosophers ! Private interest is ever their motive and the public good their pretence. Dear V....s, let us be men and citizens until the last moment of our lives. Let what will be the consequence, I have given my reasons ; it will be the duty of our countrymen to weigh them. I am sorry this little thing is so weakly written ; it bears evident marks of the state of languor in which I now am and still more of that by which I was oppressed when I wrote it. You will discover nothing in the whole but my heart ; but this I flatter myself will be sufficient to preserve to me yours. Will you have the goodness to go in my behalf to M. Marc Chapuis, to assure him of my sincere friendship, and ask him if he will permit me to send him the copies I have reserved of this work that they may be given to the persons I shall name in the note which I shall send with it.

You lately mentioned to me Madame d'E...y, our friend Roustan, whom I embrace and thank, speaks of her, and others also mention to me her name. This makes me imagine she has left you in an error with respect to something concerning which I must set you right. If Madame d'E...y tells you I am one of her friends, she deceives you ; if she says she is my friend, she deceives you still more. This is all I have to say to you about her.

The work of which you speak is so far from being a philosophical romance, that it is, on the contrary, a correspondence between honest people. If you come I will shew it you, and if you think proper to have any thing to do with
the

the business, I will with pleasure give it up to your direction. Adieu, my good friend: remember, thank God, not the ides of March, but the calends of September: it is on that day I expect you.

L E T T E R

To M. V s.

Montmorenci, Oct. 22, 1758.

I HAVE, my good friend, this moment received your last letter without date, in which you inform me of another under cover to M. de Chenonceaux, which I have not yet received: this, I am certain, proceeds from a neglect in his clerks, for a few days ago he came to see me, and said nothing about the letter. However this may be, let us not again expose ourselves to the same inconvenience; send your letters immediately to my address, but do not frank them, for I cannot from the country do the same by mine to you. Although this packet be considerable enough to make franking it an object, I do not think my friend will regret the money it will cost him, and I have not, at least as I know of, given him reason to think less favourably of me. In future, be as exact in the dates as you have hitherto been subject to forget them.

The letter to M. D'Alembert made its appearance in Paris on the 2d of this month; I did not until the 17th know it was published. On Monday the 8th I received the few copies my bookseller put into the packet for me: I had them distributed on that and the following days, but the sale having been rapid, those to whom I
sent

sent copies had already received others, and this is one of the disagreeable things to which the inconceivable negligence of the bookseller exposed me. That you may judge whether or not any fault of mine caused the delay in the conveyance of the packet to Geneva, I send you one of his letters half torn, and which I fortunately found amongst my papers. If you have any connections in Holland you will oblige me by informing yourself of the matter from himself. According to what he writes me, I hope you will have received and distributed the copies which were addressed to you. I must remark to you, relative to M. Labat, that we have never written to each other, consequently there is no communication betwixt us; I should, however, be very glad to give him this slight proof of my not having forgotten his politeness. But my dear V....s, Roustan is less in a situation to purchase one, I wish to shew him a little mark of my remembrance, and in the scale between the rich and the poor I always incline to the latter. I leave you at liberty to chuse. With respect to the other copy you must, if you please, make it acceptable to M. Soubeyran, whom I have greatly neglected, but never forgotten; endeavour, I beseech you, to make him forget my negligence.

I know the article Geneva was in part by M. de Voltaire; although I was prudent enough to say nothing of the matter, yet when you read my work you will easily perceive I knew with whom I had to do when I wrote it. But I should think it odd if on that account M. de Voltaire imagined I should fail to pay the respect due to him; this I most heartily offer him. In fact, if any person had a right to think himself offended, it would be M. D'Alembert; for, after all, he is the reputed author of the article. You

will

will perceive by the inclosed letter in what manner he received the declaration I made him of my resolution. Cursed be all human respect offensive to truth and sincerity! I hope I have for ever shaken off that contemptible yoke.

I have nothing to say to you concerning the reprinting of the *Economie Politique**, because I have not received the letter in which you mention it. But I confess I thought that, on the offer of M. du Villard, the author might ask him for two copies, and expect to receive them. If paying for these be the only obstacle, I beg you will take the trouble to remove it, and I will reimburse you the amount, with what you may have paid for me on the subject of my last production, and of which I beg you will send me an account.

I have not read the book entitled *de l'Esprit*§, but I love and esteem the author of it. However, I hear such terrible things of the work, that I beseech you to examine it with care before you venture an extract from it in your collection.

Adieu, my dear V....s; I love you too well to answer in corresponding terms to your expressions of friendship: that language ought to be proscribed amongst friends.

* Political OEconomy.
Helvetius.

§ Essay on the Mind, by

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. V....s.

Montmorenci, Nov. 21, 1758.

DEAR V....s, pity my situation, I beseech you. I begin to feel the approach of winter. I suffer, and this is not the worst for my indolence. I am overcome with labour, and the last thing I wrote did not cost me half the time and trouble which answering the letters written to me upon the subject of it will require. I could wish to give the preference to my fellow-citizens, but this I cannot do without exposing myself. For amongst the great number of letters I have received, there are several of a very dangerous tendency, in which snares are manifestly laid for me, to which, however, I must return answers, and this as soon as possible, lest my silence should be imputed to me as a crime. Take, therefore, my good friend, such steps as shall prevent a delay of necessity from being construed into negligence, and prevail upon my countrymen to shew me more indulgence than I have reason to expect from strangers. I will take care to give an answer to every body: my only desire is that an inevitable delay may not displease any person whomsoever.

You speak of criticisms. I shall never read one of them: this resolution I made whilst I was writing my preceding work, and have since found the advantage of it. After having stated my opinion I have discharged my duty. To err is human, especially in an ignorant man like myself, but I have not the obstinacy of ignorance.

If

If I have committed faults, let them be censured; this will be well done. For my part I am determined to remain quiet; and if truth be of consequence to me, peace of mind is still more so.

Dear V....s, what have we done? We have forgotten M. Abauzt. Ah! say, wicked friend, ought that respectable man, who passes his life in forgetting himself, to be forgotten by others? We should have forgotten all the world rather than him. Why did not you give me a hint? I shall ever be sorry for my neglect.—
Adieu.

I have not forgotten what you ask of me for your collection: but.....time! time alas! all the value I set upon this proceeds from my desire of having more of it to lose. By this means do not you perceive my accounts will be easily settled?

L E T T E R

To M. V....s.

Montmorenci, Jan. 6, 1759.

MARRIAGE is a state of discord and uneasiness to persons who are corrupted, but to the virtuous it is a paradise upon earth. Dear V....s, you are going to be happy: perhaps you are already so. Your marriage is not a secret; it ought not to be one; it has the approbation of every body, and could not fail of being generally approved. I glory in the thought that your wife, although a stranger, will not be so amongst us. Virtue and merit are no where strangers except amongst the wicked; add to these a person, every where uncommon, but which becomes
naturalised

naturalised in any country, and you will perceive Mademoiselle C.....n was a Genevese before she became so by residence. My heart rejoices at the thought of the happiness of two persons properly united in marriage, and that this is the state which awaits you. When, my dear friend, shall I be a witness to your bliss? When shall I shed tears of joy while I embrace your beloved children? When shall I say to myself as I approach the object of all your wishes; "This is the mother I have described; this is the woman worthy to be honoured."

I am not surprised at what you have done for M. Abauzt; I do not even thank you for it; it is an insult to friends to thank them for any thing. However you have given your copy, and your having another is not sufficient, you must take it from my hands. If therefore you have not one of mine, let me know it; I will send you the copy I kept for myself, and of which I had no hopes of making so good a use. You shall be at liberty to pay me for it by a copy of the *Economie Politique*; for I have not yet received one.

M. de Voltaire has not written to me. He sets me quite at my ease, and I am not sorry for it. The letter from M. Tronchin related entirely to my work, and contained several very judicious objections, on the subject of which however I am not of his opinion.

I have not forgotten what you desire upon the *choix littéraires*. But, my good friend, put yourself in my place; I have not the leisure common to men of letters. I am so near the end of my pecuniary stock, that if I wish to eat a dinner I must earn it; if I am idle I must

fast; and all the time I have for the business of an author is during my short recreations. The trifling advantages resulting to me from my writings left me at leisure to be ill, and the means of adding a dish to my table, but these are exhausted, and I am nearer the bottom of my purse than I have ever been. Notwithstanding this, I have thousands of letters to answer, hundreds of importunate people to receive and to whom I must offer hospitality. Time passes, and wants remain. Let us, my dear friend, pass the hard times of evil, want, and importunities, and be assured I will do nothing with so much promptitude and pleasure as that which is necessary to the fragment I destine to your service, although unfortunately it will be little agreeable to the taste of your readers and philosophers: it is taken from Plato.

Adieu, my good friend; we are both much taken up with our affairs; you with your happiness; I with my sufferings; but friendship shares in every thing. My ills are alleviated when I think of your pitying me; they are almost effaced by the pleasure I have in thinking you happy. Shew not this letter to any body; at least the last article of it. Once more adieu.

L E T T E R

To M. V....s.

Montmorenci, June 14, 1759.

I AM negligent my dear V....s, you well know I am so; but you are as certain that I do not forget my friends. I never think of counting their letters nor my own, and however exact they

they may be, I think of them more frequently than they write to me. I never make myself uneasy on account of my apparent faults, provided I have no real ones, and I hope I shall never have any with which I can reproach myself with respect to you. When M. Tronchin told you I had resolved never again to go to Geneva, he considered the thing in the worst point of view. There is a great difference between not having for the present taken the resolution to go to Geneva, and having resolved never to go there again. I am so far from having determined the latter, that if I knew how to be of the least use in that city, or I were convinced I should be seen there by every body with pleasure, I would set off to-morrow: but, my good friend, be not deceived; all the Genevese have not the same favourable dispositions towards me as my friend V....s; every friend to truth will find enemies let him go where he will, and it is less mortifying to me to find these in any country than in my own. Besides, my dear Genevese, pains are taking to give you such fashionable amusements, and with so much success, that I find you too advanced for me. You are now so elegant, brilliant, and agreeable, that you would not know what to do with my whimsical figure and gothic maxims. What would now become of me amongst you with your master of pleasantries, under whose care you make such rapid progress? You would think me very ridiculous, and I, on my part, should think you a set of very pretty fellows; we should have much difficulty in agreeing together. I will not repeat to you my old ravings, nor go to seek ill humour amongst you. It is better for me to remain in a place where, if I see things displeasing to me, the concern I give myself about them is not sufficient.

ficient to torment me. This is my present disposition, and my reasons for not changing my opinion are such that, not being agreeable to the country in which you are, I shall not in this in which I reside, become an insupportable guest, and hitherto I have not been treated as such.— Were I obliged to leave it, I hope I should not do so little honour to my country as to make it my last place of refuge.

Adieu, my dear V....s, I have not forgotten the time when you offered to come to see me; and when, taking you at your word, you said no more upon the subject. I said nothing whilst you were a bachelor, and if, now you are married and the thing is impossible, I mention it to you, my intention is to tell you that I still hope to have the pleasure of embracing you, not at Montmorenci but at Geneva. Adieu.

L E T T E R

To Mr. CARTIER.

Montmorenci, July 10, 1759.

I MOST heartily thank thee, my good patriot, for thy kind enquiries after my health, and for the humane and generous offers thy friendly concern for my welfare has induced thee to make me. Believe me, were the thing possible, I would accept these offers with as much pleasure from thee as from any other person in the world; but, my dear friend, thou hast not been made acquainted with the real state of my malady; the evil is yet greater and less merited, and a vice in my frame, with which I was born, renders me absolutely incurable. Therefore all that can be

real

real in the effect of thy offers is the gratitude with which they inspire me, and the pleasure of knowing and esteeming one more of my fellow-citizens.

Thy style is good and honourable: why wilt thou excuse thyself, since it is that of friendship? I cannot better prove to thee my approbation of it than by endeavouring to imitate the example thou hast set me, and it depends upon thyself to perceive that I do this with all my heart. Art not thou, by the bye, one of our brethren called Quakers? If this be the case, I am rejoiced at it, because I love them exceedingly, and, excepting that I do not *thee* and *thou* every body, I think I am more a Quaker than thou art. Yet this is perhaps not the best thing we either of us do; for it is still a folly to be wise amongst fools.—However this may be, I am very well satisfied with thee and thy letter, except the latter part of it wherein thou tellest me thou art more mine than thine own: for thou lyest, and it is not worth while to *thee* and *thou* people for the purpose of telling them lies. Adieu, my dear patriot, I most heartily salute and embrace thee. Thou mayest be assured I do not lie in this.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....U.

Montmorenci, January 29, 1760.

IF I have neglected you, sir, I feel I have done wrong, and reproach myself with my fault.—My silence has been more disagreeable to myself than to you; for how can I answer a letter which does me so much honour, and in which I find so little applicable to myself? I will pass over that
part

part of it which I find exceptionable ; I will not make you a return of eulogium for that you have thought proper to bestow upon me : I imagine you do not like to read encomiums upon yourself, and I will endeavour to deserve from you in future the same good opinion.

M. Favre had an extract from your sermon upon luxury ; he read it to me, and I asked him to permit me to take a copy of it. Do you hear me, sir ?

You are the first person, at least the first I ever heard of, who has shewn the feigned charity of the rich man to be in him an additional luxury ; he feeds the poor as he does his dogs and horses. The mischief is, the dogs and horses serve his pleasures, and that in the end he grows weary of the poor, and at length lets them perish from the same motive, an air of superiority, which induced him to give them succour.

I am afraid you have, in shewing the incompatibility of luxury and equality, done the contrary of what you intended : you must know the partisans of luxury are all enemies to equality. In shewing them in what manner this is destroyed by the former you do nothing but make them love it the more ; you should, on the contrary, have proved that the opinion in favour of riches and luxury annihilates the equality of citizens ; and that all influence gained by riches is lost to the magistrates. I think on this subject there might be another sermon written much more useful, profound, and even political, and wherein, in paying your court, you might utter very important truths with which every body would be struck.

Let us not deceive ourselves ; I was mistaken in my letter to M. D'Alembert. I did not think our progress had been so great nor that our manners

ners were so far advanced. Our evils are now without a remedy ; we want nothing but palliatives, and a theatre is one. Honest men waste not your nervous eloquence in preaching to us equality ; you will not be listened to : we are only slaves ; teach us if it be possible not to become mischievous. *Non ad vetera instituta, quæ jam pridem, corruptis moribus, ludibrio sunt, revocans* ; but in retarding the progress of the evil by reasons of interest, none but which can have any effect upon men whose minds are corrupted. Adieu, sir. I embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M.....

Montmorenci,, 1760.

ALTHOUGH the proper expressions seldom occur to me, this gives me but little concern when I write to readers so clear-sighted as you are. The preface † is printed, therefore I can make no alteration in it. I have already stitched it to the first part, but should you think proper I will tear it off and send it to you ; however it contains nothing more than that of which I have already communicated to you the substance, and I hope you will soon have it with the book to which it belongs, for this is upon the road ; unfortunately my copies come with those of the bookseller. I hope however to find means to send you yours before the book is published. As this preface is nothing more than an abridgment of that I mentioned to you, I persist in my inten-

* That to Eloisa.

tion of giving the latter separately ; but I have said in it too much for and against the book not to let this appear first ; let the work have its effect, good or bad, and the preface may come after.

With respect to the adventures of Edward, it would be too late for these, because the book is printed ; moreover, fearing I should yield to temptation, I burned the manuscript, and all that remains of them is a short extract I made for Madame de Luxembourg, and which is in her possession.

What you say of Wolmar and the danger to which it may expose the editor does not alarm me ; I am certain I shall never be justly put to trouble, and it is a folly to think of taking precautions against injustice. There remains to be said by a believer upon this subject some very important truths. I myself will be that believer, and if I have not the talents necessary to that purpose, I shall at least have sufficient intrepidity. God forbid I should think of shaking the sacred tree which I respect ; I would willingly fortify it with my blood. But I would gladly take from it the branches which have been engrafted in it, and which produce such bad fruit.

Although I have not heard from my bookseller since I received the last sheet, I think his packet is upon the road, and am of opinion it will arrive at Paris about christmas. If you are not ashamed of approving the work, I see no reason why you should not say you have read it, because this would have no other effect than that of being favourable to the sale of the edition. For my own part, I have kept the secret we promised each other ; but if you permit me to divulge it, I shall take great care to boast of your approbation.

A young

A young Genevese who has a taste for the fine arts has undertaken to get engraved for this work a number of copper-plates, of which I have given him the subjects : as they cannot be got ready in time to appear with the book they will be sold separately.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Montmorenci, May 29, 1761.

YOU would, my dear M.....u, easily pardon me my silence were you acquainted with my situation ; but without writing to you I have constantly had you in my thoughts, and have now to make you a proposition. Having laid down my pen, and quitted the tumultuous profession of an author, for which I was not born, I had proposed to myself, after the publication of my reveries upon Education, to conclude by a general edition of my printed works, to which others still in manuscript were to be added. Should the disease which is wearing me away, prevent me from bringing out this edition myself, would you be kind enough to come to Paris and examine my papers in the hands of the person with whom they will be left, and prepare for publication such of them as you may think proper for that purpose ? I must inform you, there will be found, in some of these, sentiments upon religion different from your own, and of which you perhaps will not approve, although they are accompanied with every doctrine essential to moral order. This article I insist upon being left untouched ; will it therefore be agreeable to you to give the edition,

with

with this reserve, which cannot, I think, expose you in any thing, especially when it is known you were formally bound to observe it in fact, but at liberty to refute in your own name, and even in the book if you think proper, that which you should think deserved refutation, provided you neither changed nor suppressed any thing upon this subject : over every other part of the work you will have absolute power.

I must have your answer to this proposal before I can make the last arrangements which my situation renders necessary. Should yours, your affairs and other reasons prevent you from acquiescing, I know nobody except M. Roustan, who calls me his master, though he might be mine, in whom I have the same confidence, and who I think would willingly do this honour to my memory. In this case, as his fortune is less considerable than yours, measures would be taken to prevent his cares from being burdensome to him. If the proposition should not be agreeable either to one or the other every thing will remain as it is ; for I am fully determined not to entrust any man of letters in this country with my papers. I beg a full and direct answer as soon as possible, without letting it pass through the hands of M. C...t. In matters of this kind secrecy is necessary, and I ask it of you. Adieu, virtuous M....u. I pay you no compliments, but it is your own fault if you are not convinced you possess my esteem.

You understand that Eloisa is not to be given to the collection of my writings.

C

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. M....u.

Montmorenci, July 24, 1761.

I HAD no doubt of your taking upon yourself with pleasure the cares I took the liberty to confide to your friendship, and your consent has more affected than surprised me. I may therefore depend that, let my sufferings cease whenever they may, if my collection be not then ready for publication, you will not disdain to do what may be necessary to that effect, and the confidence I have in your friendship relieves me from the inquietude, which, in a like case, it is difficult not to feel as to the state of such works. With respect to the cares of printing, as friendship is sufficient to these, they will fall upon friends in this country to whom I am attached, and in whose hands I shall leave my papers to be disposed of according to their own prudence and your advice. If there be any thing in manuscript worthy of your cabinet, of which I very much doubt I shall think myself more honoured by its being in your hands than in those of the public, and my friends will be of the same opinion. You perceive a journey to Paris will in this case be indispensable; but you will always be at liberty to chuse the time most convenient to yourself, and, according to your manner of thinking, you will not consider the journey as useless, not only from the service you will render to my memory but on account of the pleasure of knowing estimable and respectable persons, the only real friends

friends I ever had in this kingdom, and who certainly will become yours. In the mean time I spare no pains to abridge the work of the editorship. The few moments of leisure my disorder affords me are employed in copying my detached papers; and, since my last letter, I have got so far forward with this work as to hope to be able to finish the whole, should not new accidents prevent me from doing it.

Do you know a M. Mollet, I never heard speak of him until lately. He sometime ago wrote me an account, which gave me great pleasure, of a military festival, and I thanked him for it. This induced him to print his letter, and, without consulting me, the answer I returned him; I have sometimes received like affronts, but what vexes me in this is its coming from Geneva. I shall however learn from it once for all, never again to write to people whom I do not know.

I with regret swell this letter with two others, one to M. Roustan, from whom you have had the goodness to send me a note, the other to a good woman who brought me up, and on whose account I am certain you will not regret the postage of a letter which I wish to spare her, but cannot do it by franking; this is not safe at Montmorenci. Read in my heart, my dear M....u, the principle of my familiarity with you, and which would be indiscretion with any other person; you will not give the liberty I take this name. Say for me a thousand civil things to our friend Vernes. Adieu. I embrace you tenderly.

L E T T E R

To MR. R.....

Montmorenci, October 24, 1761.

YOUR letter of the 30th of September having passed by Geneva, that is, passing twice through France, did not reach me until yesterday. I perceive by it, and with the greatest indignation, the dreadful treatment to which our brethren in the country where you reside are exposed, and at which I am the more astonished, as it would, I think, be the interest of government to leave them unmolested, at least for the present. I can easily imagine their oppressors consult their sanguinary dispositions more than the interest of government; but I am not so much inclined to believe they would carry their cruelty to such a degree were the conduct of our brethren such as to give them no pretence for it. I feel how disagreeable it is to be incessantly exposed to the mercy of a cruel people, and at the same time without support or resource, and deprived of the consolation of hearing the word of God in peace. Yet, this very word is explicit upon the duty of obedience to the laws of princes. To forbid their subjects to assemble together is incontestibly one of their rights; and, after all, assemblies not being the essence of Christianity, men may abstain from them without renouncing their faith. To endeavour to rescue a man from the hands of justice, or from those of the ministers of it, even were he unjustly detained, is an unjustifiable act of rebellion, and which governments have a right to

to punish. I know there are injuries and oppressions of such a nature as to exhaust the patience of the just, Yet, whoever wishes to be a Christian must learn to suffer, and the conduct of every man should be analogous to the doctrine which he professes to believe. These objections may perhaps be futile ; but were they made to me I know not what answer I should be able to return to them.

Unfortunately I am not in a situation to be exposed to them. I am but very little known to M....., and the little knowledge I have of him proceeds from an injury he formerly did me, on which account he would not be disposed to hear favourably any thing I might have to offer ; for although the person offended sometimes forgives, you cannot but know the offender never does. I am in the same predicament with the ministers, and when I have had occasion to ask any of them, not for favours, these I never solicit, but the most evident justice, I have never received an answer to my application. By an indiscreet zeal, I should injure the cause in which you are desirous of interesting me. The friends of truth are never well received in courts, nor should they expect to be so. Each has his vocation upon earth : mine is to tell the public rigid but useful truths ; I endeavour to fulfil it without giving myself the least concern about the evil, the wicked with and never fail to do me as often as this in their power. I have preached humanity, gentleness, and toleration, as much as I have been able to do it, and if I have not been listened to, the fault is not mine ; I have besides laid it down as a rule to adhere to general truths. I write neither libels nor satires ; I do not attack a single man, but men in general ; not an action but a vice. I know not how to go farther than this.

You

You have hit upon a better expedient by writing to M.....: he is the intimate friend of, and will certainly be listened to if he speaks to him in favour of our brethren: but I am much afraid he will not be very zealous in his recommendation. He, my dear sir, wants inclination, and I want power, yet the just are left to suffer. I perceive by your letter that, like myself, you have learned to suffer in the school of poverty: alas! this makes us pity the misfortunes of others, but we are thereby deprived of the power of alleviating their sufferings. Good day, sir, I most cordially salute you.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Montmorenci, February 16, 1762.

NEVER again address me by sir, dear M....u, I beseech you; I cannot bear the word between people who love and esteem each other; I will endeavour to desire an exception of it from you to me.

I am extremely sensible of your concern for my safety; but you must be persuaded there is in my situation more candour than courage in speaking useful truths, and that in future I may tell men to do their worst without having much to lose. Besides, in every country I respect the police and the laws, and if in this I seem to disregard them, it is nothing more than an appearance without foundation; it is impossible to conform more to rules than I do, and it is true, were I attacked I could not without meanness employ all the means I have in my power of defending

fending myself; but it is equally so, that to at-
 tack me would be an injustice, and this is suffi-
 cient to my tranquillity. The prudence of my
 conduct renders it impossible to government to
 do me ill without being unjust, on which account
 I am determined to adhere to my system. Were
 I to endeavour to shelter myself from injustice, I
 should attempt an impossibility, and this would
 lead me to endless precautions. I will moreover
 add, that honoured in this country with public
 esteem, I have a strong means of defence in the
 uprightness of my intentions, which is percepti-
 ble in my writings. The French are naturally
 humane and hospitable; what advantage would
 they derive from persecuting a sick man, who
 stands not in the way of any person, and preaches
 nothing but virtue and peace? Whilst the author
 of the book entitled *de l'Esprit*, lives undisturbed
 in his country, J. J. Rousseau may hope to re-
 main there without being tormented.

Therefore make yourself easy upon my ac-
 count, and be persuaded I am not in danger.—
 My book is, I confess to you, in a critical situ-
 ation, and I have some apprehensions as to its
 fate. It would perhaps be necessary to let a part
 only of it appear, or wretchedly mutilate the
 whole. Upon this head I will make you ac-
 quainted with my determination. I will suffer
 the censor to take what he pleases from the two
 first volumes, but not a word shall he touch of
 the Profession of Faith. This must remain as it
 is or be entirely suppressed; the copy you have of
 it in your possession encourages me to take this
 resolution. We will return to the subject as soon
 as I have any thing more to say to you upon it;
 at present every thing is suspended. The distance
 between Paris and Amsterdam causes the whole
 affair

affair to go on but slowly, and will make much time necessary to bring it to a conclusion.

The observation you make upon the state of religion in Switzerland and at Geneva, and upon the injury the work in question may do to it in those places, would be strong were it well founded: but I am far from thinking as you do upon this head. You say you have read the work twenty times; my dear M....u read it once more, and if, after this, you persist in your opinion, we will give it a discussion.

I am sorry for the inquietude of your father, and more especially on account of the influence it may have upon your journey; although I have too good an opinion of you to think you would be more unhappy were your fortune less considerable. When you have come to a determination let me know it, that I may keep for, or send you, the wretched fragment to which your friendship annexes a value. I should have a greater pleasure in seeing you, as I feel myself a little relieved from my sufferings, and more in a situation to enjoy your conversation. I have a few moments of ease which lately I had not, and these would be more precious to me were you at Montmorenci. However you owe me nothing; to your father, family, and profession, you owe every thing; and friendship cultivated at the expence of duty loses all its charm. Adieu, my dear M....u.— I embrace you most cordially. I have burned your last letter. But why sign your name? Were you afraid I should not know you?

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Montmorenci, April 25, 1762.

I wished, my dear fellow-citizen, before I wrote this letter or sent you the fragment I herein inclose, because you desire it, to be able to give you an account of the fate of my work; but the business is too much prolonged to permit me to wait until it be concluded. I imagine the bookseller has resolved to adhere to the first agreement, and print the work in Holland, as he at first had engaged to do. I am glad of it, for it was always against my wishes that he should, to increase his profit, have the work printed in France, although I had on my part conformed to every rule to which it was proper I should conform, and had done nothing without the consent of the magistrate. But as the bookseller has paid for, as well as received, the manuscript, he has a right to make what use of it he thinks proper. He would not return it to me were I to return him his money, which I have several times uselessly attempted to do; this at present is not in my power. I have therefore resolved to give myself no more concern about the matter, and to let the work take its chance, since it is too late to attempt making any change in its destination.

Although by this determination all discussion concerning the danger of the Profession of Faith becomes useless, since, were I desirous of withdrawing it, the bookseller would not consent to my doing so, I hope you have considered the effect

effect it may have in the worst point of view, in
 supposing it may be the means of producing in
 the people amongst us an absolute incredulity;
 for in the first place, I take nothing away with-
 out reason; in fact, upon the whole, I make no
 diminution, and I establish more than I destroy.
 Besides, the people will always have a positive
 religion, founded upon the authority of men,
 and it is impossible the people of Geneva should,
 upon my work, prefer another religion to that
 they already have. With respect to miracles,
 they depend not so much upon this authority as
 to be totally inseparable from it, and a separation,
 to a certain degree, is important to make, that a
 religious people may not be at the mercy of im-
 postors and innovators; for when the people are
 kept from forsaking their religion by miracles
 only, the hold over them amounts to but little.
 I am much deceived, or those amongst the people
 upon whom my book makes an impression will
 for this reason become honest men, and not
 worse Christians, or rather they will be essentially
 better. I am therefore persuaded the only ill
 effect my work can produce amongst us will be
 prejudice to myself, and I have no doubt but
 they who are most incredulous will, more than
 the devotees, blow the flame of discord; but this
 consideration has never prevented me from doing
 that which I thought was good and useful. I
 have long set men at defiance, and soon perceived
 this would unmask much secret hatred against
 me; but it was as well to set my enemies at their
 ease. Do you think I do not perceive my fellow-
 citizens to be wounded by my reputation, and
 that were not Jean Jaques of Geneva, Voltaire
 would not have been so well received there?
 There is not a city in Europe whence I have not
 visitors at Montmorenci, but the footsteps of

Geneva

Genevese are not to be found here, and when for a moment one of these has come to me it was some disciple of Voltaire, who came as a spy. This, my very dear fellow-citizen, is the true reason, which will ever prevent me from retiring to Geneva; the hatred of one person would destroy the pleasure of finding friends there. I love my country too well to be able to support in it the least hatred. It is better I should live and die in exile. Tell me, therefore, to what risk I expose myself? Good men are proof against absence, and the rest already hate me. They will make this a pretence to shew themselves, and I shall at least know with whom I have to do.— However, we shall not so soon have this trouble. I am more incapable than ever of judging of the fate of my work, it is an abyfs of mystery which I know not how to penetrate. Nevertheless it is paid for, at least in part, and in the actions of men I think the law of interest must ultimately be referred to. Let us wait the event.

The Social Contract is printed, of which you will receive from Rey twelve copies, carriage free, I hope; if not, you will have the goodness to send me an account of the expences to which you are put. I beg of you to distribute in the following manner the eleven which will remain after taking your own.

One to the library, &c.

Apropos of the library. Not knowing the names of the gentlemen who at present have the care of it, and consequently not having it in my power to write to them, I beg you will tell them from me that I have a present for it from the Marshal de Luxembourg. This is a copy of the magnificent edition of the Fables of La Fontaine, with plates, by Oudry, in four volumes in folio. This beautiful work is now in my possession, and
the

the gentlemen may send for it whenever they please. If they think proper to write a letter of thanks to the marshal I am of opinion they will do well. Adieu, my dear fellow-citizen: my paper fails me, and I know not how to finish with you in any other manner. I embrace you.

P. S. You will perceive this letter to have been written at different times. I have hurt my right hand which prevents me from holding my pen with ease. It is with regret I put you to the expence of so large a packet, but you would have it so.

L E T T E R

To MR. DE***.

Montmorenci, May 7, 1762.

IT is I, sir, who have to thank you for not disdaining to receive the feeble homage I could have wished to render more worthy of being offered to you. I think it not improper to inform you relative to my last work of the generosity of Rey, who has acted in a manner very uncommon amongst booksellers, and which cannot fail of acquiring him a part of that esteem with which you honour me. In acknowledgement for the profits he says he has received from my works, he has just settled upon my gouvernante a life annuity of three hundred livres, and this of his own accord in the most obliging manner. I confess to you he has by this action made me his friend for the rest of my life, and I am the more sensible of his kindness as my greatest concern in my present situation arose from the uncertainty of that in which I should leave the poor girl after
seventeen

seventeen years of services, cares, and attachment. I know Rey is not well spoken of in this country, and I myself have more than once had reason to complain of him, but never in matters relative to interest, nor of his not faithfully fulfilling his engagements. It is however certain he is generally esteemed in Holland, and this in my opinion is an authentic fact which ought to make vague imputations disregarded. I have said a great deal to you, sir, concerning a thing with which my heart is full, but your own is of a nature to feel it and to pardon the effects of the impression it has made upon me.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Montmorenci, May 30, 1762.

THE critical state in which your children were when you wrote to me, made me feel for you paternal solicitude and alarms. Relieve me as soon as you can from my inquietude : for my dear M.....u I love you affectionately.

I am much flattered by the expressions of esteem from M. de Reventlouw, in the letter from which you have sent me an extract; but besides my never having admired French poetry, not having for a long time written a single verse, I have absolutely forgotten this idle art: I will farther observe to you that I doubt much of the success of a like enterprize, and with respect to myself I know not how to put into a song any thing proper to be said to princes; I therefore cannot charge myself with the undertaking with which M. de Reventlouw wishes to honour me.

However,

However, to prove to him that this refusal proceeds not from unwillingness, I will write a memoir for the instruction of the young prince, if M. de Reventlouv desires me to do so. As to a recompense I know whence to obtain it without his giving himself the least trouble about the matter. However moderate my performance might be in itself, if I set a price on it, this would be such as neither M. de Reventlouv nor the king of Denmark could pay.

A few days ago my work, at last, made its appearance, and the event clearly proves I have made a return for the assiduous cares of an honest man by the most odious suspicions. I shall never forgive myself such black ingratitude, and at the bottom of my heart I feel the weight of remorse which will torment me until my latest hour.

I am endeavouring to find an opportunity of sending you copies, and if I cannot do more I will send you your own without delay. There is a Lyons edition which to me appears suspicious, as I have not been able to see the proof sheets; besides the bookseller, who has had it printed, has signalised himself in the business by so many artful manœuvres, prejudicial to Neaulme and Duchesne, that justice as well as the honour of the author requires this edition should be decried as much as possible. I am afraid it will not be the only one known where you are, and that Geneva will be infected with several counterfeit editions. After receiving your copy you will be able to make a comparison and to give your opinion.

You foresaw I should be embarrassed about the conveyance of the Fables of La Fontaine. The least appearance of trouble terrifies me, and my own books are spoiled by carriage from the impossibility of my taking the least care of them:

them: judge therefore of my apprehension about these least they should not be properly packed and in such a manner to prevent their being injured upon the road; and of the difficulty of getting them into Paris without their being kept several months in the syndical chamber. I declare to you I had rather have taken upon myself to procure ten others from the library than to be obliged to send these a league. This is a lesson for the future.

You say I am so much beloved in Geneva, attend to what follows. There is not a city in Europe of which the booksellers are not anxious to have my writings. Geneva is the only place where Rey has not been able to sell copies of the *Social Contract*. Not a single bookseller would take charge of them. It is true the sale of this book in France has just been forbidden; but it is precisely for this reason it ought to have been well received in Geneva; for I prefer in it aristocracy to every other kind of government.— Answer me. Adieu, my dear M.....u. Give me some account of your children.

L E T T E R

To MR. M.....u.

July 6, 1762.

I Clearly perceive, my dear fellow-citizen, that whilst I continue to suffer, you cannot be silent, and this seemingly insures to me your cares and correspondence for the rest of my life. Would to God your conduct in this affair might not do you as much injury as it will do you honour. Nothing less than your esteem, and that
of

of some of the real fathers of their country, could have alleviated the sentiment of my misery in a complication of calamities which I could not foresee: the noble firmness of M. Jalabert does not surprise me. I dare believe his sentiments were the most honourable in the council as well as the most equitable; and, for this reason, I am the more obliged to him for the courage with which he supported them. It is of philosophers like him of whom it may truly be said, that were they the governors of states, the people would be happy.

I am equally sorry and grateful for the steps taken by the citizens you mention. They thought they had in this business their own rights to defend, without perceiving the injury they did to me. If however their proceedings were accompanied with all proper decency and respect I conceive them to be more prejudicial than reprehensible. It is most certain I neither knew nor approved of them, no more than of the request by my family, although to speak candidly, the refusal it produced is surprising and without example.

The more I weigh every consideration arising from my situation, the more resolved I am to remain silent. What could I say without renewing the crime of Cam? I will hold my tongue, my dear M....., but my work will speak for me: each reader will find in it the evidence of my having been condemned unheard.

I will not wait until the month of September before I go to Geneva, but I do not think this journey necessary since the council disavows the decree, and I am but ill able to undertake so disagreeable a task. It would be madness in my situation to seek for new troubles when my duty does not require it. I shall ever love my country
but

but never more be able to make a residence in it agreeable to me.

The bailiff here has been informed by letter that the senate of Berne, anticipated by the requisition printed in the gazette, is shortly to send me an order to quit the territories of the Republic. I cannot easily believe a like resolution can be put into execution by so wise a council. As soon as I know my fate, I will take care to make you acquainted with it; until then be secret upon this head.

This requisition, or rather this libel, pursues me from country to country, that every place may refuse to receive me. It has just been printed in the Mercury of Neuchâtel. Is it possible there should not be in the public a single friend to truth and justice to take up the pen and expose the calumnies of the foolish libel, which by its folly could save the author from the chastisement he would receive from an equitable tribunal, were he nothing more than an obscure individual! What would be the chastisement to which a man who dares, under favour of the sacred character of a magistrate, do things he ought to punish, would be condemned? I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

September, 1762.

SIRE,

I Have spoken much ill of you; I shall perhaps speak still more: however, driven from France, Geneva, and the Canton of Berne, I
am

am come to seek an asylum in your states. My fault is, perhaps, in not having done so at first: this eulogium is one of those of which you are worthy. Sire, I have not deserved from you the least favour nor do I ask you for any; but I thought I ought to declare to your majesty I was in your power and that I chose to be so; you will dispose of me as you shall think proper.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

October, 1762.

SIRE,

YOU are my protector and my benefactor: my heart is capable of gratitude and I intend to acquit myself, if I can, of what I owe to you.

You wish to give me bread; amongst your subjects is not there one of them who is in want of it? Take from before my eyes that sword which dazzles them and wounds me; it has but too well done its duty, and the sceptre is abandoned. The career is a great one for kings like you, and you are still far from the termination of it; yet time presses, and you have not a moment to lose, if your intention be to go to the end†.

† In the rough draft of this letter there was in the place of this sentence, *Examine well your heart, O Frederic! is it fitting you should die without having been the greatest of men?* And at the end of the letter the following expression: *This, sire, is what I had to say to you: it is given to but few kings to bear it, and not to any one to bear it twice.*

May

May I see the just and redoubtable Frederic cover his states with a numerous people and be their father, and J. J. Rousseau, the enemy of kings, will go and expire at the foot of his throne !

L E T T E R

TO MY LORD MARSHAL.

November, 1762.

NO, my Lord, I am neither well nor satisfied, but when I receive from you any mark of goodness or remembrance, I forget my pain ; my heart is however oppressed, and I acquire much less courage from my philosophy than from your Spanish wine.

The Countess of Boufflers lives in Rue Nôtre Dame de Nazareth, near the temple ; but I cannot understand how it should have happened you have not her address, since she informs me that she has written to you, begging you to endeavour to prevail upon me to accept the offers made me by the king. For God's sake, my lord, think no more of mediators between you and me ; and have the goodness, I beseech you, to be persuaded that whatever you cannot obtain of yourself will never be obtained by any other person. Madame de Boufflers seems on this occasion to forget the respect due to the unfortunate. I have answered her in terms more severe, perhaps, than they ought to have been, and am afraid this business will put us upon bad terms, if even I am not already out of her favour.

I know not, my Lord, whether or not you still think of our castle in the air ; but I feel my
life

life will become unhappy should not the idea be carried into execution. Every thing displeases, constrains and importunes me; my only confidence is in you, and I feel restraint in the company of any other person: moreover, separated as I am by insurmountable obstacles from the few friends who still remain to me, I cannot live in peace except at a distance from all other society. This is, I hope, an advantage I shall have upon your estate, as I shall there be unknown to every body, and am myself unacquainted with the language of the country. But I am afraid the desire of going there has with you rather been a fancy than a real project; and I am mortified at your not having received an answer from Mr. Hume. However, let what will happen, if I cannot live with you, I will live alone. But Scotland is at a great distance, and I am but ill able to undertake so long a journey. Colombier is out of the question. I would as soon live in a city. Going there from time to time, when I know you will not be importuned by my presence, is sufficient.

I wait with impatience the return of the fine season of the year, to pay you a visit and consult with you upon what steps I am to take in case of my having still some time to support my pains and troubles; for these begin to become long, and not having foreseen any part of that which has happened to me, I am at a loss what means to take to extricate myself. I have asked M. de Malesherbes for copies of the four letters I wrote to him last winter, thinking I had but little time to live, and not imagining I should have so much to suffer. These letters contain an exact portrait of my character, and the key to all my conduct, as far as I have been able to read my own heart. The manner in which you deign to interest yourself in my behalf induces me to think you would have

have pleasure in reading these letters, and the first time I go to Colombier I will take them with me.

I am informed by a letter from Petersburg, that the Empress of Russia has caused a proposition to be made to M. D'Alembert to educate her son. My answer was, that M. D'Alembert had philosophy, learning, and a great deal of wit, but if he brought up this little boy he would not make of him either a wise man or a conqueror, but a harlequin.

I ask your lordship's pardon for my familiarity with you; I cannot be reserved when my heart is inclined to overflow, and when a man has stuff in himself I no longer look at his cloaths. I adopt no formulary, because in that I can perceive no fixed point to stop at without being false. I might, however, adopt one with you, my lord, without running that risk; it would be that of the good Ibrahim*.

L E T T E R

To MR. M.....U.

November 13, 1762.

YOU will never know what I have suffered on account of your silence; but your letter has restored me to life; and the assurance you give me makes me easy for the rest of my days. Write, therefore, in future at your ease, I shall

* Ibrahim, the Turkish slave of my lord Marshal, concluded his letters in this manner: *I am more your friend than ever.*
Ibrahim.

no more be alarmed at your silence. But, my dear friend, pardon the inquietude of a poor solitary creature, who is unacquainted with what passes, whose imagination is troubled by such cruel remembrance, who knows no other happiness than friendship, and who never loved any body so much as he does you. *Felix se nescit amari*, says the poet; but I say, *Felix nescit amare*. On both sides the circumstances which have strengthened our attachment have put it to the proof, and given it the solidity of a friendship of twenty years.

I will not say a word to M. de Montmollin, relative to the letter you mention. He will do what he shall think most to his advantage; for my part, I will not take a step nor say another word in the affair; your people may struggle as they please, I will neither meddle with them nor their chicanery. They pretend to treat me like a child, who, after receiving the rod, is made to ask pardon. This is not quite my way of thinking. It is not I who wish to give explanations, but the good man De Luc who wishes me to do so. I am sorry it is not my power to comply with his request, for he has this journey quite won my heart, and I was much more satisfied with him than I expected to have been. Since my letter was not approved of, my explanations would have the same fate; of whatever nature the measures taken may be, I will say nothing more than what I have stated, and if I were farther pressed I should be afraid of exposing M. de Montmollin, therefore I will not say a word more: this is my determination.

In re-considering this matter, I find we have given it too much importance; it is foolish children's play, at which men of sense are vexed for a moment and then laugh.

Adieu

Adieu, my dear M.....u.

I had forgotten to tell you, the king of Prussia has made me, by means of the lord Marshal, the most obliging offers, and in a manner the most flattering.

L E T T E R

To MR. M.....U.

November 25, 1762.

I Expected my dear M.....u, what has just happened; on which account it has not much affected me. I might, perhaps, had I chosen it, have given another turn to the business. But an invariable maxim with me is never to do the least injury to any body. I am happy not to have departed from it on this occasion; for I confess to you the temptation was strong.

I am glad you are at last convinced I have already done rather too much. These gentlemen of Geneva really give themselves singular airs. It would seem I ought to go and ask their pardon for the affronts I have received from them. And then what a shocking inquisition! The 'Turks themselves would not proceed to such lengths.

The good man disposes of me as he would dispose of his old shoes: he wishes me to go to Geneva at a season and in a situation which make it impossible for me to go, not only from Motiers, but out of my chamber. There is not common sense in the request. I much wish again to see Geneva, and I feel my heart can forget all the injuries I have received from the inhabitants
of

of that city. But nobody shall ever see me there as a man who asks pardon or who receives it.

I mentioned to you the offers made me by the king of Prussia, and the impression these made upon me. But would you have wished me to accept them? Is it necessary to tell you what I have done! These things between us ought to be guessed at.

I must observe to you one thing. You cannot but have remarked a great inequality in my letters; this proceeds from there being a good deal of it in my temper, and I do not conceal it from my friends. My conduct is not regulated by my temper; it is directed by a more constant rule: men never change after my age. I shall be what I have been. My situation is the same with one exception: hitherto I have had friends, but at present I feel I have one friend.

You will learn with pleasure that Emilius has the greatest success in England. The second edition of the translation is now selling. This rapid success of a foreign work is unprecedented in London, and, note, notwithstanding what I have said in it against the English.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Motiers, Jan. 23, 1763.

WHAT has induced you to imagine that, supposing me to have written memoirs of my life, I have chosen to confide them to M. de Montmollin? Be persuaded my gratitude for his kindness to me does not blind me to such a degree; and were I to chuse a confessor he certainly would
not

not be a man of the church ; for I do not consider my dear M....u as one of that description. It is true, the life of your unhappy friend, which I consider as at an end, is all I have to write ; and the history of a man who has the courage to shew himself *intus et in cute*, may, perhaps, be of some use to his fellow-creatures ; for unfortunately not having always lived alone, I shall not know how to describe myself without giving a description of many other persons ; and I have not a right to be as sincere on their account as on my own, at least with the public, and whilst they are alive. In this business certain arrangements would perhaps be necessary, and these would require the concurrence of a safe man and a real friend ; it is not at present I for the first time consider of the undertaking which is not so trifling as to you it may seem to be, and I see but one means of carrying it into execution, upon this I wish to reason with you. I have a proposition to make to you. Tell me, my dear M....u, if I have strength enough this summer to hold myself up, can you spare two or three months, and come and pass them almost tête-à-tête with me ? For this I would not fix either upon Motiers, Zurich, or Geneva, but upon a place of which I have already thought, and where we should have no importunate visitors, at least not for some time. We should find there a host, a friend, and even very agreeable societies whenever we wished to quit our solitude. Think of this, and give me your opinion. There is no question of a long journey. The more I think of the project, the more delightful it seems to me. Think of it, and give me your answer. Let me, my dear friend, enjoy life for two months more, and I shall then die contented.

D

YOU

You propose to me to go to the neighbourhood of Geneva to seek an alleviation of my sufferings, and what alleviation I beseech you to tell me? I know no other when I feel pain than patience and tranquillity. My friends even, are in these moments insupportable to me, because to my other sufferings I have to add constraint, that I may not afflict them. Do you think me one of those who despise medicine when they are in health, and respect it the moment they are ill? For my part, when visited by sickness, I keep myself quiet, in expectation of death or recovery. Were I ill at Geneva it would be to Motiers I should come in search of needful succour.

Do you know that at Paris a general edition of my works is undertaken, with the permission of government? What say you to this? Would you imagine the idiot Neaulme, and the indefatigable Formey are industrious in mutilating my *Emilius*, to which they will have the audacity to leave my name, after having rendered it as stupid as themselves?

Adieu. I embrace you. My situation is still the same; however, the winter is far advanced. We shall see what a season more mild will do for me.

L E T T E R

To MR. . . . , Pr, at Neuchâtel.

Motiers, , 1763.

I HAVE no satisfaction, sir, to make to christianity because I have not offended it; therefore, I have not for that purpose the least occasion for the book of M. Denise.

All

All the proofs of the truth of the Christian religion are contained in the Bible. They who take the trouble to write these proofs do nothing more than take them from that source, and turn them according to their own manner. It is better to meditate the original, and draw the proofs from it ourselves, than to search them in the trash of these authors. Therefore, once more, sir, I am not, for this purpose, in want of the book of M. Denise.

Yet, since you assure me it is a good one, I will keep it, upon your word, to read it at my leisure, on condition that you will have the goodness to let me know what the copy you have sent me cost you, and permit me to pay the price of it into the hands of your messenger, without which the book will within a fortnight be sent to him for the purpose of being returned to you.

I now proceed to answer your two questions. Christianity is natural religion better explained, as you yourself observe in the letter with which you have honoured me. Consequently to profess natural religion is not to declare against Christianity.

All human knowledge has its objectionable parts, accompanied with difficulties frequently inexplicable. Christianity is not without these; a friend to truth, an honest man, and a good Christian cannot but be convinced of it. Nothing offends me more than to perceive that, instead of receiving a solution of these difficulties, I am reproached with having pointed them out.

Whence comes it, sir, that you say my motive for professing the Christian religion, is the power such persons as myself have of edifying and scandalising? Nothing of this appears in my

letter to M. de Montmollin, nor any thing like it; nor have I ever written or spoken such a folly.

I neither like nor esteem anonymous letters, nor do I ever answer them; but I thought I owed you an exception on account of your age and zeal. With respect to the formulary from which you have thought proper to exempt me by not signing your letter, this care was superfluous, for I never write any thing that I will not openly avow, and moreover I never descend to form.

L E T T E R

TO MR. J. B.*

Motiers. March 21, 1763

THE answer to your objection, sir, is in the book from whence you have taken it. Read more attentively the text and the notes; you will find the objection removed.

You wish me to expunge from my book that which is against religion; but there is nothing of the kind in the work.

I could wish to satisfy you by doing what you prescribe. I am infirm, worn out, and advancing into years; I have fulfilled my task, badly no doubt, but to the utmost in my power. I have proposed my ideas to those who have the

* M. B. to whom these letters are addressed had reproached M. Rousseau with the publication of the Confession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar, against this express maxim of the vicar himself.

“ As long as there remains any good belief amongst men, peaceful minds should not be disturbed, nor the faith of the simple alarmed by difficulties which they cannot resolve, and by which they are made uneasy without being enlightened.

government of young people; but for these I know not how to write.

You say I must tell you every thing, or you understand not any thing. This, sir, makes me despair of your ever understanding me; for I have not the talent of speaking to people to whom it is necessary to say every thing.

I salute you, sir, most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Motiers, March 28, 1763.

SOLUTION of the objection of M. B...

But when once every thing is shaken, the trunk should be preserved at the expence of the branches, &c. Emile, tome III. page 157, of this edition, and page 104, tom II. in 4to.

This, I think, is what the good vicar might now say to the public. Ibid. page 108, note, and tome II. in 4to. page 71, note.

M. B. assures me every body finds in my book many things against the Christian religion, I am not, upon this head, as upon many others, of the opinion of every body, and the less so, as amongst all these persons I do not see one Christian.

A man who seeks explanations for the purpose of exposing him by whom they are given is not very generous; but the oppressed man who has not the courage to give them is a coward, and I have no fear of passing for one. I am not afraid of explanation, but of useless discourse. I am more particularly afraid of idlers, who, not know-

ing in what manner to pass their own time, with to dispose of mine.

I beg M. B. to accept my salutations.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Motiers, April 4, 1763

I AM very well satisfied, sir, with your last letter, and it is with great pleasure I tell you so. I perceive with concern I had judged wrong of you; but pray put yourself in my place. I receive thousands of letters, in which, under pretence of asking me for explanations, nothing more is intended than to spread snares for me. Health, leisure, and ages would be necessary to enable me to enter into all the details expected from me, and as I penetrate the motive of such applications, I answer frankly, or even with severity, to the intention rather than to the letter. You, sir, whom my sourness has not offended, may depend, on my part, upon all the esteem your piety merits, and upon a disposition to love you, which will probably have its effect should we ever know each other better. In the mean time, I beg you will accept my apologies and salutations.

L E T T E R

To M. M.....u.

Motiers, March 21, 1763.

SINCE, my dear M...u, you would have it so, I enclose you a copy of my letter to M. de Beaumont. I gave two others, several days ago, to the carrier; but he from day to day delays setting off, and will not I believe leave this until Wednesday. I will take care to send you more copies. In the mean time, consider the two now sent to safe hands, until the work appears, for fear of counterfeits. I waited until my mind was calm before I judged the Genevese. My opinion is given of them. I should already have taken the step you mention, had not my lord marshal desired me to delay it, and I perceive you think as he does. Therefore, before I proceed farther I will wait the effect of the letter I send you; but should it bring them back to their duty, this I confess to you would flatter me but very moderately. They are such fools, and so knavish, that in future good and evil from them will be almost equally indifferent to me. We feel but little attachment to those we despise.

M. de Voltaire, seems to you to love me, because, he knows you yourself do; be assured that to people of his own party his language is quite different. This able comedian, *dolis instructus et arte Pelasgâ*, knows how to change his tone according to the people with whom he has to do. However this may be, should he ever sincerely wish to be upon good terms with me, my arms are open to receive him; for of all the Christian vir-

tues,

tues, to forget injuries is, I declare to you, the most easy to me to practise. No advances : these would be mean; but be persuaded I shall ever be ready to answer his, and in a manner with which he will be satisfied. Should he ever again speak to you upon the subject, begin at this point. I know you will not expose me, and you know, at least, I think so, you can answer for your friend in every thing that is proper. The manœuvres of M. de Voltaire, so much approved of at Geneva, are not seen with a favourable eye at Paris. They have shocked every body, and counter-balance the good effect of the protection given to the Calas. The best thing he can do for his reputation is to come to an accommodation with me.

As soon as you have determined to come to me, we must take our measures accordingly. I must go and see my lord marshal before his departure for Berlin; it is possible you may not find me. Besides, the season is not far enough advanced for the journey to Zurich, nor even for walking. When you are here I shall be desirous to keep you for some time. I had rather defer my pleasure, the better to enjoy it at my ease. Can you doubt that those by whom you may be accompanied will not be well received?

L E T T E R

To M. M u.

Motiers, June 4, 1763.

I HAVE so few agreeable moments, that I do not much expect to find any so delightful as those I have had with you. You are very good, my
dear

dear friend; if you were satisfied with me, I was still more so with you. This simple truth is worth all your eulogium: let our reciprocal esteem be such as to prevent our commending each other.

You give me for Mademoiselle C.... a commission, which I shall boldly execute, precisely on account of my esteem for her. The coolness of M. G.... injures him in my opinion; I have again looked into his book; he affects wit, and is stiff in his manner; M. G.... is not a man for me; nor can I think he is for Mademoiselle C.... — He who knows not her value is unworthy of her; but he who feels it and detaches himself from her is contemptible. She knows not what she would have; this man serves her better than her own heart. I had much rather he would leave her poor and free amongst you, than take her rich and unhappy to England. Indeed, I wish M. G.... may not come. I could wish to disguise myself, but I know not how to do it; I am desirous of doing well, yet I feel I should spoil all.

The judgment of M. de Monclar surprises me extremely. The vulgar, and men of slender literary merit, naturally call what they cannot understand a paradox, and this to reproach me with extravagant ideas; but, Monclar, whom I thought a philosopher, at least a logician, thus to read what I have written, and to judge me in such a manner! He certainly has not understood me. If my principles be true every thing is true; if false, every thing is false. The consequences I drew were vigorous and necessary. What therefore does he mean to say? I understand not his meaning. I am honoured by his eulogiums, so far as I can be by the praise of a man of merit by whom I have not been understood. However, make what use you please of his letter; it cannot but be honourable to me with the public. Notwithstanding

withstanding whatever he may say, it will always be clear to you and myself that he has not understood me.

I am overwhelmed with letters from Geneva. You cannot conceive the folly and arrogance of these epistles. There is not one of them in which the writer does not appoint himself my judge and summon me to his tribunal, there to render an account of my conduct. One M. B.....t, from whom I have received an account of the proceedings against me, pretends I have not received the least offence, and that the council had a right to stigmatize my work without first summoning the author. He observes to me upon the subject of the burning of my book by the hangman, that honour is not tarnished by the fate of a *third*. Which signifies (unless the word *third* has here a particular meaning) that a man who receives a blow from another ought not to think himself insulted. I have, however, amongst a great deal of trash received one letter which softened me to tears: it is anonymous, and by a simplicity which forced from me a smile, the writer has been careful to enclose in it the postage.

I most heartily wish things may be suffered to remain as they are, and that I may enjoy with tranquillity the pleasure of seeing my friends at Geneva without interruption from business or cabals: I will set off immediately after the receipt of your letter. I will inform you of the day of our arrival, and beg of you to hire us a chaise for our departure the next day. Adieu, my dear friend; a thousand respects to your father and your better half, I hope she has no reason to complain of your stay at Motiers: if you acquired there the body of Emilius you have not

in exchange for it lost the heart of St. Preux ; and I am very sure you will have both for her.

The enclosed letters are those I have received for you. A thousand friendly things to M. Le Sage. I most cordially embrace you.

L E T T E R

To MR. A. A.

Motiers, June 5, 1763.

THIS, sir, is the short answer you require to the difficulties by which in my letter to M. de Beaumont you are tormented*.

1. Christianity is Judaism explained and accomplished. Therefore the apostles did not transgress the laws of the Jews when they taught them the gospel; but the Jews persecuted the apostles because the doctrine these taught was not understood by them, or at least they pretended not to understand it: this is not the only instance of the kind.

2. I have distinguished the modes of worship in which essential religion is found, and those in which it is not observable. The first are good, the last bad; this I have already said, A man is not obliged to conform to the particular religion of the state, nor is he permitted to profess it except essential religion be therein contained;

* This is the passage objected to :

"I believe an honest man, really believing in the religion he professes, let this be what it will, may be saved. But I do not for this reason think new religions can legally be introduced in any country without the permission of the sovereign: for if this be not immediately disobeying God, it is disobeying the laws, and he who is disobedient to the laws is disobedient to God."

as for instance, it is found in the different christian communions, in Mahometanism and in Judaism. But in Paganism the case is different. As it is very evident essential religion is not found in this, the apostles had a right to preach against Paganism, even amongst the Pagans and in despite of them.

3. Were not all these things true, what would be the consequence? Although members of the state are not permitted to attack of their own accord the religion of the country, it does not follow that those whom God has expressly commanded to do so are not permitted to do it— This, the catechism teaches you is the case in preaching the gospel. Humanly speaking, I have preached the common duty of men; but I have not said they ought not to obey when God has spoken. His law may make obedience to human laws to be dispensed with; this is a principle of your faith which I have not combated. The apostles were not therefore culpable in introducing a new religion without the permission of the sovereign. This short answer is, I believe, within the reach of your comprehension, and fully sufficient.

Make yourself easy, sir, I beseech you, and remember that a good Christian, simple and ignorant, such as you assure me you are, ought to confine himself to serving God in the simplicity of his heart, without troubling his head so much about the sentiments of others.

L E T T E R

To Mr. REGNAULT, OF LYONS:

On the subject of an offer of money he was desired to make from an unknown person who, having heard M. Rousseau was recovering from a dangerous illness, supposed this assistance might be useful to him.

Motiers, October 21, 1763.

I Know not upon what ground, sir, the unknown person, of whom you speak, supposes he has a right to make me presents; but this I know, that were I ever to accept any, I must first be very well acquainted with him who should think he deserved a preference, and upon this head I think as he does.

I am very sensible of the obliging offers you make me. Not being at present in a situation which requires me to take advantage of them, I thank you for the intention and salute you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To Mr.

Motiers, December ..., 1763.

THE truth I love, sir, is not so much metaphysical as moral: I am fond of truth because I detest falsehood. I cannot upon this point be incoherent without being insincere. I should
like

like metaphysical truth also if I thought it within our reach; but I have never perceived this to be the case in books, and despairing of finding it there I disdain their instruction, persuaded the truth most useful to our purposes is nearer to us, and that to acquire it so much preparatory science is unnecessary. Your work may give the demonstration promised but constantly failed in by all the philosophers, yet I cannot change my principles for reasons with which I am unacquainted. I am however awed by your confidence; you promise so much and in such express terms; besides, I observe such justness and reason in your manner of writing, that I should be surprised were these not in your philosophy also, and the conviction of my short-sightedness ought to have prevented me from thinking it extraordinary you could have seen into that which I had thought impenetrable. This doubt gave me some inquietude, because the truth with which I am acquainted, or that which I take for it, is very amiable, the result very favourable to me, and I know not how I could depart from it without being a loser. Were my sentiments demonstrated I should give myself but little concern about yours; but to speak candidly, I am arrived at persuasion without being confirmed by conviction. I believe, but I am ignorant; I do not know even that the science necessary to my better understanding would be of real use to me if I possessed it, nor that I should not have to say, *Alto quasi sit cæli lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.*

This, sir, is the solution, or at least the éclaircissement of the incoherence with which you have reproached me. Yet it seems odd enough I should, after having at your own request given you my sentiments, be reduced to the necessity of making my apology. The liberty I took of
judging

judging you was to comply with your wishes ; I may have been deceived but an error is not an injury.

You still ask my opinion of a very grave subject, and will again perhaps take my answer in a wrong sense. But fortunately the advice you require is such as an author never asks until he has determined in what manner he shall act.

I will first observe that the supposition of the discovery of truth being contained in your book is not particular to you ; and if this reason induces you to publish your work, it ought, upon the same ground, to determine every philosopher to publish his.

I will add that it is not sufficient to observe the good a book contains in itself, but that the evil of which it may be the cause should also be considered ; you are to remember it will find but few judicious and well disposed readers, but many with bad hearts and still more with weak heads. Before it be published you are to compare the good it may do with the evil which may arise from it, and the use with the abuse of the doctrine. Examine well your book by this rule, and be upon your guard against partiality : it is according as one of these two effects has the advantage over the other that your book ought or ought not to be published.

You are a stranger, sir, to me, I am unacquainted with your situation, profession, and age, and this ought to govern my advice to you. All a young man does has less consequence, and every thing is effaced or repaired by time. But if you are past maturity, ah ! think a hundred times before you disturb the peace of your whole life ; you know not what anguish you are preparing for yourself. During fifteen years I heard M. de Fontenelle say a book never gave so much pleasure

pleasure as pain to the author of it. The successful Fontenelle said this! On the question you propose to me I can speak to you from nothing but my experience. Until I was forty years of age I was wise; I then took up the pen and now lay it down before I am fifty; notwithstanding some vain success, cursing every day of my life that in which my foolish pride made me take it up; and when I lost my happiness, repose, and health without a single hope of ever recovering them. This is the man of whom you ask advice.

L E T T E R

To MR.

I MUST return you an answer, sir, since you will absolutely have one, and ask it in such polite terms. Yet in your place I think I should not have shewn so much obstinacy. I should have said to myself, I will write because I have leisure, and writing amuses me; the man to whom I address myself is not perhaps in the same situation, and no person is obliged to enter into a correspondence to which he has not consented: I offer my friendship to a man whom I do not know, and who knows still less of me; I offer it to him without any other right to do so than that I acquire from the praise I give him and bestow upon myself; without knowing whether or not he has not already more friends than he can be connected with, or that a thousand others have not made him the same offer by a similar right; as if it were possible a man should, at the distance we are from each other, connect himself with a
person

person without knowing him, and insensibly become the friend of every body upon earth. Is, therefore, the idea of writing to a man whose works we read, and from whom we wish to have a letter to shew, so singular that it has occurred to me only? and should it have occurred to many people must that man pass his whole life in answering multitudes of unknown friends, and for them neglect those he himself has chosen? I am told he has retired to solitude; this does not indicate a great inclination in him to make new acquaintance. I am besides assured his whole property consists in the fruit of his labour; this does not leave him much leisure to keep up an idle correspondence. Should he moreover have lost his health and be tormented by a cruel and painful disorder, which scarcely leaves him in a situation to pay attention to that which is indispensibly necessary, it will be an unjust and a cruel tyranny to wish him to pass his life in answering whole tribes of idlers who, not knowing what to do with their own time, lavishly dispose of his. I will, therefore, leave this poor man at rest in his retirement; let me not increase the number of the importunate who daily disturb it without discretion, moderation or humanity. If his writings inspire me with an idea of benevolence towards him, and I am determined to yield to the inclination I have to assure him of it, I will not sell to him this honour by requiring him to give me an answer; I will give him, without trouble or pain, the pleasure of knowing that in the world there are honest people who think well of him, and require nothing for it at his hands.

This, sir, is what I should have said to myself had I been in your place; each has his manner of thinking: I do not blame yours, but I think
my

my own more equitable. If I knew you I should perhaps congratulate myself upon having acquired your friendship, but, satisfied with the friends I have, I declare to you I will not add one to their number; and were I disposed to do this it would not be reasonable in me to go so far in search of a person with whom I am not acquainted.

I have no doubt either of your wit or your merit. Yet the military and gallant manner in which you speak of conquering my heart, would, in my opinion, be more proper with women than with me.

L E T T E R

TO MADAME DE LUZE.

Motiers, March 14, 1764

FATE has ordained, madam, that I shall ever stand in need of your indulgence; I who am desirous of meriting all your goodness. Were it in my power to change an answer into a visit, you would not long have to complain of my inattention, and you would find me as importunate as you now think me negligent. When will the happy moment arrive when I shall be able to go to Biez to make an atonement for my faults, or at least to implore your forgiveness of them. I shall not, madam, undertake that journey merely to shew my lean figure. I shall have a more satisfactory and reasonable motive. But permit me to complain that while you have been kind enough to give a place in your chamber to my resemblance, you have refused, by not permitting it to come from myself, to complete

the favour. You well know a man is not permitted to have the vanity to make an offer of his own portrait ; but you thought perhaps it was too great a favour to ask it ; your intention was to have an image and not to make the original vain. Therefore, before I can think myself in your house, I must be there in person, and the obliging reception you always deign to give me will be necessary to prevent my being jealous of myself.

Permit me, madam, to thank in this letter Madame de Faugnes for the honour I receive by her remembrance of me, and to assure her of my respect. Be pleased, madam, to receive the same assurance for yourself, and to say every thing for me to M. de Luze.

L E T T E R

TO MADAME DE V.....

Motiers, May 13, 1764.

ALTHOUGH every thing you write to me, madam, is extremely interesting, the most important article of your last letter deserves one entirely, and will be the only subject of this. I speak of the propositions which have induced you to hasten your retirement to the country. The negative answer you made to them, and the motive which inspired you with it, bear, like every thing you do, the marks of wisdom and virtue ; but I confess to you, my amiable neighbour, the judgment you have formed of the conduct of the person seems to me severe ; and, knowing the sincerity of his attachment, I cannot but remark to you that, far from perceiving

in

in his having removed to a distance any thing like coolness, I rather discover the scruples of a heart which has reason to fear its own weakness; and the kind of life of which he has made choice in his retreat, plainly indicates his reasons for having determined upon it. If a lover, abandoned for devotion, ought not to think himself forgotten, the indication is much stronger in men; and, as this resource is less natural to them, a more pressing want is necessary to force them to have recourse to it. What confirms me in my opinion is, his anxiety to return the moment he thinks he can yield to his inclination without a crime; and this, with which your delicacy seems offended, is in my estimation a proof of his, which ought to gain him all your esteem in whatever manner you may otherwise consider his return.

This, madam, does not in any thing diminish the solidity of your reasons relative to your duty to your children. The resolution you are determined to take, is, undoubtedly, the only one of which they can have no reason to complain, and the most worthy of yourself; but spoil not so great and painful an act of virtue by disguised vexation, and an unjust opinion of a man as worthy by his conduct of your esteem, as you are by your own worthy of that of every virtuous person. I dare say more: your motive, founded upon your duties as a mother, is great and powerful; but it may be nothing more than secondary. You are still too young, you have a heart too tender, and are too full of an old inclination not to be obliged to consider with yourself what in this case you owe to your children. A man, to fulfill his duties, should not impose on himself such as are insupportable; every thing just and honest is lawful; however dear your children may be to you, what you

you owe to them in this respect, is not equal to that which is due from you to your husband. Weigh, therefore, all these circumstances like a good mother, but as a free person. Consult your heart so as to act for their advantage, but do this without rendering yourself unhappy; for you are not indebted to them to such an extreme. Afterwards, if you persist in your refusal I shall respect you the more for it, but should you yield, I shall not on that account esteem you the less.

My zeal for your welfare was irresistible, and has induced me to communicate to you my sentiments upon a matter of so much importance; and whilst you still have time to deliberate, M. de * * * has neither written to me himself nor got any body to do it for him. I have not heard from him, directly or indirectly; and although our former connection has left me an attachment to him, I have paid no attention to his interest in any part of that which I have just said to you. But I, whom you suffered to read your heart, and who so clearly perceived all its tenderness and virtue, and sometimes saw your tears flow, have not forgotten the impression they made upon me, nor am I without my apprehensions of those they may have left upon yourself. Should I deserve the friendship with which you honour me were I to neglect at this moment the duty it imposes on me?

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. DE S.....

Motiers, May 20, 1764.

PUT yourself in my place, sir, and judge of your own conduct. When, too easily yielding to your advances, my heart overflowed into your bosom, you deceived me. Who will now answer for your not deceiving me again? Uneasy on account of your silence, I caused enquiries to be made after you at the court of Vienna. Your name is not known there to any person. Here your honour is at stake, and since your departure, a dirty slut, supported by certain people, lays a child to your charge. What are you gone to do at Paris? What do you there at present, lodged in the most infamous street in the whole city? What would you have me think of you? I was always inclined to love you, but I ought to make my inclination subordinate to reason. I will not be a dupe. I pity you; but I will never again give you my confidence, until I have proofs that you will never again deceive me.

You have effects here in two trunks, one of which is mine. Dispose of these effects, they may be of use to you, and would embarrass me in the removal of mine were I to quit Motiers. You seem to me to be in distress; I myself am not in easy circumstances. Yet, if you want to be pressing, and the ten lous you last year refused to accept can relieve them, speak to me freely. Were I better acquainted with your situation I would anticipate you; but I wish to relieve and not to offend you.

At your age the mind has taken its bent, and a return to virtue is difficult. Yet misfortunes give great lessons: may you receive benefit from these and return to yourself! You certainly had every thing necessary to become a man of merit. It would be a great pity you should miss your vocation. For my part, I shall never forget the attachment I had to you, and were I fully convinced you were unworthy of it I should not easily be consoled.

L E T T E R

To MR. D.....P.

September, 1764.

I HAVE resolved, according to your wishes, to wait here for your passing by; should you go to Cressier, I perhaps, may follow you, and this would please me better than any other arrangement. In that case I shall go alone, that is, without Mademoiselle le Vasseur, and I will stay two or three days only by way of experiment, as I cannot well be longer absent. I find from the time dame Guinchard requires for her preparations she takes me for a Sybarite. Perhaps she wishes to support the reputation of the public-house of Cressier, but this will be difficult; since the dishes, although good, do not constitute the good cheer, and the place of the host is not to be supplied by a cook. You have at Monlezi another host, for whom it is still more difficult to find a substitute, and hostesses almost unequalled. Monlezi must be a kind of Mount Olympus to all those who live there in such company. Good day, sir; after your return amongst mortals, do not,

not, I beseech you, forget him by whom you are most honoured, and who instead of incense will offer you sentiments full as valuable.

L E T T E R

To Mr. M.....

SIR.

.... October 14, 1764.

I RECEIVED, at my return from a ramble in the mountains, your letter of the 4th of August, and the work which it accompanied. In this I find sentiment, politeness, and taste; and it makes me recollect with pleasure our former acquaintance. I would not, however, wish you should, with the talents you seem to possess, confine the employment of them to such trifles.

Think not of coming to this country with a wife and twelve hundred livres a year. Liberty sets every one here at his ease. Commerce, which is not shackled, flourishes; there is a great deal of money and but few commodities in the country; these circumstances are unfavourable to the means of living at a little expence. Before you marry I also advise you to think of what you are going to do. A life annuity is not a great resource for a family. I moreover remark, that all young men who wish to marry find Sophias; but of these I hear not a word the moment the ceremony is over. I salute you cordially.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. L D.

Motiers, October 14, 1764.

THE inclosed print is that of the three you sent me, which in the number of people I have consulted, has been approved by the majority of voices. Several, however, prefer that with the French habit, and there is certainly room to hesitate since they were both engraved from the same portrait painted by M. de la Tour. With respect to the print with the face in profile, it bears not the least resemblance; he, by whom it was engraved, seems never to have seen me, and he has besides mistaken my age.

I wish, sir, I were worthy of the honour you do me. My portrait will figure badly amongst those of the great philosophers you mention, but I dare believe it will not be ill placed amongst those of the friends to truth and justice. I salute you, sir, most cordially.

L E T T E R

To MR. DELEYRE.

. October 17, 1764.

MY heart, my dear Deleyre, is grieved with my faults. I understand, by your letter, dis- obliging expressions have escaped me in a moment of ill humour, and with which you would have reason to be offended, were it not necessary

E

to

to pardon a great deal in favour of my ill health and situation. I feel I was angry without reason, and on an occasion with respect to which you ought to have been undeceived, and not quarrelled with. If I have done more, and have offended you, which by your reproaches seems to be the case, I have done, in a ridiculous anger, what at another time I would not have done to any body, and much less to you. I am unexcusable, I acknowledge it ; but I have offended you without intending to do so. Consider less the action than the intention, I beseech you. All that is required of other men is to be just, but friends should be merciful.

I am just returned from a long ramble in the mountains, as far as Savoy, where I intended to bathe at Aix for a sciatica, which by its progress deprived me of the only pleasure I have in life, namely, walking. I was obliged to return before I had got so far. I found when I got home heaps of packets and letters enough to turn my head. It will be absolutely necessary to answer at least one third of the latter. What a task ! And, to add to my affliction, I begin to feel the approaches of winter ; judge therefore of my situation ; suffering, busied, and fatigued as I am. Expect not therefore from me, until this changes, either long or frequent letters, but be persuaded I love you, that I am sorry I have given you offence, and that I cannot be well with myself until I have made my peace with you.

L E T T E R

TO MR. F.....R.

On the Subject of a Memoir by M. de J....., upon the Marriage of Protestants.

Motiers, October 18, 1764.

I RETURN you, sir, the memoir you had the goodness to send me. It appears to me to be well drawn up; it states enough, and contains nothing superfluous. All the correction it wants is a few faults in the language, if your intention be to give it to the public. But these are trifling; the work is a good one, and sufficiently impartial.

I have lately observed the government of France, enlightened by a few good publications, seems to incline to a tacit toleration in favour of the protestants. But, I am of opinion the moment of the expulsion of the jesuits obliges it to be more circumspect than at any other time, lest these fathers and their friends should take advantage of the indulgence to confound their cause with that of religion. This being the case, the present moment would not be the most favourable one for taking measures at court; but until the opportunity presents itself, the public may still be instructed and interested by wise and moderate strictures, full of reasons of state, clear, and precise, and devoid of the harsh and juvenile declamations, too common in men of the church. I likewise think care should be taken not to imitate too much the catholic clergy; facts must be stated without loading them with offensive reflections.

tions. Imagine, on the contrary, a memoir addressed to the French bishops, in decent and respectful terms, and in which, upon principles they dare not disavow, their equity, charity, commiseration, patriotism, and even christianity, should be appealed to; such a memoir, I already know, would not change their manner of thinking, but they would be ashamed to let this appear, and it would perhaps prevent them from persecuting so openly, and with so much severity, our unhappy brethren. I may be deceived, but I have given you my thoughts. For my part I do not intend to write; this is not possible to me, but wherever my cares and advice can be of use to the oppressed, they will, in their, misfortunes always find in me the zeal and concern which, in mine, I never found in any person.

L E T T E R

To MADAME P * *.

Motiers, October 24, 1764

MADAM,

I RECEIVED your two letters, and this is confessing my faults; these are great, but they are involuntary, and proceed from the disagreeableness of my situation. Day after day, my intention was to give you an answer, and others more indispensable prevented me from doing it; for with the best intention in the world a man cannot pass his time in giving answers from morning till night. Besides, I know of no better intention in return for the obliging consideration with which you honour me, than that of endeavouring to be worthy of it, and to render you

all proper respect. What can I say relative to the opinions on which you say we are not agreed? I who never dispute with any persons, who think it just each should have his own ideas, and who am no more desirous others should submit to my way of thinking, than I can consent to adopt theirs. I thought it my duty to say that which to me appeared useful and true; but I had never the folly to desire it might be adopted, and in my own behalf I claim the liberty I give to all the world. We are of the same opinion, madam, concerning the duties of persons of honour I have not the least doubt of it; upon every other subject, adhere to your own sentiments; I will not depart from mine, and let us live in peace. This is my advice. I salute you, madam, respectfully and cordially.

L E T T E R

TO MR. DU PEYROU.

Motiers, November 29, 1764.

SHORTNESS of time and the pressure of my affairs prevent me for the present from answering your last letter, with several articles of which I was much affected; I appropriate this entirely to consult you on a matter interesting to myself, and with respect to which I would spare you this importunity, were I acquainted with any person who appeared to me more worthy of all my confidence.

You know I have long intended to take a final leave of the public by a general edition of my writings, and to pass in repose and retirement the remainder of the days it shall please Providence

to measure out to me. This undertaking will insure me bread, without which there is neither rest nor liberty amongst men; the collection will besides be a monument by which I may expect to obtain from posterity a redress of the iniquitous judgments of my cotemporaries. Judge therefore whether or not I ought to consider as important to me an affair upon which my independence and reputation are founded.

The bookseller Fauche, aided by a society, thinking this affair may be advantageous to him, is desirous to undertake it; and foreseeing the obstacles your ministers may throw in the way of the execution, proposes, supposing the consent of the council of state, of which, however, I have my doubts, to set up his printing presses at Mortiers. This would be very convenient to me; and certainly, considering the thing as statesmen should consider it, every member of the government ought to favour an undertaking which will perhaps bring a hundred thousand crowns into the country.

Therefore, the consent supposed (this is his own affair) the next thing to be considered is, whether or not it would be my interest to comply with the proposition, and bind myself by an agreement in form. This, sir, is what I wish to consult you upon. In the first place, do you think these people in a situation to conclude the business with honour, as well relative to the expence as to the execution? For the edition I propose to give, being intended for great libraries, ought to be a master-piece of typography, and I, on my part, will spare no pains to make it one of correctness. Secondly, are you of opinion the engagements into which they shall enter with me will be sufficiently secure to prevent my having during the rest of my life the least apprehension

sion on account of them? Supposing the affirmative, would you be kind enough to assist me with your cares and advice in establishing securities upon a solid foundation? You will think with me that, my infirmities encreasing, age coming on a pace, and not being in a situation to get my bread, I ought not to expose myself to the danger of wanting it. I submit to you the examination of this matter, and beg you will in friendship to me give it consideration, your answer will govern me in mine. I have promised to give it within a fortnight. Before the expiration of this time pray give me your opinion, that I may be the better enabled to come to a determination.

L E T T E R

To M. L.....n.

Motiers, December 9, 1764.

I COULD wish, sir, to satisfy your obliging fancy, were it in my power to send you the profile you desire, but I am not in a place where a person who knows how to take it will easily be found. I hoped for this purpose to take advantage of a visit to a Dutch engraver, who is going to settle at Morat, intended to pay me; but he has just informed me that indispensable business will prevent him from doing it. Should M. Liotard make a journey here, which he seems inclined to do, this will be an opportunity of which I will avail myself to comply with your request, provided the cruel situation in which I am will permit me. Should this second opportunity fail,

fail, I see no other near at hand. I besides concern myself but little about my face, not much about my books, but a great deal about the esteem of honest men who have known how to read my heart. It is by the love of that which is just and true, by the good and virtuous inclinations which would undoubtedly attach me to you, that I should wish to make you love me as I really am, and to leave you of my interior effigy a remembrance which should be interesting to you. I salute you, sir, most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

Motiers, December 29, 1764.

THE cream cheeses you sent me shall be distributed in your name in your own family. The hamper of wine of Lavaux, you announce to me, will not be received, unless I am permitted to pay the price of it, without which the whole will remain with M. d'Ivernois. I thought you would pay some attention to what we agreed upon; since you will not do it I know what I have to do in future; and I confess to you I begin to fear the manner you have adopted with me will produce a rupture between us, for which I shall be extremely sorry. One thing is certain, I shall ever take a wish to force presents upon me very ill in any body; yours, sir, are so frequent, and, I dare add, so obstinately continued, that from any other person, with whose candour I was less acquainted, I should think they concealed some secret view, to be discovered in proper time and place.

My

My dear sir, let us, I beseech you, live good friends. The cares you give to my little commissions are precious to me. If you wish I should think these do not importune you, give me accounts of the expences so exact as not to forget paper for the packages and pack-thread for tying them up. Upon these terms I accept your obliging services, and you as fully possess my whole affection as my acknowledgments are due to you. But I beg you will not render a third explanation necessary; for it will certainly be the last.

You will find enclosed a copy of the letter of thanks which M. C** wrote to me. How happens it that, with a heart so affectionate and tender, I every where meet hatred and malevolence? I cannot in this respect get the better of my affliction. The idea of a single enemy, although an unjust one, fills my heart with grief. Genevese, Genevese, my friendship for you must, in the end, cost me my life.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....

....., December 31, 1764:

YOUR letter moved me to tears. I perceive I was not deceived, and that your mind is virtuous. You will be a man precious to my heart. Read the enclosed pamphlet†. Such, sir, are the enemies I have to combat; these are the arms with which they attack me. Return me the

† The libel entitled, *Sentimens des Citoyens*. (Sentiments of Citizens).

libel as soon as you have read it : it will make a part of the documents of the history of my life. Oh ! when once the veil is taken away, how will my memory be respected by posterity ! You have now an affection for me ; be persuaded I am not unworthy of it. I embrace you.

L E T T E R

TO M. DE GAUFFECOURT.

Motiers Travers, January 12, 1765.

I AM glad, my dear papa, you can, in the serenity of your peaceful apathy, look upon the agitations and untoward circumstances of my life, and feel a concern worthy of our ancient friendship for the sighs they force from me.

I wish, still more than you do, personal interest was less apparent in the Letters written from the Mountain : but without that interest they would never have existed. Whilst the unhappy Calas was suffering upon the wheel it would have been difficult for him to have forgotten his situation.

You seem to think an answer will not be permitted. You are deceived. My enemies will answer by diffamatory libels. I wait for these before I give the the finishing stroke. How happy am I they did not think of attacking me with caresses ! In that case I should have been lost : I feel I could not have resisted.—Thank heaven they have not foiled me with these weapons, and I feel myself invulnerable on the side against which they have directed their attack. These people will at length make me great and illustrious : whereas naturally I should have been a man of a very inferior order. This
business

business is not yet at an end; you will see the consequences, and, I hope, perceive that outrage and libels have not yet degraded your friend.— My salutations, I beg of you, to M. de Quinsonas; the two lines he added to your letter are precious to me; his friendship seems desirable, and, being formed by a mediator like you, will be extremely flattering to me.

Pray tell M. Bourgeois I have not forgotten his letter but I wait until I have something positive to say to him before I answer it. I am sorry I have not his address.

Good day to you, my good papa: give me from time to time some account of your health, and assure me of your friendship. I embrace you most cordially.

P. S. The people of Geneva seem to be inclined to an accommodation. Would to God this desire were sincere on one side; that I had the satisfaction to see the divisions, of which I have been the innocent cause, subside; and that, by all the deference and satisfaction honour will permit, I could contribute to this good work! I should never in my life have done any thing so willingly, and from that moment I would be silent for ever.

L E T T E R

TO MY LORD MARSHAL.

....., *January 26, 1765:*

I Hoped, my lord, to end my days here in peace; I now find this to be impossible. Although I live here in safety, in the country under the protection of the king, I am too near
to

to Berne and Geneva; the people will not leave me in repose. You know to what end they think proper to make religion serve. They make of it a wisp of straw covered with dirt which, with all their might, they thrust into my mouth, the better to tear me to pieces, and to prevent me from crying out. Flight, therefore, in spite of myself and my indolence, is all that remains to me; I must seek some peaceful retreat to breathe in. But towards what place can I direct my steps? It is upon this I consult your lordship.

I see but two countries to make choice of: England or Italy. England, would please me better than the latter, but it is less favourable to my health, and I do not understand the language, which is a great inconvenience to a stranger going there alone. Moreover, living there is so dear, that a man whose resources are not considerable, ought not to go to that country unless he intends to procure them by intrigue, a thing to which I cannot stoop: upon this I am more determined than ever.

The climate of Italy would be more favourable to my situation in every respect; but to remain there in peace I shall want protection. It would be necessary some prince of the country should grant me an asylum in one of his palaces, that the clergy might not give me trouble should they be inclined to do it; and as I am a total stranger there such an asylum cannot I think with propriety be asked for, nor would it easily be obtained. I should like to reside at Venice with which city I am already acquainted. But although Jesus forbid his apostles vengeance, Saint Mark does not pique himself upon being scrupulously obedient to this divine command. I have thought if the king deigned to honour me
with

with some ostensible mission, or a title without functions as well as without salary (and which would have no meaning but the honour I should have of being in his majesty's service), I might under this safe-guard, either at Venice or elsewhere, enjoy in safety the respect shewn to every body who belongs to him. Consider, my lord, whether or not on this occasion your paternal solicitude can point out to you any thing to preserve me from*, which would be sorrowfully finishing an unhappy life. Repose is a thing very precious to my heart, and would become much more so were I indebted to you for it. However this is nothing more than a loose idea, and perhaps a ridiculous one. A word from your lordship will tell me what I ought to think of it.

L E T T E R

TO M. BALLIERE.

Motiers, January 28, 1765.

TWO packets from M. Duchesne, which have been a long time upon the road, have brought me in one of them your letter, the other your book§. This has prevented me from sooner returning you my thanks for both. What would I have given to have had an opportunity ten years ago to consult your work, when I collected the ill digested articles I had written for the Ency-

* This passage is inexplicable in the manuscript. There seems to be *sans* or *sous les plombs*: an expression I do not understand. *Note of the Editor.*

§ A copy of the *Tb́orie de la Musique*. (Theory of Music.)

clopedie !

clopedie ! At present, that collection being finished, and every thing relative to it having escaped my memory, it is too late again to take up that long and tiresome work, notwithstanding the errors with which it abounds. I have, however, the pleasure to find I was sometimes in the track, so to speak, of your discoveries, and that with the aid of a little more study and meditation I might perhaps have made a few of them. For instance, I clearly perceived that experience, which serves M. Rameau as a principle, is but a part of that of the *aliquots*, and that from this last, taken in totality, must be deduced the system of our harmony ; but, except in this point, I have had but half-lights which have served to lead me astray. It is too late to correct my errors, and my work must remain with all its faults, or the spirit of it be infused into a second edition by a more able hand. Would to God this hand were yours ! You would perhaps find a sufficient number of good researches to spare you the work of the labourer, and leave you no more than that of the architect and theorician.

Receive, I pray you, sir, my very humble salutations.

L E T T E R

TO MR. DU PEYROU.

Motiers, January 31, 1765.

I Send you two copies of the writing you have already seen, and which I have had printed at Paris. This was the best answer I could make to it.

I also

I also enclose you the procuration, according to your last model, but I have my doubts upon its being applied to the use intended. Provided it be neither on account of your ill health nor mine, no matter if the affair should be broken off; this I ought naturally to expect, and I expect it.

At last, I send you the letter from M. de Buffon, which has given me infinite pleasure, I intend to write to him; but the horrid state in which I am will not for some time permit me to do it. However, I confess to you I do not understand the advice he gives me, not to bring upon my back M. de Voltaire: this is like advising a traveller attacked upon the high way, not to bring upon his back the free booter who is assassinating him. What have I done to draw upon myself the persecutions of M. de Voltaire, and what farther cruelty have I to expect from him? Does M. de Buffon wish me to appease the ferocious wrath of the tyger which thirsts after my blood? He knows nothing can assuage the fury of tygers. Were I to stoop to M. de Voltaire he would triumph, there is no doubt of it, but he would still tear me to pieces. Meanness would dishonour me without insuring my safety. I know how to suffer; I hope to learn how to die; and he who acquires this knowledge has no need to be a coward.

He has set in motion the puppets of Berne, by means of his devoted servant the jesuit B....d; at present he is playing the same game in Holland. All the powers bend under the power of the friend to the ministers, as well political as presbyterian. What can I oppose to this? I have but little doubt of the fate which awaits me in the canton of Berne, should I ever set my foot in it; however, my heart will acquit me, and I am determined to see how far in this age,
equally

equally polished and enlightened, philosophy and humanity will be carried. Should the inquisitor Voltaire get me burned, this I confess would not be very diverting to me; but acknowledge, in your turn, the cause he supports would be as little forwarded by it.

I do not yet know what will become of me in the summer. In this place I feel myself too near to Berne and Geneva to enjoy a moment of tranquillity. My body is in safety, but my mind is constantly tormented. I wish to find an asylum where I may at least end my days in peace. I have some inclination to go to Italy in search of a more mild inquisition, and a climate less rude. I am invited to that country, and should certainly meet a good reception there. However, I do not intend suddenly to settle in it, but to go and reconnoitre the place if my situation will permit me to do so, and the passage be left open to me, of which I have some doubt. The project of this journey, yet too distant, does not permit me to think of making it with you, and I am afraid the object which made me wish to undertake it will be removed. What I was desirous of knowing more particularly, was not the conformity of our sentiments and principles, but that of our tempers, in the supposition of our having to live together in the manner you have had the politeness to propose. Whatever resolution I may take, I flatter myself you will always have reason to believe you have not my esteem and confidence by halves; and if you can prove to me that certain arrangements will not be of considerable prejudice to you, I will, since you are desirous I should do it, charge you with all the trouble of every thing which relates to the collection of my writings, and the honour of my memory, and waving every idea except that
which

which is to prepare me for the last passage, I will joyfully become indebted to you for the repose of the rest of my life.

My mind is at present too much agitated to permit me to determine immediately; but after farther consideration, whatever may be my resolution, it shall not be fixed until I have conversed with you upon the subject, and in my last arrangements I shall be much influenced by the dependence I have upon your friendship. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. S. B.

..... *February 2, 1765.*

I Have received, sir, the letter with which you have honoured me, and the manuscript you have taken the trouble to send with it. I return you my thanks for both.

You assure me a great number of readers think me a man full of pride, presumption, and arrogance; such, you take care to tell me, are their expressions. These, sir, are ugly vices, of which I ought to cure myself. The gentlemen who make such liberal use of terms of disapprobation, are themselves without doubt so full of humility, gentleness, and modesty, that it is no easy thing for another to have as much of these as they have.

I perceive, sir, you enjoy good health, and that you have leisure, and a turn for dispute. I congratulate you upon these advantages; and, for my own part, I, who have none of them, salute you cordially.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. P. CHAPPUIS.

Motiers, February 2, 1765.

I Read with great pleasure the letter of the 18th of January, with which you honoured me. I found in it so much justness of thought, such good sense, and polite candour, that I regret my not having it in my power to follow you through the details into which you have entered. But pray put yourself in my place; suppose yourself ill, overwhelmed with vexation, business, letters, and visits, and fatigued with the importunities of persons of every description, who, not knowing how to employ their own time, should unmercifully absorb yours, and each wish to engage your whole attention on himself and his ideas. In this situation, for such is mine, I should stand in need of ten heads, twenty hands, four secretaries, and days of forty-eight hours, to enable me to answer every body; with these I should still be unable to satisfy any one of my correspondents, because two lines of objection often require twenty pages of solution.

I have said what I knew, and perhaps that which I did not know; one thing however is certain, that I know nothing more of the matter; therefore, all I shall do in future will be to talk idly; but I had better hold my tongue. I perceive most of the persons who write to me think as I do in some respects, and differently in others; all men are much in the same situation; they should not trouble their heads about these inevitable differences of opinion, especially when
they

they are agreed upon that which is essential, as you and I apparently seem to be.

I think the heads to which you reduce the explanations to be required of the council sufficiently reasonable. The first is the only one to be retrenched as useless; as I do not intend ever to return to Geneva, it is a matter of no consequence to me whether or not the judgment pronounced against me be reversed. My conduct is coherent, and has never varied on this head; if my cotemporaries do me not justice in this respect, my consolation is, that I do it to myself, and that I doubt not I shall receive it from posterity.

Good day to you, sir; you think I have done with you when I have finished my letter; by no means; having forgotten your address I must turn for it to your first letter, lost in five hundred others, amongst which I shall perhaps have half a day's search before I can find it. A want of order is another thing which increases my embarrassment; but indolence and discouragement absorb and annihilate me, and I am too old to reform. I salute you.

L E T T E R

TO MADAME GUIENET.

..... *February 6, 1765*

LET me tell my good friend all my good news. On the 22d of January my work was burned at the Hague, to day it is to be burned at Geneva, and I hope it will again be burned in some other place. These people, considering the cold weather, are in a very burning heat.
What

What bonfires illuminate the horizon of Europe to my honour ! What have my other works done not to be burned also, and why have I no more to be burned ? But I have for ever done writing ; each should know how to set bounds to his pride. There are none to my attachment to you, and you may perceive I do not, even in the midst of my triumphs, forget my friends. Increase the number of these, and soon to, my dear Isabella. I expect with the greatest impatience the happy news of this event. Nothing is wanting to my fame, but to add to my happiness I want to be a grandfather†.

L E T T E R

TO M. LE NIEPS.

..... February 8, 1765.

I Began to be uneasy, my dear friend, on your account ; your letter came very opportunely to relieve me from my apprehensions. The violence of my sufferings obliges me for the present to speak to you of nothing but my own affairs. You must have heard my work was, on the 22d of January, burned at the Hague. Rey informs me the minister Chais was very active, and that the inquisitor Voltaire wrote many letters to forward the business. I imagine the council of two hundred did as much the day before yesterday at Geneva ; at least preparations were made for that purpose. All these burnings are such stupid follies that their only effect upon my mind is to make me laugh. I enclose you the copy of a

† Madame Guinet called M. Rousseau papa.

letter I two days ago wrote upon the subject to a young married woman who calls me her papa. Should you think the letter a good one you may make it public provided the copies be accurate.

Foreseeing the innumerable vexations my last work would bring upon me, I wrote it with repugnancy, yielding, contrary to my own judgments, to the solicitations of my friends. It is now written, published, and burned. Here I conclude. Not only I will not give myself farther trouble about the affairs of Geneva, nor even hear them spoken of, but I lay down my pen, and be assured no consideration whatever shall induce me again to take it up. Had I been suffered to follow my inclinations I should long since have come to this resolution; but it is now so seriously taken that nothing shall ever make me depart from it. All I ask of Heaven is, an interval of peace before my last hour, and all my sufferings will be forgotten; but were my enemies determined to pursue me to the tomb, I would not again think of defending myself. I will imitate children and drunkards, who suffer themselves to fall when they are pushed and receive not the least harm; whereas a man who acts upon the defensive still falls down, and breaks a leg or an arm into the bargain.

It is given out then that it was the inquisitor who wrote to me in the name of the Corsicans, and that I fell into the artful snare. What in this affair appears to me excellent is, that the inquisitor should think it diverting to pass himself for a forger of letters provided he makes me pass for a dupe. Let us suppose my stupidity to have been such, that, without farther information, I had considered this pretended letter as coming from the Corsicans, is it conceivable a negotiation of such a nature could be confined to this
one

one letter, without instructions, information, memoirs, and documents of every kind? Or, would M. de Voltaire have taken the trouble to fabricate all these? I am willing to suppose his profound erudition might, in this respect, have deceived my ignorance; yet all these things could not have passed without some kind of answer from me, were this nothing more than to accept or reject the proposition. This answer is all he could have had in view to attest my credulity; therefore his first care must have been to get it written to him: let him shew it and nothing more will remain to be said.

Observe how these poor creatures agree in their tales. Upon the first news of a letter I had received, they said M. Helvetius and Diderot had received others to the same purport. What is become of these letters? Was it the intention of M. de Voltaire to laugh at them also? I always laugh at your Parisians, at those subtle spirits, pretty makers of epigrams, whom their Voltaire incessantly leads by the nose with old women's stories, which children could not be made to believe. I take the liberty to say, that this Voltaire himself, with all his wit, is nothing more than a fool and an awkward knave. He pursues, persecutes, crushes, and in the end will perhaps destroy me; a wonderful atchievement, with a hundred thousand livres a year, so many powerful friends at court, and such mean cajoleries against a poor man in my situation. I dare assert that if Voltaire, in a situation like my own, dared to attack me, and I deigned to turn against him his own arms, he would soon be overthrown. You will judge of the art with which his snares are laid by a fact which, perhaps, gave rise to the rumour that has been spread; as if he had
been

been previously certain of the success of a stratagem so well conducted.

A knight of Malta, who has babbled a good deal in Geneva, and is said to come from Italy, paid me a visit about a fortnight ago on behalf of general Paoli, affecting to be very eager to execute the commissions with which he pretended to be charged from the general to me, yet upon the whole saying but little, and displaying, with an air of importance, pitiful and dirty papers greatly worn in the pocket. At each paper he shewed me, he was much astonished at my taking from a drawer another of the same kind and presenting it to him in my turn. I perceived this mortified him the more as he had made every effort to discover what connections I had in Corsica without having obtained from me a single word upon the subject. As he brought me no letter, and refused either to name himself or give me the least notion of what he was, I thanked him for the visits he wished to continue to make me. He remained here ten or twelve days without returning to see me.

All this may be natural. Desirous, perhaps, of seeing me, he sought a pretence to introduce himself; he may be a very worthy and well disposed man, not blameable in what he did, except in his over affected eagerness for nothing. But as so many misfortunes must have taught me to be upon my guard, if this was a stratagem you will acknowledge it was not artfully managed.

M. V.....s has written me a polite letter, disavowing, with horror, the libel in question. I answered him with great politeness, and took upon myself to contribute as much as possible to the spreading of his disavowal, lest somebody more mischievous than he is should conceal himself under his cloak.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO M DE P.....N.

Motiers, February 15, 1765.

I Enclose you, fir, the plan you have taken the trouble to draw up, concerning which I have nothing to observe to you, for reasons that you are acquainted with. Should this affair be brought to a conclusion, I beg you will settle every thing according to your wishes; I will confirm whatever you shall propose, for I have long ceased to give any attention to the subject, and without your aid I should proceed no farther, were it for no other reason than my dislike to affairs of business. If what the associates say in their answer, article the first of my *Work upon Music*, extends to the Dictionary, I refer them and yourself to the verbal answer they have already received from me. I have, relative to that compilation, prior engagements, which put it out of my power to dispose of it in any other manner; and should a change of circumstances induce me to add it to the collection, which I by no means promise to do, I should not do it until it had first been printed separately by the bookseller to whom I am engaged.

You must, if you please, leave the matter open, until the associates have the formal consent of the council, which I am afraid they will have some difficulty to obtain, and my hopes are still less of their succeeding to their wishes in their solicitation of a permission at court. My lord Marshal knows my determination, relative to matters of this kind; that not only I ask not any
 thing

thing, but that I am resolved never to make use of his credit at court to obtain the least favour which bears any relation to the country in which I reside, without first having the private consent of the governor of it. I will not meddle with these affairs nor negotiate until they are decided upon.

Since yesterday I have seen proofs of what I had for some days suspected, that the publication of V.....s met here amongst the women as much applause as it had caused indignation at Geneva and Paris; and that even three years of irreproachable conduct, under their eyes, could not screen poor Mademoiselle le Vasseur from the effect of a libel coming from a country in which neither she nor myself ever resided. Little surprised these low minds should be no better judges of virtue and merit, nor at their feeling a satisfaction in insulting the wretched, I have at length taken the firm resolution to leave the country, or at least the village, and to seek an habitation in a place where people are judged of by their conduct and not by the libels of their enemies. Should any virtuous stranger wish to be acquainted with the inhabitants of Motiers, let him, if he can, go and pass there three years as I have done, and afterwards give his opinion of them.

If I could find at Neufchâtel, or in the environs, a suitable lodging, I would take it until I found another in which I might be permanently settled.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P. N.

..... *March 4, 1765.*

I Owe you an answer, I acknowledge it.—
The horrid state both of body and mind in which
I am, deprives me of all my strength and courage.
I expected from you a few words of consolation.
But I perceive you keep a rigorous account even
with the unfortunate. This is not unjust, al-
though in friendship it is rather severe.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Motiers, March 7, 1765.

FOR God's sake be not angry, and learn to
forgive a few inattentions in such of your friends
as are unhappy. I have but one manner with
every body, and it is sometimes rather austere:
you must not judge of me by my expressions, but
by my conduct; this tends to honour you whilst
my expressions give you offence. In the want
I have of the consolations of friendship, I feel
yours to be necessary to me, and I complain of
not having them: is this so very disobliging?

If I have written to others, how happens it you
have not perceived the absolute necessity of my
answering, and especially in the present state of
affairs, persons with whom I am not in habitual
correspondence,

correspondence, and who, in the height of my miseries, generously interest themselves in my behalf. I thought you would, even with respect to these letters, say to yourself: *He has not me to write to me*; and that you would recollect our agreement. Ought I, therefore, in so critical a state to have abandoned all my interests, affairs, and even duties, lest I should fail with you in the regularity of an answer which you had agreed to leave me at liberty to dispense with? You would have been offended with my fears, and you would have had reason to be so. Was not even the idea, certainly a false one, of having given me pain by your letter a sufficient motive for a man of your goodness of heart to repair the injury you supposed you had done me? God preserve you from affliction; but, in such a case, be assured I would not count your answers. In every other case never number my letters, or let us immediately break off our correspondence, for we should not continue it long. My character is known to you, and I cannot change it.

All your reasons are but too good. I pity you in the pressure of your affairs, and the approaches of your gout give me infinite concern, the more so as, in my extreme want of amusement, I promised myself delightful walks with you. I feel what I am going to say may perhaps be ill-timed, on account of the multiplicity of your affairs, but I must prove to you the opinion I have of the goodness of your heart, and all my confidence in your friendship. I pay no compliments, but I give proofs.

I must quit this country, I feel the necessity of doing it, it is too near Geneva; my enemies will never leave me here in peace. A Catholic country seems to be the most proper for me; from this, since your ministers are so fond of hostili-

ties, they may derive the pleasure of multiplying them at their ease. You will judge this removal has its embarrassments. Will you become the trustee of my effects until I am settled in some other place? Will you purchase my books or assist me in the sale of them? Will you enter into some agreement relative to my works, which shall deliver me from the horror of thinking of them during the rest of my life? The rumour lately spread is too violent and void of reason to continue any great length of time. In two or three years all obstacles to their being printed will be removed, especially when I am no more. Let what will happen, other places, even in the neighbourhood, will easily be found. Relative to this business there are circumstances too long to be written, and with respect to which, without your becoming a retailer or giving me alms, this arrangement may be useful to me, without being burdensome to you. This requires a conference. The only thing to be considered is, whether or not your present affairs will permit you to think of it.

You have heard of the melancholy state of poor Madame G....., an amiable woman, of real merit, whose mind is equally just and penetrating; and to whom virtue was not a vain word; her family is in the greatest distress, her husband in despair, and my heart rent with grief. This, sir, is the object I have before my eyes to console me for a chain of unheard of misfortunes.

I often suffer from a dejection of mind: this is natural in illness; but the more afflicting to me as it frequently happens when I most endeavour to alleviate my sufferings by opening my heart. However the paroxysm is not long, nor has it the least influence over my conduct.

My

My habitual state is courage, of which you will in this affair perhaps have convincing proofs, should my enemies provoke me further ; for I make it a rule to be patient until it becomes impossible to be longer so without cowardice. I know not what has irritated your gentlemen ; but there is a deal of folly in their uproar ; they will blush at it the moment they become calm.

But what say you to the heedlessness of your ministers, who ought to tremble least it should be perceived they exist, and who foolishly bear the burden of others in an affair totally unconnected with their interests ? I am persuaded they think I shall remain on the defensive, and become a penitent and a suppliant. The council of Geneva was of the same opinion, but I have undeceived it, and promise to do the same by the ministers. Be witness to my love of peace and to the pleasure with which I lay down my arms ; if I am forced to take them up my enemies must take the consequences, for I will not suffer myself to be crushed into the earth ; this is a point I have resolved on. What advantages do they give me over them ! Except three or four of these ministers whom I honour, what are the rest ? What memoirs shall I have against them ! I am almost tempted to make my peace with the clergy of every other country at the expence of yours, and make of them the goat of expiation for the sins of Israel. The intention is a good one, and easy of successful execution. Would not humbling their pride and degrading them to such a degree as to prevent their ever again stirring up the people be serving the state ? I must, however, first wait for the excommunication, for until the moment this is pronounced they have an advantage over me ; they are my pastors and

I owe them respect. Upon this head I have principles from which I will never depart, and for this reason I think they are not very wise in wishing me rather to be a wolf than a sheep.

L E T T E R

To M. LALIAUD.

Motiers, April 7, 1765.

SINCE you will absolutely have it so, I send you two bad sketches, which, for want of better, I have had taken by a kind of painter who passed through Neuchâtel. The largest is a profile taken by the shade, to which are added touches in crayon the better to determine the position of the features; the other is a profile taken by the eye. I am told neither of them bear much resemblance to the original: I am sorry for it, but it is not in my power to do better; I am besides of opinion you would in some measure be pleased with this attention in me were you acquainted with the situation in which I was when I contrived to procure a few moments to dedicate to your wishes.

There is a portrait of me, a great likeness, in the apartments of Madame de Luxemburg. If M. le Moine were to take the trouble to go there and, in my name, ask for M. de la Roche, I have no doubt that he would be so obliging as to shew it him.

You are unknown to me except by your letters, but these breathe sincerity; they give me a very favourable opinion of your mind, the esteem of which you assure me by them is flattering

ing to myself-love, and I am happy in your knowing I derive from it much consolation.

L E T T E R

To M. DU PEYROU.

Friday, April 12, 1765.

I WAS angry with you in proportion to my affliction on account of your sufferings, and in this I was wrong ; the beginning of your letter proves me to have been so. I am not always reasonable, but I always like to hear reason. I wish to know the nature of your sufferings that I may alleviate or at least partake of them. Real overflowings of the heart require not only friendship but familiarity also ; and familiarity proceeds from nothing but the habit of living together. May this agreeable intercourse give to the friendship between us all its charms ! I shall feel these too forcibly not to make you also sensible of them.

At the rate the snow now falls, it will this evening be a foot deep ; this, and the change for the worse in my situation, will deprive me of the pleasure of going to see you so soon as I wished to do it. The moment I am able to stir, depend upon seeing him by whom you are beloved.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

April '22, 1765.

FRIENDSHIP is a thing so sacred, that the very name of it should not be mentioned in common conversation. We will therefore be friends and not call each other friend. I formerly had a surname, which I think I now deserve more than ever. At Paris I was called the *Citizen*. Restore to me this title, which I hold so dear, and which has cost me so much; take such measures as shall propagate it, and that all those by whom I am beloved may never call me Mr. but when they speak of me style me *The Citizen*; and when they write to me, *My dear Citizen*. I charge you with the care of making known my wishes, and am of opinion all your friends and mine will readily do me this pleasure. In the mean time, begin by setting them the example. With respect to yourself. take such a social name as you shall like best, and as I can give you. I have great pleasure in the thought of your some day becoming my dear host, and should be glad previously to give you the title; but whether it be this or another, take one to your likeing, and which may suppress between us the disagreeable word, Sir, which friendship and the familiarity of it ought to proscribe.

I still suffer exceedingly. I embrace you.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO MR. D'IVERNOIS.

Motiers, April 22, 1765.

I HAVE received both your packets, and am daily more and more sensible of your friendship ; but I have one favour to beg of you, which is that you will never again speak to me of the affairs of Geneva, nor send me any document which bears the least relation to them. Why should you wish, by melancholy representations, to make me terminate in affliction the remainder of the unhappy days Nature has measured out to me, and deprive me of the repose so absolutely necessary to my comfort, and which I have purchased at so dear a rate ? Notwithstanding the pleasure I receive from your correspondence, if you continue to treat in it upon a subject with which, in future, I neither can nor will give myself the least concern, you will force me to renounce it.

I thank you for the wine of Lunel : but my dear friend, we, I think, agreed you should not again send me any thing which cost you money. Your memory does not seem to serve you so well relative to the terms of this convention as in the commissions you are kind enough to execute for me.

I can tell you nothing more about the Knight of Malta ; he is still at Neuchâtel. He brought me a letter from M. Paoli, which certainly is not a forged one. However the conduct of this man is, in every thing, so extraordinary that I cannot put the least confidence in him. I consigned to his care, for M. Paoli, an insignificant answer, referring

referring the general to our ordinary correspondence with which the knight is unacquainted. This, I beg of you, between ourselves. My situation becomes more painful instead of improving. I have visitors from the four corners of Europe. I have taken the resolution to leave, at the post-office, the letters addressed to me from persons with whom I am unacquainted, being unable to pay the postage of them. According to appearances I shall not this journey enjoy the pleasure of seeing you at my ease. It is to be hoped I shall be more fortunate another time.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

....., April 29, 1765.

I HAVE received your present*, I thank you for it; it gives me great pleasure, and I burn with impatience to be in a situation to make use of it. My passion for botany increases; but I see with much pain that I am not yet acquainted with a sufficient number of plants to study them systematically. I will not, however, be discouraged: I propose to myself to go, in the proper season, and spend a fortnight with M. Gagnebin, to gain such knowledge as will at least enable me to follow Linnæus.

I have taken it into my head, that if you can keep upon your legs until the time of our caravan, this will prevent you from an attack for the rest of the year, as the gout has no greater enemy than pedestrian exercise, You ought to take

* The Works of Linnæus.

botany as a medicine, were it not even from inclination. However, I must inform you the charm of this science consists in the anatomical study of plants. This I cannot pursue in the manner I could wish for want of the necessary instruments, such as microscopes of different foci, little pincers, very small, something like jewellers forceps; very small scissars to dissect with. You should endeavour to provide yourself with all these for our ramble, and you will perceive the use of them to be very agreeable and instructive.

You speak of the weather being cleared up; it certainly is not: I have made several attempts to go out in which I have but very middlingly succeeded, and never without rain. I am impatient to go and embrace you, but I have visits to make, and these on account of my situation rather terrify me.

When will you see the end of your ugly law suit? I also wish to see your building completed, that I may take possession in it of my cell, and call you in earnest my very dear host. Good day to you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Thursday, May 23, 1765.

I HOPE, my dear host, your villainous gout will have done nothing more than threaten you. Dance and walk a good deal; combat it in such a manner as to prevent its effects from deranging our rambling project and the execution of it; pilgrims are said never to have the gout: nothing, therefore,

therefore, is so likely to prevent your having it as your becoming a pilgrim.

Sultan made me uneasy for several days, his present situation has relieved me from my fears. What alarmed me most was the immediate closing of his wounds. He had a very deep one in his leg, this was swelled; he suffered much from it, and could not raise himself up. In five or six hours, with a simple application of treacle, the tumour was reduced, the pain ceased, the wound was filled up, and I could scarcely find the place; he ran gaily to Motiers and has had no complaint since. As you have dogs I thought it might be of some use to you to be acquainted with my specific; it is equally astonishing and certain. I must observe to you I made the creature live upon milk for a few days afterwards; this is a necessary precaution the moment an animal is wounded.

It is singular I should for the last three days have felt the approaches of the same attacks I had in the winter; my place of residence is certainly prejudicial to me in every respect. My resolution is therefore taken; take me hence as soon as possible. I embrace you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Tuesday, June 11, 1765.

IF, my dear host, I remain another day, I shall be laid up; I am therefore upon the point of departure for La Ferriere, where I shall wait your arrival with the greatest anxiety, but without being impatient. What determines me
the

the more is my having heard you begin to go out. I recommend to you not to forget in your provisions, coffee, sugar, coffee-pot, tinder-box, and all the apparatus necessary to make coffee when we please in the woods. Bring with you Linnæus and Savage, some amusing book, and the necessary materials for some game, at which several persons may play to amuse themselves in case of our being detained in a house by bad weather. We must be provided with every thing that tends to keep off inaction and lassitude.

Good day to you. I intend to set off tomorrow morning if the weather be fine, and shall sleep at Locle, and dine at, or reach La Ferriere the next day, Thursday. I embrace you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

La Ferriere, June 16, 1763.

HERE I am, my dear host, at La Ferriere, where I am come to keep my chamber with a frightful cold, a high fever, and a quinsy, a complaint to which in my younger days I was much subject, but from which I was in hopes age would have exempted me, I was deceived; this attack was violent, but I hope it will be short. The fever is decreased, my throat is better, and I swallow with greater ease, but I cannot yet speak.

By the little I have learned of botany I perceive I shall leave this place as ignorant as I came to it, more convinced than ever of my ignorance; since in verifying my knowledge of plants I found I knew nothing of several of those

those with which I thought myself acquainted. God be praised, learning that we know nothing is still learning something. The carrier waits and presses me to conclude. Adieu. My dear host, I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Brot, Mondoy, July 15, 1765.

YOUR people, my dear host, have been much in the rain, and will still be exposed to it, for which I am very sorry; as I have found here a seated carriage I will take them no farther. I set off, with my heart full of you, and as anxious to see you again as if we had not met for some time. May I learn at our first interview that all your hurry is over, and your mind as much at ease as your honest heart ought to be satisfied with itself, and calm at all times! The ceremony of this morning has filled mine with the most sweet satisfaction. These, my dear host, are the strokes which truly describe to me the mind of my lord marshal, and prove his knowledge of mine. I know nobody more worthy of loving you, and of being beloved by you in his turn. Why cannot I see all those who love me united? They are all worthy of loving each other. Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

Motiers, August 15, 1765.

I HAVE received your packet, and thank you for the execution of my commissions ; the things are good, and I beg of you to thank M. de Luc also. As to the apricots, out of respect to Madame d'Ivernois, I will not send them back ; but upon this head I have two words to say to you, and these for the last time. One, that in making presents to people in spite of themselves, and serving them in our manner, and not according to theirs, I see more vanity than friendship. The other, that I am determined to shake off every kind of yoke any person may wish to impose on me, whether I chuse to accept it or not, let this be of what nature it will ; that when this cannot be done without breaking with the person, I will break with him, and when once I have done this I never renew the connection : the separation is for life. I hold your friendship too dear ever to pardon you, should you oblige me to renounce it.

Presents are a little intercourse, very agreeable when they are reciprocal. But this intercourse requires on both sides much care and trouble, and these are the scourges of my life ; I prefer a quarter of an hour's indolence to all the sweetmeats upon earth. Do you wish to make me presents which to my heart will be inestimable ? Procure me leisure, save me from visits, and render my writing to any body unnecessary. I shall then owe to you the happiness of my life, and
will

will acknowledge the cares of a real friend :
Otherwise, not.

M. M... came here with four or five others ;
I was ill, and could neither see him nor his com-
pany. I am glad to know the visits you force
me to make bring me others. Now I am in-
formed of it, the fault will be my own should this
happen to me again.

Your M. de F... who is setting off from Bour-
deaux to come and pay me a visit, does not give
himself the trouble to consider whether or not
this will be agreeable to me, as he makes all his
little arrangements without consulting me, he
will not I hope take amiss my making my own
without consulting him.

With respect to M. Liotard, since he has for
his journey a determined object which relates
more to me than to himself, he merits an excep-
tion, and shall have one. Great talents require
respect. I will not answer that he will find me
in a situation to sit for my portrait, but I will an-
swer for his being satisfied with the reception I
shall give him. Tell him, however, not to come
before the 4th or 5th of September, that he may
be sure to find me disengaged.

I have lately seen a great number of English,
but Mr. Wilkes has not yet made his appear-
ance.

L E T T E R

TO M. DE ST. BRISSON.

..... 1765.

I HAVE received your letter of the 27th of
December. I have also read your two publi-
cations.

cations. Notwithstanding the pleasure I received from both of them, I do not repent of the unfavourable things I said to you of the first, and be assured I should have been as severe upon the second had you consulted me. My dear St. Brisson, I shall never be able sufficiently to express to you my grief at seeing you enter a track strewn with flowers, but full of precipices; in which an author cannot avoid being corrupted or lost; in which he becomes unhappy or injurious in proportion as he advances, and frequently both before he arrives at the end. The profession of letters is advantageous to those only who wish to serve the ambition of people who lead others at will, but to him who is desirous of being useful to humanity it is pernicious. Will you have more zeal than I have ever shewn for justice, truth, and all that is good and virtuous? Will your sentiments be more disinterested, your religious principles more mild, more favourable to toleration, more pure and rational? Will you aspire at less; will you follow a more solitary path; will you take the ground of fewer people; will you offend fewer rivals and competitors; or will you more carefully avoid thwarting the interests of any one? And yet you see what has befallen me. I know not how it happens that there exists an honest man in the kingdom who after the persecutions I have suffered does not let fall his pen. Do good my dear St. Brisson, but do not write books. So far are they from reforming evil disposed persons that they irritate them. The best book does but little good to men, and much harm to the author. I have already seen you in the field for a pamphlet which was not very unpolite; what are you to expect if these things already give you pain?

How

How can you imagine I intend to go to Corsica, knowing the French troops to be there? Are you of opinion I have not misfortunes enough without going in search of others? No, sir, in my dejected state, I want to breathe, and to remove to a greater distance from Geneva, in search of a few moments of repose; this I shall not be suffered to enjoy long in any place upon earth; all my hopes are in its bowels. I do not yet know towards what quarter I shall direct my steps; the choice I have is not great; I wish to find some corner in which I may permanently settle; where the inhabitants will have the humanity to receive me, and suffer me to die in peace. But where shall I find this amongst Christians? Turkey is at too great a distance.

Doubt not, my dear St. Brisson, but it would be very agreeable to me to have you for a travelling companion, a consoler, and guardian; but I have, with respect to you, great objections to this journey. In the first place, think no more of consulting me on any thing, or finding in my conversation the least antidote to weariness. Continual agitation has so benumbed my faculties as to render me stupid; my head is lethargic; and even my heart is become effeminate. I neither perceive nor think. I have one pleasure in life, that of walking, but in walking I do not so much as dream; I have the sensations of the objects which strike me, and nothing more. I endeavoured to make a little study of botany to amuse myself as I went along in distinguishing a few plants; but my memory is absolutely gone; it is not equal to this amusement. Think of the pleasure you would have in travelling with such an automaton.

This is not all. I perceive the bad effects your journey here would produce to yourself. You

You are already upon bad terms with devotees ; do you wish to ruin yourself entirely ? Your countrymen even, in general, do not forgive you for consulting me ; how should they forgive you for loving me ? I am sorry you have mentioned my name at the head of your *Aristus*. Do not again be guilty of a like folly, if you do I shall seriously quarrel with you. In what light think you will your family consider this journey ? Your mother will tremble at the thought of it. I myself tremble when I think of the bad effect it will have upon your nearest relations ; and yet, you will have me let you follow your inclinations ! This is wishing me to become the most culpable of men. No, sir, obtain permission from your mother, and come as soon as you please ; I will embrace you most joyfully ; but without this consent let us speak no more of the matter.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

Straßbourg, November 17, 1765.

I Have just received the letter of my dear host. You will have learned from mine that I have absolutely given up the thoughts of a journey to Berlin, at least for this winter, unless my lord Marshal, to whom I have written, should be of a contrary opinion. But I know him ; he wishes me to enjoy tranquillity in every situation, or rather his only desire is to see me free from anxiety the rest of my life. According to every appearance, I shall pass the winter here. I receive every possible mark of benevolence, esteem, and even respect from the marshal and the principal

cipal persons of the country to the lowest of the people. You will be surprised to hear the clergy seem to wish to outdo all the rest. They seem, by their manner, to say to me, *Distinguish us from your ministers, you perceive we do not think as they do.*

I do not yet know what books I shall want, these will depend upon the place of residence I shall make choice of; but, wherever I may be, I am determined again to return to the study of botany. For this reason I beg you will previously select all the books which treat upon it, those with figures and others, and pack them up well. I also wish my herbal and dry plants may be packed with them. As these contain many plants with which I am not acquainted, I shall be able to gain from them a considerable knowledge of the plants of Switzerland, which I shall not meet with in any other country. The moment I am settled I will consecrate the taste I have for the composition of herbals to making you one as complete as possible, with which I will endeavour you shall be satisfied.

I do not, my dear host, give my confidence by halves. Examine and arrange all my papers; read and turn them all over; I pity you on account of the fatigue this undigested heap of trash will give you, and thank you for the order to which you will reduce it. Endeavour not to change the number of the packets, that this may serve us as an indication of the papers I may want. For instance, I have reason to wish to make use here of two manuscripts which are in No. 12. One is *Pygmalion* and the other *L'Engagement l'éméraire**. The director of the theatre shews me much polite attention. He has

* The Rash Engagement.

given me for my own use a little latticed box, and a key of a little door to it by which I may enter incognito: he likewise has such pieces performed as he thinks may give me pleasure. I could wish to make some return for so much civility; and am of opinion a piece of scribbling, good or bad, from me, would be of use to him, on account of the good wishes of the public in my behalf, and which were clearly manifested during the representation of the *Devin du Village*. Could I but hope you would be tempted by the proposition of M. de Luze, you would bring these manuscripts with you and amuse yourself in getting them rehearsed. But as there is no copy of *Pygmalion*, one should be taken by way of precaution. Especially if, not determining to come yourself, you should send the packet by post to the address of M. Zollicoffre, or by a private hand. Should you come, give me notice of your intention, and time to return you an answer. According to the answers I expect, I may, if the thing be not importunate, beg you will permit Mademoiselle le Vasseur to come with you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Straßbourg, November 25, 1765.

I Have, my dear host, your No. 8, and all the preceding numbers. Be not uneasy about the passport. This is not a thing so absolutely necessary as you may imagine, nor is it difficult to

§ Village Conjuror.

renew

renew in case of need ; but it will be precious to me on account of the hand that brings it, and the cares of which it is the proof.

Whatever pleasure I may have in seeing you, the change I have been obliged to make in my manner of living has considerably abated my anxiety in that respect. Dining frequently in the town, and associating with men of the world and women, in return for their benevolent disposition towards me, imposed on me a constraint, which has had such an effect upon my health as to oblige me again to become a bear from necessity. Living alone, or with Fischer, who is a very worthy man, I should not be in a situation to partake with you of any amusement, and you would go into company without me ; or by living solely with me you would be in this city without becoming acquainted with any of its inhabitants. I hope to find means for us to be together in a more agreeable manner, and much more at our ease. But this is a future consideration and rather uncertain. Besides, as I am not determined what plan I shall pursue, I have not yet decided upon the journey of Mademoiselle le Vasseur. However, should you come, you will certainly find me here, and, in this case, I shall be glad to have timely information of it that I may prepare you a lodging in the house where I am, for I imagine you would wish us to be together.

Time presses, and visitors come in : I quit you abruptly, but my heart remains with you.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Straßbourg, November 30, 1765.

EVERY thing well considered; I have resolved on going to England. Were I in a situation to do it I would set off to-morrow, but I am so cruelly tormented with a retention of urine, that I must wait until the violence of the attack is over. Having recourse to my accustomed means, I expect to be well enough in eight or ten days to take my departure; therefore do not again write to me here; your letter would not find me; let Mademoiselle le Vasseur also know this, I beg of you. I intend to stop at Paris a fortnight or three weeks; before I set off I will send you my address. You may, however, write to me by M. de Luze, whom I expect to meet at Paris, whence we shall continue our journey together. I am very sorry I have not yet written to Madame de Luze. She does me but little justice if she has the least doubt of my sentiments. These are such as she merits, and this is saying every thing. I have a real friendship for her husband also. His manner is cold, but his heart is warm; in this he resembles my dear host; these are the people I love.

I approve of your discretion in making a moderate use of the post, which, in Switzerland, is become a public extortion; it is more respectable in France, but postage there is exorbitant, and since my arrival here, my letters have cost me upwards of a hundred livres, [four guineas].—Keep and read the letters you receive for me,
and

and send me none but those which are absolutely necessary to my purposes, short extracts from the rest will be sufficient.

I have this moment received your packet, No. 10. You must have received one of my letters, in which I beg you will open all those addressed to me. Therefore your scruples are ill founded I do not know that I shall write to you again before my departure; but do not write to me here. I embrace you with the most tender friendship.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

Strasbourg, December 2, 1765.

YOU can have no doubt of the pleasure with which I received your two letters, and that of M. de Luc. We become attached to that which we love, in proportion to the pain it costs us. Judge by this whether or not my heart be amongst you. I arrived in this city, ill and overcome with fatigue. I repose myself in it with the pleasure a man has in finding himself amongst human beings after escaping from ferocious beasts. I flatter myself all the people here, from the commandant of the province to the lowest burghers of Strasbourg, wish me to pass the rest of my days amongst them, but this is not my vocation. As I am not in a situation to support the fatigue of a journey to Berlin, I have resolved to go to England. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks at Paris, and you may write to me there, at the widow Duchesne's, bookseller, Rue Saint Jacques.

I thank

I thank you for the trouble you have had the goodness to take with my commissions. I have other prunes to digest, therefore dispose of yours elsewhere. I wish, however, you could send me the cups and balls, with the handkerchiefs, to Paris; these would be of great use to me: but as the handkerchiefs are new, I am afraid sending them will be attended with some difficulty. I can now discharge your little account without inconvenience. This will not be the case when after the expences of a long journey I shall incur others for my establishment in England. I could, therefore, wish you would draw upon me at sight at Paris for the amount of the account in question. Should you be absolutely determined to let it remain as it is until I am in a state of greater tranquillity, I beg you will let me know to what your disbursements amount, and permit me to give you my note for the sum. Consider, my good friend, you have a numerous family to whom you owe an account of the employment of your time, and that the division of your fortune, however great this may be, makes it your duty not to dissipate any part of it, the better to leave each of your children a genteel independence. I, on my part, shall be uneasy about the little debt until it be either paid or regulated. However, notwithstanding this violent expulsion has deranged me, after a few of the first embarrassments, I shall still have bread and every thing necessary for the remainder of my life by means of arrangements of which I have spoken to you. At present I have every thing I can desire. I have as much money as is necessary for my journey, and even more; so that, with a little economy, I expect my income will soon be equal to my expences as heretofore. I thought I owed

G

you

you this detail to set your honest heart at ease about a man whom you love.

L E T T E R

TO M. DE LUZE.

Paris, December 16, 1765.

I Am just arrived at Madame Duchesne's, full of the desire of seeing and embracing you, and of consulting with you upon an immediate journey to London if this be possible. I am here in perfect safety; of this I have in my pocket the most positive assurance*. However, to avoid importunity, I am determined to make my stay in Paris as short as possible, and, if I can, to remain incognito. Therefore do not tell any person whomsoever where I am. I wish to go and see you, but that I may not expose my bonnet in the streets§, I had rather you would come to me as soon as you can. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

December 22, 1765.

THE affliction into which the loss of a father, tenderly beloved, has plunged Madame de V... does not permit me to abandon myself to amuse-

* He had a passport from the minister, in force for three months.

§ He still wore the Armenian dress.

ment whilst she is in tears. Therefore we shall have no music to day; I shall, however, be at home in the evening as usual, and if your intention be to come and see me the change will not deprive me of the pleasure of receiving you. A thousand salutations.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

December 26, 1765.

I Can no longer remain upon this public theatre. Can you, from charity, accelerate our departure? Mr. Hume consents to set off on Thursday the 2d at noon, to go and sleep at Senlis. If you can comply with this arrangement you will do me the greatest favour. We shall not have the berlin; you will therefore take your post chaise, Mr. Hume his, and we will change from time to time. Consider, I beg of you, whether or not this will suit your convenience, and if you have any thing to send me to put into my trunk. A thousand tender salutations.

L E T T E R

TO M. D. P....U.

Paris, December 17, 1765.

I Arrived here, my amiable host, last night, came post, but in a good chaise, and made short stages. Yet I was at the point of death upon the

road; I was obliged to stop at Epernay, and passed there such a night as deprived me of all hopes of ever again seeing the day. However, here I am in Paris and tolerably well. I have not yet seen any body, not even M. de Luze, but I wrote to him the moment I arrived. I am in the greatest want of rest; my intention is never to go out when I can avoid it. I will not again expose myself to the dinners and fatigues of Strasbourg. I know not whether or not M. de Luze is still inclined to go to London. For my part I am determined to set off as soon as possible whilst I have sufficient strength to carry me to a place of repose.

I have this moment had a visit from M. de Luze, who has given me your note of the 7th dated from Berne. I really wrote the letter to the bailiff of Nidau*, but to avoid giving you uneasiness I was unwilling to mention to you what I had done; this, in my opinion, is the only kind of reserve friendship will admit of.

I enclose you a letter for that poor girl in the island; pray send it to her as soon as possible, it will set her mind more at ease. Tell Madame ** I beg of you, how sensible I am of her remembrance of me and of her concern for my welfare. I should certainly have passed very agreeable days with you and her. But I was not destined to be so fortunate. For want of that happiness which I no longer ought to expect, I will endeavour to find at least tranquillity. I embrace you most cordially.

* That of the 20th of October. Tome XXIV. des Œuvres edition in 8vo. and in 12mo; and Tome XII. of that in 4to.

L E T T E R

To MR.

April, 1766.

I Have heard, with some surprise, of the manner in which I am treated in London, by a public more trifling than I should have imagined it to have been. I think it would be better to refuse the unfortunate an asylum than to receive and insult them; and I confess to you, hospitality sold at the price of dishonour seems to me rather dear. I am also of opinion that, to judge of a man with whom we are not acquainted, we ought to govern our opinions by those of the persons to whom he is known; and I think it odd enough that, having acquired in every country where I have resided the esteem and consideration of people of probity and the public, England, in which I am but lately arrived, should be the only one in which these are refused me. This, however, is what at the same time consoles me. The reception I not long since met with in Paris, where I have passed the greatest part of my life, makes me amends for all that is said of me in London. As the English, though rather hasty in judging, are not unjust, should I ever live in England as long as I have lived in France, I hope I shall not in the end be less esteemed there. I know every thing that passes with respect to me is not natural, that a whole nation does not change in an instant from white to black without a cause, and that this secret cause is the more dangerous as it is less apprehended; this itself ought to open the eyes of the public to

the manœuvres of those by whom the people are led, but they conceal themselves with too much art to make it probable they will be sought after in the places where they are to be found. The same public, better informed, will one day blush at the precipitation with which it has judged. For your part, sir, you have too much good sense, and are too equitable, to become one of those who are less judicious than severe. You have honoured me with your esteem, I shall never deserve to lose it, and as you have all mine, I add to it the confidence you merit.

L E T T E R

TO MADAME DE CRIQUI.

May 17, 1766.

SO far, madam, am I from forgetting you, that one of my pleasures in this retirement is the recollection of the happy moments of my life. These have been short and not very numerous, but they become multiplied by remembrance; it is the past which renders the present supportable to me, and you are too necessary to my system of happiness to be forgotten by me. However, I will not write to you, and I renounce all correspondence, except in cases of absolute necessity. It is time I should seek for repose, and of this I feel I cannot taste without giving up all correspondence, except that which is necessary in the place where I reside. I therefore take a resolution to do it, rather late no doubt, but time enough to enjoy the tranquillity in which the public shall be pleased to leave me. Adieu, madam. The friendship with which you have honoured

honoured me, will always be present and dear to my recollection ; deign also sometimes to think of me.

L E T T E R

To M. DE LUZE.

Wootton, May 16, 1766.

ALTHOUGH my long letter to Madame de Luze be to you as well as to herself, I cannot refrain from adding my thanks for your cares in repairing my unintentional neglect at Strasbourg, and for your obliging letter of the 10th of April. By the extreme pleasure I had in reading it, I felt how much I was attached to you, and the gratitude with which your friendly attention to my concerns filled my mind. Be assured I shall love you during my whole life, and that a part of the regret which pursues me to England is my living there separated from you. I formed in your country, attachments which will ever render it dear to me, and the desire you express again to see me there, is not less in my heart than in yours ; but what hopes remain of its being accomplished ? Had I been guilty of any fault which had brought upon me the hatred of your countrymen ; if I had misbehaved in any respect, or could I reproach myself with the least wilful error, I should hope by repairing it to make them forget what was past, and to obtain their good wishes ; but what have I done to lose their esteem, in what have I behaved ill, to whom have I been wanting in attentions, or to whom have I had it in my power to render service with-

out doing it? You know in what manner they have treated me. Put yourself in my place, and tell me if it be possible to live with people who, without a motive, or having a complaint of any kind against a man, are determined to load him with affliction because he is already unhappy. I feel it would be to the honour of these gentlemen that I should return and end my days amongst them: of this I myself should be desirous, but I think prudence forbids me from attempting such a folly. All I have to hope for, in this affair, is to preserve the friends I have had the happiness to acquire in the country, and to be constantly beloved by them although absent. Could any thing make me amends for the loss of their society, it would be that of the worthy man in whose house I live, and who spares no pains to make every thing in it agreeable to me; all the gentlemen of the environs, all the ministers of the neighbouring parishes, have the goodness to shew me civilities of which I am extremely sensible, as this is the general disposition of the country. Even the common people, notwithstanding my dress, forget, in my favour, their usual rudeness to strangers; Madame de Luzé will tell you what the country is. To conclude, I should find in it that which would make me forget every other were I nearer the sun and my friends. Adieu, I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOS.

Wootton, May 31, 1766.

COULD my wishes contribute towards establishing amongst you both laws and liberty, I believe you have no doubt but Geneva would again become a republic ; but, gentlemen, since the uneasiness your future fate gives me is useless, permit me to endeavour to alleviate it by thinking of your affairs as little as possible. You have given out that I intend to write the history of the mediation. I should indeed be glad to know the history of it, but my intention is certainly not to write any thing of the kind ; and were I to be tempted to do it I should be very careful not to publish what I had written. Yet if you chuse to collect for me the documents and memoirs relative to the matter, you know it is impossible these should be indifferent to me ; keep them however until you can bring them yourself, but send me nothing more by post : postage in this country is so exorbitant that your last packet cost me, from London to this place, four livres, ten sols, (3s. 9d.). Besides, I tell you, for the last time, that I will not bring myself to the recollection of the public, and that from my pen the world shall never, so long as I live, hear any thing more of me. I am at rest and will endeavour to remain so. In consequence of the desire I have to be forgotten I write as few letters as possible. Except with three friends, including yourself, I have broken off all my former correspondence, and nothing shall induce me to

renew it. If you wish me to continue to write to you, do not shew my letters nor speak of me to any person, except in such cases as, authorised by your friendship, I shall desire you to do it.

Voltaire has had translated and printed here a letter addressed to me, in which arrogance and brutality are carried to the utmost, and in which he endeavours by an infernal heinousness to bring upon me the hatred of the nation. Fortunately his own makes his measures so awkward, and he so fully possesses the secret of bringing discredit on every thing he says, that the only effect his letter has produced is an increase of the contempt in which the people here have always held him. The foolish haughtiness this man affects is an impertinence which daily becomes more ridiculous. He imagines his behaviour is princely, whereas it is not superior to that of a porter. He is such a fool that he does nothing but publish to the world how much he torments himself about me.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P. . . . u.

June 21, 1766

I HAVE received, my dear host, your No. 26, which has given me great pleasure. I shall have a greater difficulty to refrain from the inquietude with which you reproach me, as you yourself seem not to be entirely free from it, when there is any delay in the conveyance of my letters to you. Therefore, physician heal thyself: but no, my dear host, this tender inquietude, and

the cause from whence it proceeds, are two evils of a nature too agreeable for either of us to wish to remove them. I will, however, take the measures you recommend not to torment myself without reason; and, as a beginning, I take a note of the date of this letter, beginning by No. 1, that I may hereafter successively see a series of numbers properly in order. My first fervor in making an arrangement is admirable: unfortunately it is never of long duration.

I could have wished you had not sent off my books, but it is now too late to change their destination; I perceive your only object in view in giving yourself this trouble, was to furnish me with additional means of amusement in my retirement: you see you were however deceived. I have lost all taste for reading, and, excepting works upon botany, I cannot read any thing. I will, therefore, let my books remain in London, and dispose of them as well as I can. The carriage of them to this place would cost more than they are worth, and the expence would be very burdensome to me; besides, I have no means here of arranging books properly, nor would they be of material use to me.

I am glad you did not think of sending the papers also.

Be less uneasy, my dear host, about the state of my mind, and not in the least so about my situation. The place in which I reside is much to my liking; the master of the house is a very worthy man in whose favour the three weeks residence he has made here, with his family, have cemented the friendship his good services had made me conceive for him. He does every thing in his power to render his house agreeable to me: my situation in it has its inconvenience: but in what other is this not to be found? Had

I again

I again to fix my place of abode this is the only habitation I would make choice of in England; I shall, therefore, very patiently pass in it all the time I have to remain here, and should I end my days without going farther, the only thing disagreeable in this would be dying at such a distance from you, and that the host of my heart should not also be that of my ashes: for I shall ever have a tender remembrance of our first project; and the melancholy but pleasing ideas it brings to my recollection are certainly more precious than those resulting from the dance of your mad female friend. But I will not dwell upon these melancholy subjects which would give you, although erroneously, an unfavourable opinion of my present state of mind. This week I have had company from London, men and women who all, by the reception I gave them, my manner of living and appearance, judged, contrary to their own opinion before they saw me, that I was happy in my retirement; and it is true I have never lived more at my ease, nor more uninterruptedly followed my inclinations from morning until night. I confess the false letter of the King of Prussia, and the first bawlings of certain people in London, alarmed me, fearing they might have some influence upon my repose, and renew in this country the scenes of Motiers. But as soon as my fears were removed, and I became known in the neighbourhood, I saw it was impossible things should take such a turn. I laughed at the rest, and so much so that I am the first to laugh at all the follies of such as wish to persecute me. Nothing gives me the least concern except the wickedness of him by whom the whole affair is secretly conducted. This man surpasses my comprehension; I did not think such a one could exist. But let us speak of our own affairs. I

want

want nothing more than to see you again to drive every melancholy reflection from my mind. You know what else would be necessary to make me die happy, and I imagine you have received the letter I wrote to you by M. d'Ivernois; but as I consider this project as a chimera, I do not flatter myself with the hopes of seeing it carried into execution. Let us leave the future to Providence. In the mean time I go a simpling, I wander about, I meditate the great project which engages my attention, and expect on your arrival to have something to give you; but seducing indolence daily grows upon me, and I have great difficulty in setting to work: however I have materials, and a strong desire to put them to some use. Mademoiselle la Vasseur is much flattered by your remembrance of her: she has not yet learned a word of English. I had learned in London about thirty words of their language, all of which I have forgotten since I came into the country, so difficult is this gibberish to my comprehension. What is diverting enough, there is not a person in the house who knows a single word of French. Yet, without understanding each other, we pass our time, and live together. Adieu.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOS.

Wootton, June 28, 1766

I Perceive by your letter of the 9th, you had not then received mine, although it ought to have reached you before that date, as I sent it, as well as this, by the ordinary conveyance.—

The

The critical state of your affairs afflicts my heart: but my situation permits me nothing but sighs on account of yours, and fruitless wishes for your welfare. I will not even, relative to your manner of acting, have the temerity to give you the least advice, for should this prove unsuccessful, and, especially, prejudicial, I should never forgive myself. I do not see with sufficient clearness into the secret intrigues which will decide upon your fate, to enable me to judge of the means most proper to your purpose. My zealous friendship would be prejudicial to your interest were I to let it appear, and I am so unfortunate, that my evil star sheds its influence over all those in whose concerns I take an active part. I have done all I can; I have badly succeeded, and, were I to continue my efforts, should succeed still worse: since, therefore, I am so useless to you, do not be so cruel as incessantly to afflict me in my retirement, and, from a motive of humanity, respect the repose of which I so much stand in need.

Of this, however, I perceive I shall enjoy but little so long as I have any correspondence upon the continent. I do not receive from it a single letter which is not filled with afflicting accounts; and other reasons, too numerous to state, oblige me to break off all correspondence even with my friends, except in cases of the greatest necessity. I love you affectionately, and expect with the greatest impatience the visit you have promised me, but place no great dependence upon my writing to you so regularly as I have hitherto done. Were I to give you my reasons for the resolution I have taken, you would approve of them all, but they are not of a nature to be committed to writing. Should not I again write to you before your departure, of this I beg
you

you will give M. D. P.....u timely information, that if he should have any thing to send me, he may commit it to your care. When you pass through Paris, you will much oblige me by calling upon M. Guy at the widow Duchesne's, that he may give you as much as he has printed of my Musical Dictionary, and an account of the state in which the rest of it may be; for I have not lately heard any thing of it. I shall not, my dear sir, be at rest until I am forgotten; I wish to be dead in the memory of men. Speak of me as little as possible, even to our friends: do not mention my name to **, you know what little justice he has done me; I do not expect more, except from posterity, and, especially from the Supreme Being, to whom my heart is constantly open. I embrace you, affectionately.

L E T T E R

TO MR. GRANVILLE.

1766.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have for the last two days been much indisposed, I should not, on account of my health, have hesitated about accepting the favour you wished to confer upon me, as a proof of which I was preparing to take advantage of it this evening. But M. Davenport is just arrived. He has had the goodness to come on purpose to see me. You, sir, who are yourself so full of politeness, would not approve of my leaving him the moment after his arrival. I much regret the advantage of which I am deprived, but on the other hand I shall perhaps be a gainer by not shewing

shewing myself ; should you deign to speak of it to the Duchess of Portland with the same goodness of which you have given me so many proof it will be better she should form her opinion of me by your judgment than by her own, and the advantages resulting from this will console me for those I shall have lost by not seeing her.

I ought to return her an answer to a charming note, but the hope of doing this in person makes me defer it for some time. Receive, sir, I beg of you, my very humble salutations.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

SINCE M. Granville forbids me from returning in the midst of the snow the visits with which he has honoured me, he will at least give me leave to send to know how he does, and in what manner he made his way through the terrible roads between this place and his house. I hope the snow, which again begins to fall, will have induced him to delay his departure, and that the delay will be sufficiently long to give me time to go, and wish him a good journey. But whether or not I have the pleasure of seeing him again before he sets off, my most tender wishes will always accompany him.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To THE SAME.

THE little bit of fish you will receive by the bearer is not so good as that you sent me; knowing therefore, that all the return I can make for your goodness is confined to the sentiments with which you have inspired me, I offer it you as an homage, and not in exchange. I promised myself much pleasure in going to beg of you to do me the honour to present me to your sister, but the weather opposes my design. I am unfortunate in many things, I cannot say in every thing, having such a neighbour as you are.

To THE SAME.

I Am sorry the weather and my health prevent me from coming to assure you of my respects, and to return you my thanks as soon as I could have wished to do so. But at present I am extremely indisposed, and shall not, for some days, be in a situation either to pay or receive visits. Be assured, sir, that the moment my feet will carry me to the place where you are, my inclination will lead me to it.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To THE SAME.

I Am very sensible of your goodness, and extremely thankful for your presents, but I should be much more so were these less frequent. The moment the weather will permit I will come and reiterate to you my thanks and reproaches. If I could converse with your servant I would enquire of him after the state of your health; but I have reason to think this continues to improve. May it be so.

To THE SAME.

I Have for several days past been much indisposed, and am not now very well. I learn with great pleasure that you are perfectly recovered, and if pleasure gave health, that of your remembrance of me would procure me this advantage. A thousand respectful salutations.

L E T T E R

To MISS DEWES, (NOW MRS. PORT).

1766.

BE not uneasy my beautiful neighbour about my health; this will always be sufficiently, and perhaps too good, so long as I have you for a physician; I have, however, a great inclination to be ill to prevail upon you and the countess to stay

stay a little longer from a motive of charity. I intend to come on Monday, if the weather be fine, to see whether or not a delay is to be hoped for, and at least to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the good and amiable company of Calwick once more assembled; to which, in the mean time, I offer a thousand humble salutations and respects.

A N S W E R S

To the Questions asked by M. de Chauvel.

1766.

M. MARC CHAPUIS did not, either in 1759 or at any other time, propose to me from M. de Voltaire to inhabit a little house called the Hermitage. In 1755 M. de Voltaire, pressing me to return to my country, invited me to go and drink some of the milk from his cows. I answered him. His letter and mine were published. I do not remember to have received from him any other invitation.

What I wrote to M. de Voltaire was not an answer. Having by accident found the rough draft of this letter, I will transcribe it here † leaving M. de Chauvel at liberty to make what use of it he shall think proper.

I do not exactly remember what, twenty-three years ago, I wrote to M. du Theil; but it is true I was the servant of M. de M.....u, ambassador from France, at Venice, and that I eat his bread, as his gentlemen were his servants and eat his bread also; with this difference, that I every where took rank above his gentlemen, went to the senate, attended at the conferences,

† It is the letter which follows this.

and

and visited the different ambassadors and ministers, which the gentlemen of the French ambassador would not have dared to do. But although these and myself were his servants, it does not follow that we were his valets.

It is true, that having answered without insolence, but with firmness, to the brutal language of the ambassador, whose manner greatly resembled that of M. de Voltaire, he threatened to call his servants to throw me out of the window. But M. de Voltaire is silent concerning a circumstance at which all Venice laughed heartily at the time; this was my approaching the door of the closet we were in; and, after having locked it, and put the key into my pocket, my going up to M. de M.....u, and saying to him : *No, sir, if you please. A third person is inconvenient in cases which require explanation: suffer this to pass between ourselves* His Excellency instantly became very polite; we parted in a very proper manner, and I left the house, not disgracefully, as M. de Voltaire has been pleased to say I did, but in triumph. I went to lodge with the Abbé Patizel, chancellor to the consulate. The next day M. le Blond, consul from France, invited me to dinner, in company with M. de St. Cir, and a French party; every body's purse was open to me, and not having received my salary, I took what money I had occasion for. Finally I took my departure, accompanied and treated in a distinguished manner by every person, whilst the ambassador alone, and forsaken in his palace, was left to reflect upon his folly. M. le Blond must now be in Paris, and can bear witness to the truth of what I have stated; the Chevalier de Carrion, at that time my friend, and secretary to the Spanish embassy, and since *secrétaire d'ambassade* at Paris, is perhaps still in that city,
and

and can add his evidence to that of M. le Blond in my favour. Many other persons, and a great number of letters, may be brought to confirm the whole, but what do all these signify to M. de Voltaire?

I never wrote nor signed any such declaration as M. de Voltaire says M. de Montmollin has in his possession with my signature. My letter of the 8th of August, 1765, addressed to M. D**, may be referred to upon the subject.

The people of Berne having driven me from their states in 1765, at the beginning of the winter, the little hope I had of finding in any place the tranquillity of which I stood so much in need, added to my weakness of body and bad state of health, which deprived me of the courage necessary to undertake a long journey in so unfavourable a season, induced me to write to the bailiff of Nidau, a letter which was shewn about in Paris, and drew tears from honest men, and sarcasms from M. de Voltaire*.

M. de Voltaire having publicly said to eight citizens of Geneva, that I never had been secretary to an ambassador, and that I was nothing more than his valet; one of them having informed me of what had passed, in the first moments of my indignation, I sent M. de Voltaire a conditional reproach with having told a lie, but I have now forgotten the terms in which I expressed myself†.

I remember having once said to some person that I had an ungrateful heart, and did not like to receive favours. But it was not after these were conferred upon me that I made the declara-

* That of the 20th of October, 1761. Tome XXIV. des Œuvres. Editions in 8vo. and in 12mo, and Tome XII. in 4to.

† See the Note dated May 31, 1765, page 146.

tion but for the purpose of guarding against them, which makes the matter different. He who is desirous of serving me according to his own wishes, and not in a manner agreeable to mine, endeavours to gain the ostentatious title of benefactor, and I confess to you nothing makes less impression upon me than services of such a nature. By the prodigious number of my benefactors you must naturally suppose me to be in a brilliant situation. Yet, it is in vain that I look around me ; I perceive no marks of so many benefactions. The only good thing I enjoy is liberty, and this, thank Heaven, is the work of my own hands. Will any body dare to boast of having contributed towards it ? You, only, O, George Keith ! can do it, and you will not accuse me of ingratitude. To my lord marshal I will add M. de Peyrou. These are my real benefactors. I know of no other. Do you wish therefore to attach me to you by benefactions. Let these be of my own choice, and not of yours, and be persuaded you will never find a heart more truly grateful than mine. Such is my manner of thinking, which I have never disguised ; you are still young, and may communicate what you have learned from me to your friends ; and should any one of them blame my maxims take care never to put the least confidence in that man.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Montmorenci, June 17, 1760.

I Did not think, sir, I should ever have occasion to correspond with you. But learning the letter I wrote to you, in 1756*, has been printed at Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in that respect, and will fulfil this duty with truth and simplicity.

The letter having really been addressed to you was not intended to be printed. I communicated the contents of it, on certain conditions, to three persons to whom the rights of friendship did not permit me to refuse any thing of the kind, and whom the same rights still less permitted to abuse my confidence by betraying their promise. These persons are Madame de C.....x, daughter-in-law to Madame D...n, the Comtesse D'H....., and a German of the name of Grimm. Madame de C.....x was desirous the letter should be printed, and asked my consent. I told her that depended upon your's. This was asked of you, which you refused, and the matter dropped.

However, the Abbé T.....t, with whom I have not the least connection, has just written to me from a motive of the most polite attention, that having received the papers of the Journal of M. F....y, he found in them this same letter with an advertisement, dated on the 23d of October, 1759, in which the editor states, *That he had a*

* That of the 18th of August. Tome XXIII. des Œuvres. Editions in 8vo. et in 12mo. et Tome XII. in 4to.

few

few weeks before found it in the shops of the book-sellers of Berlin, and as it is one of those loose sheets which shortly disappear, he thought proper to give it a place in his Journal.

This, sir, is all I know of the matter. It is very certain the letter had not until lately been heard of at Paris. It is also as certain that the copy, either in manuscript or print, fallen into the hands of M. de F...y, could never have reached them except by your means, which is not probable, or of those of one of the three persons I have mentioned. Finally it is well known the two ladies are incapable of such a perfidy. I cannot, in my retirement, learn more relative to the affair. You have a correspondence by means of which you may, if you think it worth the trouble, go back to the source and verify the fact.

In the same letter, the Abbé T....t informs me that he keeps the paper in reserve, and will not lend it without my consent, which most assuredly I will not give. But it is possible this copy may not be the only one in Paris. I wish, sir, the letter may not be printed there, and I will do all in my power to prevent this from happening; but if I cannot succeed, and that, timely perceiving it, I can have the preference, I will not then hesitate to have it immediately printed. This to me appears just and natural.

With respect to your answer to the same letter, it has not been communicated to any one, and you may be assured it shall not be printed without your consent*, which I certainly shall not be indiscreet enough to ask of you, well knowing that

* This means during his life-time and mine; and the most scrupulous delicacy, especially with a man who sets all decency at defiance, cannot require more.

what one man writes to another is not written to the public. But should you chuse to write one you wish to have published and address it to me, I promise you faithfully to add to it my letter and not to make to it a single word of reply.

I love you not, sir, you have done me, your disciple and enthusiastical admirer, injuries that might have caused me the most exquisite pain. You have ruined Geneva, in return for the asylum it has afforded you; you have alienated from me my fellow-citizens, in return for the eulogiums I made of you amongst them; it is you who render to me the residence of my own country insupportable; it is you who will oblige me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations usually administered to a dying person; and cause me, instead of receiving funeral rites, to be thrown to the dogs, whilst all the honours a man can expect will accompany you in my country. Finally, I hate you because you have been desirous I should; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you had you chosen it; of all the sentiments with which my heart was penetrated for you, admiration, which cannot be refused your fine genius, and a partiality to your writings, are alone those you have not effaced. If I can honour nothing in you except your talents, the fault is not mine. I shall never be wanting in the respect due to them, nor in that which this respect requires.

Note, by way of postscript to this letter.

It must be remarked that, for seven years past, the time this letter has been written, I have neither spoken of nor shewn it to any person.—I observed the same secrecy with respect to the two letters Mr. Hume obliged me to write to him

last summer, until he made the noise about them of which every body has heard. What I have to say against my enemies, I tell them in secret; every thing in their favour I give to the public, and this most heartily.

Motiers, May 31, 1765.

If M. de Voltaire says that, instead of having been secretary to the ambassador from France at Venice I was his valet, M. de Voltaire has told an impudent lie.

If in the years 1743 and 1744 I were not first secretary to the French ambassador, and if moreover I did not perform the functions of secretary to the embassy and had not the honours of the senate of Venice, I myself am a liar.

L E T T E R

TO MR. DAVENPORT.

1766.

I Am very sensible, sir, of your polite attention, in sending me every thing you think may be interesting to me. Having taken my resolution relative to the affair in question, I shall, let what will be the consequence, continue to suffer Mr. Hume to say whatever he pleases without taking the least notice of it; and for the remainder of my life I will keep the silence I have imposed upon myself on that head. Without affecting a stoical indifference, I can however assure you, that by this general cry I am as little affected as possible, and much less than I should have expected to be, had I previously been in-
formed

formed of that which was to happen. But I protest, and, in the face of heaven, swear to you, my respectable host, that the noisy and triumphant David Hume, in all the splendour of his glory, seems much more to be pitied than the unfortunate J. J. Rousseau, abandoned to public defamation. I would not, on any account, be in his place : to his I prefer my own situation, even with all the shame he has been pleased to annex to it.

The late bad weather alarmed me on your account. I hope the disagreeable effects you may have felt from it will be removed by the present favorable change. I have not been less severely treated than yourself, and I enjoy but little fine weather either for my heart or my body. I except the moments I pass with you : this is giving you sufficiently to understand with what impatience I expect your arrival and that of your beloved family, whom I thank, and most cordially salute.

L E T T E R

TO M. DU PEYRON.

Wootton, August 16, 1766.

I Doubt not, my dear host, but the incredible things Mr. Hume writes to every quarter have reached your ears, and I am not the least uneasy about the effect they may have upon you. He promises the public a relation of that which has passed between him and myself with the collection of letters. If this collection be faithfully made, you will find in the letter I wrote him on the 10th of July, an ample detail of his conduct

and mine, whereby you will be able to judge between us; but as he certainly will not give this publication, at least without the most enormous falsification, I intend, by means of M. d'Ivernois at his return, to make you acquainted with the whole correspondence; for, at present, I cannot copy for you the immense collection, and doing it would besides be opening all my wounds. I want a little repose to regain strength which is beginning to fail me. I leave Mr. Hume to declaim in public and utter the most brutal injuries. I know not how to quarrel like a carman. I have a defender whose operations are slow but sure: I wait for them and hold my tongue.

I will just say a few words to you upon a pension from the king of England, which has been mentioned, and of which you yourself have spoken to me. I did not answer you upon this article, not only on account of the secrecy Mr. Hume required of me, in the name of his majesty, and which I faithfully kept until he himself made it public; but because, never having depended upon the pension, I was unwilling to flatter either you or myself with that hope until I saw a greater certainty of its being realised. You will conceive that, breaking with Mr. Hume, after having discovered his treachery, I could not, without infamy, accept of favours procured by his means. It is true these favours and his treachery but ill agree with each other. Yet, in fact, they may be perfectly reconciled. His intention was to serve me publicly with the greatest ostentation, and to defame me in secret in the most artful manner; the last part of his project has been perfectly fulfilled: you shall have a key to the whole mystery. In the mean time, as he every where gives out, that, after
having

having accepted the pension, I unpolitely refused it. I enclose you the copy of the letter I wrote upon the subject to the ministers, by which you will see how far his assertions are founded on truth. I now return to that part of your letter in which you mention what you have heard upon the subject.

They who told you the pension had been offered me, spoke truth, but when they added that I had refused it, they told you a falsehood. For, on the contrary, not doubting of the sincerity of Mr. Hume, I proposed but one condition, the consent of my lord Marshal, with which, on account of what had passed at Neuschâtel, I could not dispense. This consent was not obtained until after my departure from London; it depended upon the court to terminate the business, which, however, I did not much expect it would do; but neither before, at, nor after that time, did I ever speak of the pension to any person, except to my lord Marshal, who certainly kept the secret. This must have been divulged by Mr. Hume, how, therefore, has he been authorised to say, I refused the pension; because this was false, my intention at that time being to accept it? Does not this anticipation clearly shew that he knew I should be obliged to determine upon a refusal, and that a part of his project was to force me to do it, the better to bring things to the state in which they now are? I think it of importance to the work I now have in hand to follow the clue of this affair; and if, by means of your friend, you can trace what Mr. Hume

§ See the letter to General Conway, of the 12th of May, 1766, Vol. XXIV. des Œuvres in 8vo. and in 12mo. and Tome XII. in 4to.

has written to the source, you will do a great service to the cause and to myself.

That which on my account passes in England is, I assure you, beyond imagination. I am defamed in this kingdom to the last degree, without my having done any thing to deserve it, or given, to any person whomsoever, the least reason to complain of me. The intention of Mr. Hume and his associates now seems to be to cut off from me all communication with the continent, and to make me perish here with grief and wretchedness. I hope they will not succeed; but there are two things at which I tremble. These people are making their utmost efforts to deprive me of the friendship of Mr. Davenport, and should they succeed, I shall be without an asylum, and not know what is to become of me. But what alarms me more is, the necessity I am under of having for my correspondence with you, a person of confidence in London, on account of the payment of postage to that capital, which I cannot make here. For this purpose I employ a bookseller whom I do not know, and who, as I am informed, is a very honest man. If, by any accident, this man should fail me, I shall have nobody to whom I can with safety address my letter, and be at a loss how to write to you. This inconvenience will not, it is to be hoped, happen to me: but, my dear host, I am wretched! This last misfortune, were it to befall me, would complete my misery.

I endeavour to prevent on all sides disagreeable news from reaching my ears. I read no public papers: I answer no letter, which must, in the end, tire people of writing to me. I speak of nothing but indifferent things, to the only neighbour with whom I converse, because he is the only one who speaks French. It was not, on
account

account of the cause, possible for me not to be affected by this terrible revolution which, I have no doubt, is general throughout Europe; but the emotion it gave me was not of long duration; serenity soon returned, and I hope it will be lasting; for I think an unforeseen misfortune cannot in future happen to me. For your part, my dear host, be not afflicted at what has or may come to pass. I dare predict to you, that Europe will one day shew great respect to those who, in my disgrace, have preserved any for me.

L E T T E R

TO THE COUNTESS OF BOUFFLERS.

Wootton, August 3, 1766.

ONE thing, madam, in the letter, of the 27th of last month, with which you have honoured me, and which did not, until within these few days, reach my hands, gives me infinite pleasure; by the manner in which your letter is written, I perceive you are in good health.

You say you have never seen such a letter as that I wrote to Mr. Hume; this may possibly be the case, for I never saw such a one as that which induced me to write it. This letter does not however resemble those written by Mr. Hume, and I hope I shall never write any that will.

You ask me what the injuries are of which I complain. Mr. Hume has forced me to tell him that I perceived his secret manœuvres, and I have done it. Upon this he further obliged me to enter into an explanation, which I have also done in the fullest manner. He can give you an

H 4

account

account of the whole affair: for my part, I complain not of any thing.

You reproach me with harbouring odious suspicions: to this I answer, that I do not harbour them. Perhaps, madam, you might, in some degree, have taken for yourself a part of the lessons you gave me; not so easily to believe that I so easily suspected treachery, and say to yourself, for me, a part of that which, to myself, you wish I should say for Mr. Hume.

All you alledge in his favour forms a strong prejudice, very reasonable and of great weight, especially with me, and which I do not endeavour to combat. But prejudices are nothing when facts are opposed to them. I pretend not to judge of the character of Mr. Hume, which I do not know. I judge of his conduct only, and that with respect to myself, with which I am acquainted. I am perhaps the only man he ever hated; but what a hatred does he bear me! Could one heart contain a second equal to this?

You wish me to withstand the force of evidence; this is what I have done as long as I could; that I should be deaf to the conviction of my own reason; this advice is more easily given than followed: that I should not believe any thing I saw or felt, and consult my friends in France. But if I am not to believe any thing I see or feel, these friends, who neither see nor feel any thing of themselves, will have still less faith in it. What, madam! when a man, with repeated blows, plunges a dagger into my breast, before I dare believe he does so, must I ask others whether or not he has struck me?

The extreme violence you find in my letter makes me presume you yourself are not free from choler, or that the copy you have is not a true one. Considering the cruel circumstances under
which

which I wrote the letter, and by which Mr. Hume forced me to do it, and moreover, knowing, as I well did, the use he intended to make of what I should write, I think great strength of mind was necessary, not to exceed the bounds of moderation, within which I on that occasion confined myself. None but the unfortunate can feel how difficult a thing it is in the excess of affliction to associate mildness with grief.

Mr. Hume, I confess it, acted differently. At the same time, that in answer to the same letter, he wrote to me in decent and even polite terms, he wrote to Mr. d'Holback and many people in others rather different. He has filled Paris, France, the Gazettes, and all Europe with things which my pen knows not how to write, nor will it ever repeat them. Was it, madam, in this manner I ought to have acted?

You say I ought to have moderated my violence against a man who had really served me. In the long letter I wrote to Mr. Hume, on the 10th of July, I weighed, with the greatest equity, the services he had rendered me. In this it was worthy of myself to make the balance every where incline in his favour, and I did so. But had all these great services had as much reality as ostentation, if they were nothing more than snares which covered the blackest designs, I do not see for what reason they require great acknowledgment.

"The ties of friendship are respectable even after they are broken." This is very true: but it supposes them to have existed. They unfortunately existed on my part. Therefore the resolution I have taken to suffer in silence is the effect of the respect I owe to myself.

"And the appearances even of this sentiment are equally so." This, madam, is the most astonishing

astounding maxim I ever heard of. What! the moment a man takes in public the mask of friendship, the better to do me an injury, without deigning so much as to conceal himself from my eyes; when he kisses while he assassinates me, I ought not to dare to defend myself, to ward off his blows, nor complain of them, not even to himself!—I cannot believe this is what you intended to say: yet in turning to the passage in your letter I cannot give it any other meaning.

I thank you, madam, for the measures you wish to take for my defence, but I do not accept your cares. Mr. Hume has so completely thrown off the mask that, at present, his conduct speaks for itself, and says every thing necessary to such as chuse to open their ears. But were not this the case, I do not chuse to be justified because I have no need of justification, nor will I suffer apologies to be made for my conduct, because these are beneath me. My only desire is that, in the abyss of misfortune into which I am plunged, persons whom I honour would write me letters less afflicting, that I may have the consolation of preserving for them all the sentiments with which they have inspired me.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

Wootton, August 30, 1766.

I HAVE read in your letter, of the 31st of July, the article you transcribed from the Gazette, and upon which you ask me for instructions

tions for my defence. Against what, I beseech you, will you defend me? Against the accusation of being infamous? My good friend, you cannot think of any such thing. When you are told of this article, and the astonishing things written by Mr. Hume, let your answer be simply this: "I know my friend Rousseau; such accusations cannot relate to him." For the rest, do as I do: remain silent and be quiet. And more especially never again mention to me what passes in public, nor any thing stated in the *Gazettes*. All these things have long been buried in oblivion for me.

There is, however, one thing with which I wish my friends to be acquainted, because they may sometimes be induced to believe, as they have sometimes been, but always erroneously, that over-strained principles may lead me to things unreasonable. Mr. Hume has given out in Paris, and elsewhere, that I had brutally refused a pension of two thousand livres from the King of England, after having accepted it. I have never spoken to any body about this pension, which the king wished to have kept secret, nor should I ever have mentioned it had not Mr. Hume first set me the example. The particulars of this affair are too numerous to be stated in this letter; to inform you in what manner I refused to receive it, when, after having discovered the secret manœuvres of Mr. Hume, I could not accept any thing by the mediation of a man who betrayed me, will be sufficient. I enclose you a copy of a letter I wrote upon the subject to General Conway, Secretary of State*. I was the more em-

* See the letter of the 12th of May, 1766, Tome XXIV des Œuvres, editions in 8vo. and in 12mo. and Tome XII in 4to.

barrasted

barrass'd in writing this letter, as from an excess of delicacy I neither chose to mention Mr. Hume, nor to state my real motive. I send you a copy, that for the present you may judge whether or not my refusal was unpolite. When we meet you shall know the rest: God grant this may be soon! Do not, however, neglect any business. I can wait, and whenever you come I shall see you with the same pleasure. I refer you, for every thing, to the letter I wrote you about a fortnight since by a friend. I embrace you, most cordially.

P. S. You must have a mean opinion of my discernment with respect to style, to think I can be deceived in that of Voltaire, and to imagine I take that to be his which is not so; you must, on the other hand, have a high opinion of his sincerity to believe his denying a work to be his, to be a proof of his not having written it.

L E T T E R

To MR. D. P.....U.

Wootton, November 15, 1766.

I SEE with concern, my dear friend, by your No. 35, that I have made use of improper expressions in my letter to you, and such as have given you offence. You must be right in judging them unfit to be written to a friend, as in reading my letters your mind is calm, which is not the case with mine when I write them; therefore, you are better able than I am to see things as they really are. But this ought on your part to be a greater motive of indulgence; what a friend writes in his affliction should not be so closely examined as that which he writes when
his

his mind is at ease. Extreme vexation may have made me suffer to escape from my pen expressions little analogous to the sentiments of my heart, which, for you, never entertained any but such as were of the most honourable nature. On the contrary, although your own expressions are constantly as honourable as my sentiments, your ideas are often different, and these in the midst of my afflictions have frequently weighed me down with grief. Though you had supposed me to be as much in the wrong as you say I am, it perhaps would have been better to wait for a more proper opportunity of telling me so, or at least to have determined to bear with the effects of my peevishness. I do not by this pretend to excuse myself, God forbid I should, nor to blame you; but to give you reasons, which I think are just, why you should endeavour to overlook the errors of a friend in my situation. I most sincerely ask your pardon for the wrongs I may have done you, and have great need of your forgiveness: I besides protest that I have not for a single moment ceased to have for you those sentiments which I should have been desirous of finding in you for myself.

Punishment has immediately succeeded to the offence. You can have no doubt of my tender concern for your health, and you say nothing to me of the effects of your journey to Bessfort. Fortunately you have not been able to be more than half ill-natured, and you have suffered me to perceive some appearances of success, of which I impatiently expect a confirmation. Write me the particulars, my amiable host; let me enjoy the double satisfaction of knowing that what has been prescribed you has had a good effect, and that I am forgiven. My heart is too full, and too desirous of what I ask, to suffer me for the present

present to speak of any thing else ; and I conclude by repeating to you, from the bottom of that heart, that my tender attachment to you can no more be separated from it than the love of virtue.

L E T T E R

To M. LALIAUD.

Wootton, November 15, 1766.

WE scarcely know each other, sir, and yet you render me the most real services of friendship ; this zeal therefore is more in favour of the cause of truth than offered to me personally, for which reason I hold it the more valuable. I perceive that the same love of justice which has constantly reigned in my heart reigns also in yours : nothing connects men so much as this similarity of sentiment. Nature has made us friends, and neither you nor I are disposed to give her the lie. I have received the packet you sent me by M. Dutens ; this means of conveyance is, in my opinion, the most safe. The duplicate has, however, been announced to me, and I have no doubt but it will reach my hands. I admire the intrepidity of the authors of this work, and shall think it more extraordinary should they suffer it to be published in London, to which I see no great obstacle. They may do and say what they please ; I have nothing to say of Mr. Hume, except that I think his manner very insulting for that of a good man, and very noisy for that of a philosopher. Adieu, sir. I shall always love you, but I do not intend to write to you again,
except

except in case of necessity: However, I should be glad to have your address. I embrace you most cordially, and beg you will tell Mr. Sauttershaim I am sensible of his remembrance of me, and that I have not forgotten our former friendship. With wit, talents, mildness, and a handsome person I am equally surprized and concerned at his not finding any thing to do in Paris. This will come with time, but all beginnings there are accompanied with difficulty.

L E T T E R

TO LORD VISCOUNT NEWSHAM, NOW LORD
HARCOURT.

Wootton, December 24, 1766.

I SHOULD think, my lord, I executed with but little justice and politeness the resolution I have taken to dispose of all my prints and books if I did not first beg of you to receive back those of the former of which you have made me presents. Upon these I certainly set a proper value, and nothing but the necessity of removing from before my eyes every thing that may serve to gratify a taste which I am determined to renounce, could force me to make this sacrifice. Should there be in my little collection, either of books or prints, any thing agreeable to your lordship, I beg you will do me the honour to accept it, and in preference, the prints I have received from your worthy friend M. Watelet, which should not fall into any other hands than those of a friend. Finally, my lord, should you have it in your power to aid me in the sale of the rest, I will acknowledge in that goodness the friendly cares
of

of which you have permitted me to take advantage. You may see the whole at M. Davenport's should your lordship think proper to take that trouble. M. Davenport lives in Piccadilly, near lord Egremont's. I beg your lordship will receive the assurances of my acknowledgments and respect.

L E T T E R

To Mr. DAVENPORT.

December 27, 1766.

ALTHOUGH I have not hitherto been able by my solicitations to obtain from you a single word of explanation, nor an answer relative to that which it is of the utmost importance to me to know, my extreme confidence in you has made me patiently endure a silence, notwithstanding it is so extraordinary. But it is time this should cease, and you may judge of my inquietude at seeing you ready to set off for London without giving me the eclairecissements I have so earnestly desired, and which you have promised me. Each person has his particular manner; I am open and communicative, more so perhaps than I ought to be. I do not ask you to be as much so as I am myself; but constantly refusing to let me know upon what footing I am in your house, and whether or not my being here is inconvenient to you, is carrying the mystery too far. Consider my situation, and judge, I beseech you, of my embarrassment; what am I to do provided you refuse to come to an explanation with me? Ought I to remain in your house in spite of you? Can I leave it without your assistance?

Without

Without friends or acquaintance, and in a country with the language of which I am unacquainted, I am entirely at the mercy of your servants. I came here by your invitation, and you aided me to make the journey ; I think, therefore, you should assist me in my departure, if my residence here be disagreeable to you. Should I still remain in your house, you must, notwithstanding your repugnancy, have the goodness to consent to such arrangements as shall render my stay with you less burdensome to us both. Men of honour always gain by explaining themselves and well understanding each other. If you would enter with me into the details with which you entrust your servants, you would be less deceived, and I should be better treated ; we should both receive advantage from it ; you have too good an understanding not to be convinced there are people to whom my residence with you is disagreeable, and who will do every thing in their power to make it equally so to myself.

If, notwithstanding all these reasons, you still remain silent, this answer will become clear, and you will not be offended should I, without uselessly tormenting you farther, provide for my retreat as well as I am able, carrying with me a very grateful remembrance of the hospitality I have received from you, yet, at the same time, feeling the cruel embarrassment into which I have thrown myself by accepting it.

L E T T E R

To Mr. ———

January, 1767.

YOUR having informed me that M. Deyverdun has a place under General Conway, has explained an enigma which, before I received your letter, was to me incomprehensible; this you will perceive by the letter of which I enclose you a copy, taken from that Mr. Hume sent to Mr. Davenport. I do not communicate it to enable you to prove that M. Deyverdun wrote the letter, of which I have not the least doubt, nor that he is the author of the letters in question printed in the St. James's Chronicle, which I know to be false. Besides, the said M. Deyverdun, well-prepared for the part he has to act in lending his name, and who perhaps entered upon it when the letters were carried to the St. James's Chronicle, is too much upon his guard to suffer you at present to learn any thing from him. But it is not impossible, that in process of time, by appearing to know nothing of the matter, and carefully keeping the secret with which I have entrusted you, you should discover the secret springs of all these manœuvres, when those who have taken a part in them shall be less upon their guard; and all I desire in this business is, that you may of yourself discover the whole truth. I am also of opinion that it is important to know the persons with whom we live, and whether or not these be men of honour. Therefore, whether M. Deyverdun be the author or not of the letters

letters of which he boasts, you know, I think, at present, in what manner to deal with him. You are young; you will, I hope, survive me many years; and it is a great consolation to me to think that some day, when the bottom of this melancholy affair shall be come at, you will of yourself be enabled to verify many of the facts with which during my life time you will be acquainted without being struck by them, because it is impossible you should perceive the relation they bear to my misfortunes. I most cordially embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M.....

January 2, 1767.

WHEN I took you at your word, sir, upon your leaving me at liberty not to answer your letters, I was far from thinking my silence could give you pain as to the effect of your last epistle; I found nothing in it that did not confirm the sentiments of esteem and attachment with which you have inspired me; and these sentiments are so true, that were I ever to quit this country I should be desirous it were for the purpose of approaching you nearer. However, I confess I am so sensible of the cares of M. Davenport, and satisfied with his company, that I should be very sorry to deprive myself of such agreeable hospitality; but as he will scarcely permit me to reimburse him in a part of the expences he is at for me, there would be an impropriety in my remaining with him upon the same footing, and I should

should despair of making myself amends for the pleasure of which I should be deprived by leaving his house, except by means of that I should have in a more frequent intercourse with you. I often think with satisfaction of the solitary farm we saw together, and of the advantage I should enjoy there by being your neighbour ; but these are rather vague wishes than projects of which the execution is near at hand. However, one thing real is the pleasure I have in acknowledging, on all occasions, the good wishes with which you honour me, and in cultivating your friendship as much as it is in my power.

I have long since thought of the advice of the lady you mention ; I ought sooner to have followed it, but it is better doing so late than never. Mr. Hume was for me an acquaintance of three months, which I did not think proper to continue ; after the first moments of indignation, which it was not in my power to prevent, I peacefully withdrew ; he wished to come to a formal rupture, and it was necessary to satisfy him ; he was afterwards desirous of an explanation, and to this I consented. This passed between ourselves. He has since thought proper to make the noise about it you have heard. In this he was alone ; I held my tongue ; I shall continue to do so ; and I have nothing to say of Mr. Hume, except that I think him very insulting for a good man, and rather noisy for a philosopher.

How goes botany on ? Do you give it any part of your attention ? Are you acquainted with any body who studies it ? For my part my head turns with this study, which I obstinately pursue without making any progress. My memory is totally lost, and, what is more, I have nothing with which I can exercise it ; for before any thing can be remembered it must be learned,
and,

and, being unable of myself to find the names of plants, I have not the means of knowing them: all the books written upon botany seem to be useless to every body except those who are already acquainted with the science. I have your *Stillington*, from which I have not yet learned any thing. I have taken a resolution to leave off reading, and to sell my books and prints that I may purchase engravings of plants. Without having the pleasure of learning I shall have that of studying, and this, for my purpose, comes much to the same thing.

I think myself happy in having found an amusement which requires exercise. Nothing is so prejudicial to me as remaining seated, or reading or writing; and this is one of the reasons which has induced me to renounce all correspondence except that required by cases of necessity. I will again write to you in a little time, but I once for all beg as a favour you will not mistake my silence for a sign of coolness or forgetfulness, and be persuaded that a great consolation to me is my being beloved by those who are as worthy of being beloved as you yourself are. My respectful compliments to M. Malthus; receive those of Mademoiselle le Vasseur and my most cordial salutations.

L E T T E R

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Wootton, February 7, 1767.

IT is true, my lord, I thought you the friend of Mr. Hume, but a proof of my thinking your lordship a still greater friend to truth and justice is,

is, that without writing to you, or in any manner giving you notice of my intentions, I quoted you as an authority, and with confidence, in a matter relative to him, without fear of your contradicting me. I am not so unjust as by Mr. Hume to judge ill of all his friends. He has several to whom he is known, and who are worthy of him; but he has others who do not know him, and these deserve to be pitied without being the less esteemed. I am very grateful, my lord, for your letters, and extremely thankful for your courage in shewing yourself my friend amongst your countrymen and equals; but I am sorry courage was necessary to this effect; I know people better informed, amongst whom this would be a motive of vanity.

I will prove to your lordship, my full and entire confidence by taking advantage of your offers; and will begin by asking a favour of you. I beg you will give me some account of M. Watelet. He is the old friend of D'Alembert, but he is my old acquaintance also, and the only judgment of which I am afraid is that of people to whom I am unknown. I can say of M. Watelet upon the subject of M. D'Alembert, what I said of your lordship upon that of Mr. Hume: but I know the incredible cunning of my enemies to be capable of catching in its artful snares both reason and virtue. If M. Watelet still loves me, I beseech your lordship to hasten to tell me so, for I stand in need of knowing it. Receive, my lord, my very humble salutations and respects.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. DAVENPORT.

February 7, 1767.

I, yesterday, received your letter of the 3^d, which, to my great satisfaction, informs me of the entire re-establishment of your health. I cannot say quite so much of my own. It has however improved within these few days.

I am very thankful for the benevolent cares of Mr. Fitzherbert, especially if, as I am willing to believe, these proceed as much from an attention to my honour as to my interest. He seems to have inherited the ardour of his friend Mr. Hume. As I hope he has not inherited his sentiments, I beg you will assure him of my gratitude for his goodness.

I inclose you a letter to the Duke of Grafton, into which I beg of you to put a seal before you send it to him. My thanks are due to every body; and you, sir, to whom I owe the most, are the person whom I thank the least. But as you are not a man of many words, you are undoubtedly desirous of being imitated. My salutations, I beg of you, and those of Mademoiselle le Vasseur, to your beloved children, and to the ladies in your house. Receive her respects and the assurances of my own.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

February, 1767.

SO far have I ever been from being vain, foolish, and impudent enough to refuse the favours of the king, that I have always considered them, and shall ever look upon the offers of his majesty, as the greatest honour I can receive. When I consulted my lord marshal upon the subject of my accepting them, it was not because I was in doubt about his answer, but a particular and an indispensable duty did not permit me to do it without his consent. I was certain he would not refuse it me. But were the king of England, and all the sovereigns in the universe, to place at my feet their crowns and treasures, by the hands of David Hume, or by those of any other man like him, if such a one exists, I would reject them all with as much indignation as in any other case I would receive them with respect and gratitude. These are my sentiments, from which nothing shall ever make me depart. I know not to what fate or to what misfortunes Providence may still have reserved me, but I am well convinced the sentiments of honour and uprightness, which are engraven in my heart, will never be effaced from it except by my latest breath. I hope I have this time clearly explained myself.

You must not, my dear sir, make use of so much formality about my books. Be so good as to shew a catalogue of them to a bookseller, and let him mark the price of such as are valuable.

According

According to this estimation, see whether or not there be any which your friends would chuse to take; burn the rest, and let not one fall into the hands of any bookseller that he may not publish in the city his having any of my books to sell. There are a few, and amongst these the book *de l'Esprit*, in 4to. of the first edition, which is scarce, and in which I have written notes in the margin: I could wish this work in particular to fall into the hands of a friend. I hope my good and dear host you will not give me pain and mortification by refusing the trifling present of my works.

The prints were put by my friend into the package of the botanical books he sent me; the port folios arrived empty: I do not know what Becket has thought proper to do with the prints he found in them.

I wished to postpone, until a more favourable opportunity, speaking to you fully upon the presents you continue to send me; the conditions of one of these divert me: if you intend I should remain in your house until the nutmegs and cinnamon be consumed, I shall not remove from it for at least a century. The snuff is good, too good even, because on this account I take the more of it: I thank you for the purchase and not for the thing, as I desired you to procure it me, and you know the rule. I am delighted with the Hungary water, by which I have a proof of the remembrance and polite attention of M. Luzonne, for which I think myself highly indebted. But what are these square little pieces of perfumed soap? What the devil is this soap good for? May I die if I can tell, except it be to lather the beards of fleas. The coffee has not yet been tried, because that you left is not yet all used, and having been ill I was obliged to abstain

I

from

from it. I am bewildered with this long inventory. I hope you will this time take care to collect the shopkeeper's bills, that when, at your return to the country, I ask you the price of all these things, you may not, according to custom, have it in your power to say you know nothing of the matter. Such riches would put me in a good humour were not the pleasures of my life embittered by the disasters of our poor Genevese, and my uneasiness about my lord marshal. I am alarmed, on your account, by this damp weather, and I myself feel the effects of it.—This is the worst month in the year: it is to be hoped the succeeding one will be more favourable to us. Mademoiselle le Vasseur and myself beg you to accept our salutations, and present them to your family.

L E T T E R

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Wootton, February 14, 1767

You have given me, my lord, the first real pleasure I have for a long time enjoyed, by informing me M. Watelet continues to love me as usual. This I really deserve by my affection for him; and I, who trouble myself but very little about public esteem, feel I should not be happy without his. His prints must not by any means be exposed to sale with the others, and since, for fear I should again take a taste to things I am determined to renounce, I dare not keep the prints within my sight. I beg you will, at least, take the care of them until they can be returned to M. Watelet himself, or you have an opportunity

portunity of making such other use of them as you shall think proper. Should it so happen, for instance, that you can make an exchange of them with some connoisseur for a work upon botany, so much the better; I should, in this case, have the pleasure of putting to it M. Watelet's name; but to their being sold I never can consent. As to the rest, since you are so good as to assist me in disposing of them, I leave it entirely to your lordship to render me this agreeable service, provided they be sold to purchasers without favour or preference, or their knowing to whom the prints belong; and as you do not disdain to enter into these little details, I expect from your candour and sentiments, that you will consult my wishes rather than my advantage: this will be doubly obliging me. The produce is not necessary to my subsistence. I destine the whole of it to the purchase of works upon botany, the last and only amusement to which I consecrate all my time.

The honour you do Mademoiselle le Vasseur by your remembrance of her, authorises her to assure your lordship of her gratitude and respect. Receive, my lord, an assurance of the same sentiments from me.

P. S. There is amongst my prints a little port-folio containing good proofs of those of all my writings. Dare I flatter myself your lordship will not disdain to accept this little present, and to add the port-folio to your own? I take the liberty to beg your lordship will forward the inclosed letter.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P. . . . u.

Wootton, February 14, 1767.

I Confess, my dear host, I was wrong, not immediately to answer your No. 39. For, notwithstanding your credulity, I perceive the authority of the carrier, Le Comte, had made a great impression upon your mind. I was at first rather vexed at this little weakness which seemed but ill to agree with the good sense I know you to possess; but each has his weaknesses, and they must be very excellent men who cannot be reproached with a greater than that of which you have been guilty. I have been ill, and at present am not well; I have had some troublesome business which is not yet finished, and by which I have been prevented from fulfilling my intention of immediately informing you I was not at Morges. But I thought you would have learned this from my No. 7; and moreover that a thing of this kind would soon give place to another of full as much importance.

You know I have but little faith in prescriptions by which we are given to expect great cures. I had always a moderate opinion of the success of your journey to Beffort, and your last letters prove my doubts to have been well founded. Console yourself, my dear host, your ears will remain nearly as they now are; but notwithstanding what in my anger I may have said to the contrary, the avenues to your mind are sufficiently open to make you amends for the trifling obstruction in the material tympanum; ^{is}

is not a defect in your judgment which renders you credulous, but the excess of your goodness : you have too much esteem for my enemies to believe them capable of inventing lies, and to pay stupid wretches for spreading them : it is true, if you be not deceived, the fault is not theirs.

I tremble at the thought of my lord marshal's being in the same situation, but in a most cruel manner, as, by this means, I run the risk of losing the friendship of a man to whom I am under the greatest obligations, and for whose person and virtues I have the highest veneration. I know not of what nature the manœuvres of the good David, and the son of the juggler, who is at Berlin, to injure me in his lordship's opinion may have been ; but I have not lately heard any thing from the marshal, and he has, moreover, given me to understand that he shall entirely cease writing to me without stating any other reason for this resolution, than that he is old, writes with difficulty, and no longer writes to his relations, &c. Judge whether or not my heart be the dupe of such pretences. The Dutcheß of Portland, with whom I last summer became acquainted at the house of a neighbour, at the same time filled my heart with affliction by telling me that report said he was at the point of death, and asking me if I had heard from him. This so alarmed me that I wrote to M. Rougemont to know the truth of the matter. He relieved me from my fears by informing me, that, in fact, the marshal had been ill, but was then much better. Who will at present assure me of his affection ? Since the 22d of November, the date of his last letter, I have written to him several times : and in what manner ! No answer from him. And, to complete my embarrassment, I know not what to say to the Dutcheß

of Portland, yet I cannot longer defer giving her an answer, although I am unwilling to make her acquainted with my inquietude. Do me the favour, I beseech you, to write to my lord marshal; beg of him not to condemn me unheard, and at least to let me know of what I am accused. This is the most cruel of my misfortunes, and which will put a period to all the rest.

I forgot to tell you that the Duke of Grafton, first Lord of the Treasury, having heard of the vexatious proceedings relative to my books, ordered the receiver of the custom-house to return the money to Becket, who had paid it on my account, and that in the note by which his grace informed me of what he had done, he added a very handsome compliment from the king. All this is very honourable but does not console my heart for the secret affliction under which you know I labour. I most cordially embrace you.

L E T T E R

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Wootton, March 5, 1767.

I Am not surprized, my lord, at the state in which you found my prints; I expected they would have been in greater disorder; I am, however, much surprized that not one of M. Watlet's is to be found amongst them. Although there were but few of his own amongst the engravings he gave me, yet, there certainly were some. The preference given to these does honour to his graver. I had a greater number of those of the Abbé de St. Non. Should these remain I wish them not to be sold; for, although
I have

I have not the honour of knowing the Abbé personally, the prints were a present he made me. If your lordship has none of his engravings, and these should be agreeable to you, I shall be highly obliged by your accepting them. The paper you have had the goodness to send me contains the hand-writing of my lord marshal, and makes me recollect that in my collection there is a portrait of him, without a name, but bare headed, and a great likeness, which for all the world I would not lose, and of which I have hitherto forgotten to speak to your lordship. It is the only print I intend to reserve to myself, and should it create in me a desire of having the portraits of men like him, the expence of gratifying it will not be ruinous. I feel my indiscretion in taking up your time, and abusing your goodness; but whatever trouble seeking for this portrait may give you, it will not be equal to my grief should I find myself deprived of it. Should you lay your hand upon the print I beg your lordship will have the goodness to send it to M. Davenport, that he may put it into the first packet he has the kindness to send me.

After all, my collection having originally been but trifling, and as probably it has not increased in the hands of the custom-house officers and booksellers, what remains of it, after the retrenchments I have made, is but of very little value; on which account I reproach myself with having given your lordship trouble about a thing of such little importance; but to tell you the truth, I sought for nothing more than a pretence to take advantage of your offers, and to prove to you my opinion of your goodness.

I forgot to mention to you the portrait cut by M. Hubert; it is in fact, M. de Voltaire, in a theatrical dress. As I am not quite so desirous of

having this figure as that of my lord marshal, you may, as your lordship shall think proper, keep or throw away, give or burn this piece of paper; provided it never comes within my sight I shall be satisfied. Receive my lord, the assurances of my respect.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

Wootton, March 22, 1767.

POSTSCRIPT of a letter from M. L. Duten of the 19th, confirmed by a letter from M. Davenport of the same date, in consequence of a message received the evening before from General Conway.

“ I have just received from M. Davenport the agreeable information that the king has granted you a pension of one hundred pounds sterling. The manner in which his majesty has shewn you this mark of his esteem, gives me as much pleasure as the thing itself, and the grant comes entirely from the king and the secretary of state, without the least solicitation, upon which I congratulate you.”

The greatest pleasure this information gives me is, that it will give to my friends, and on this account, my dear host, I hasten to communicate it to you. For the same reason make it known to my respectable friend M. Roguin, and to my friend M. d'Ivernois. I embrace you, most cordially.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

Wootton, April 6, 1767.

I Have received, my good friend, your last letter, and read the memoir you enclosed in it. This memoir is written in a masterly manner, and founded upon excellent principles; it has inspired me with a great esteem for the author whoever he may be. But no longer being capable of serious attention and close reasoning, I dare not pronounce upon the balance of the respective advantages, and the solidity of the work which will result from it. I think, however, it offers, in your situation, the best and most honourable accommodation for which you can hope. Such a desire have I of seeing you pacified that I would give half my blood to hear the agreement was sanctioned. It is not, perhaps, to be wished I should be the arbitrator; I should be afraid the love of peace would be more powerful in my heart than the love of liberty. Consider, my good friends, how honourable it would be for you this sacred and sincere accommodation should be the work of yourselves without the interference of others! Expect, however, nothing from England, nor from any thing but your own personal endeavours; your resources are in your prudence and courage, and, thank Heaven, they are numerous.

I have desired M. D.... to inform you the king has gratified me with a pension. Should we ever meet I will tell you more of the matter; but my heart, which ardently desires this happiness, does not promise it me. I am too unfortunate in

every thing to hope for any real pleasure in this life. Adieu, my good friend, adieu, my friends. If your liberty be in danger, you have at least the advantage and honour of being able to defend it. I know people more to be pitied than you are. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. MIRABEAU.

Wootton, April 8, 1767.

I Deferred answering your letter in hopes of corresponding with you more at my ease the moment my mind should become more collected; but the discoveries I daily make relative to my real situation augment my inquietude, and leave me but little hope of seeing it at an end; therefore, however agreeable your correspondence might be to me, I find myself under the necessity of declining it, at least, for some time, unless my part be very unequal, as well in the quantity as the value. To solve a singular problem which presents itself to me in this pretended country of liberty, I am going to attempt, much against my real inclination, a journey to London. If, contrary to my expectation, I should perform it without obstacle or accident, I will write to you more fully from the capital.

You admire Richardson. How much more would he delight you, could you, like me, compare the portraits of this great painter with nature, and see how natural his situations, which appear romantic, are, and the truth of his descriptions, although they seem overcharged. Were I to judge solely by my own observations I should think

think the latter only were true ; for I see crowds of Captain Tomlinsons, and I have not yet perceived the traces of one Belfort. But I have seen such a few people, and the island is so extensive, that this proves nothing more than that I am unhappy.

Adieu, I shall never see the castle of Brie, and what afflicts me still more is, the little hope I have of ever again seeing the master of it ; but I shall honour him, and he will be dear to me as long as I live ; I shall never forget that it was in the midst of my greatest miseries, that in the greatness of his mind he made me friendly advances ; and my friendship, which has nothing in it contemptible, he has insured to himself until my latest breath.

L E T T E R

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Wootton, April 11, 1767.

I Can only repeat to you, my lord, my thanks and apologies for all the trouble your lordship has had the goodness to take in my favour. I am extremely obliged to you for having kept for me the portrait of the king. I shall often contemplate it with pleasure, and feel the fullness of gratitude towards his majesty, well persuaded that in acts of beneficence he has no other motive than that of doing good. Since your lordship knows exactly the amount of the produce of the prints of which Ramsay had the complaisance to make me a present, this may be the sum you will have the goodness to distribute to the poor, and the produce of the rest M. Davenport

port will receive from your lordship on my account. I impatiently wait for the moment when I shall have an opportunity of making you my personal acknowledgments, and it will not be my fault if this does not happen before your departure from London. In the mean time, I beg your lordship will receive my respects, and very humble salutations.

P. S. I say nothing of my health because it is not better, and it is not worth while to repeat what I have so frequently had too much reason to say. That of Mademoiselle le Vasseur, after which you have had the goodness to enquire, is very bad, and there is nothing surprising in its daily becoming worse.

L E T T E R

TO MR. GRANVILLE.

February, 1767.

SIR,

I WAS extremely uneasy on Wednesday evening about your departure, but Thursday morning, this being impracticable, relieved me from my fears; I was far from thinking you would attempt it. For God's sake make no more such attempts until the weather becomes more favourable and the roads well beaten. Why does not the snow, by which you are confined to Calwick, leave a path to Wootton? I would often make it my walk, but as long as the road remains in its present state, I conjure you not to attempt it, or I protest that the day after that on which you come here you will see me at your house let the weather be how it will. Notwithstanding

standing the great pleasure I have in seeing you I will not enjoy it at the risk of your health.

I am much flattered by your remembrance of me; I say nothing more of the things you have sent me than that the liquors not being proper for my use you will permit me to return the two bottles that they may not be lost. I would send to you for mutton were there not already so much meat in my larder that I know not what to do with it. Adieu; you constantly talk of pardon, of which you have more need than desire, because you continually fall into the same errors. Depend less upon my indulgence by being assured of my most sincere attachment.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

February 28, 1767.

WHAT is my good and amiable neighbour about? How does he do? I heard with pleasure of his safe arrival at Bath, notwithstanding the dreadful weather he must have had to contend with, but at present how does he find himself? Health, waters, amusements, how are all these matters? You well know that nothing which relates to yourself can be indifferent to me; the attachment I have vowed to you is held by the ties you yourself have formed; you have acquired too many claims upon me not to have given me some upon you, and it is not just I should not be informed of the situation of that in which I am so much interested. I ought also to say something to you of myself, since it is proper I should give you an account of that which belongs

belongs to you, but I have nothing to add to what I have already stated. Peaceful, indolent, suffering, patient, and sometimes inveighing against the bad weather which prevents me from climbing the rocks and turning over the moss, and against winter which keeps Calwick so long without its master. Amuse yourself, I pray, but not so as to detain you longer at Bath than you at first intended to stay there; for this would be amusing yourself at my expence. Mademoiselle le Vasseur begs to assure you of her respects, and joins me in offering you our humble salutations.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

From France, August 1, 1767.

HAD I had the honour of writing to you as often as I have resolved to do it, you would have been importuned by my letters; but the fatigues of a wandering life and a multitude of visitors absorbed all my time until I obtained an asylum rather more peaceful. However agreeable this may be, I frequently feel the want of your neighbourhood and the loss of your company, for which I often endeavour to make up by a remembrance of your goodness to me. I was upon the point of returning to the enjoyment of all these advantages by again taking up my residence with my old and amiable host; but the manner in which your public papers have spoken of my retreat has determined me entirely to complete it, and to execute a project which I first communicated to you. I then told you that in whatever place I might be, I should never forget

forget your goodness, and I now add that, to this remembrance so justly due, the regret of being under the necessity of keeping it up at such a distance will be inseparable from it during my life.

I beg you will however permit this regret to be alleviated by the pleasure of sometimes enquiring after your health, and of occasionally reiterating the assurances of my gratitude and respect.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P....v.

Calais, May 22, 1767.

I Am arrived here transported with joy, at again having a free and safe communication with my dear host without a space of sea between us. I set off to-morrow for *Amiens*, where I shall wait until I receive your letter, which you will send under cover to M.***. I will say nothing more at present of my situation, but I was impatient to break as soon as possible the forced silence I have so long kept with you.

L E T T E R

To M. MIRABEAU.

Amiens, June 2, 1767.

I Postponed writing to you until I could fix the day of my departure and the place of my destination. I intend setting off to-morrow, and shall arrive in the evening at Saint Denis, where
I shall

I shall remain all the next day, Friday, for the purpose of hearing from you. My inn will be the *Trois Maillets*; and as hackney coaches are to be had at Saint Denis, without coming there yourself, you need only send a servant to conduct us to the hospitable asylum you have the goodness to offer me. It has been impossible for me to remain incognito as I was desirous to do, and I am afraid my name will still follow me. At all events, let others give me what name they chuse, I am determined to take that of *Jacques*, and by it you will be so good as to send to enquire for me at the *Trois Maillets*. Nothing can equal the pleasure I have in the idea of going to inhabit your house except it be my tender anxiety to embrace the virtuous master of it.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

June 5, 1767.

I Could not, my dear host, as I expected to have done, wait the arrival of your letter at Amiens. The public honours my friend did me there, and my residence in that city, becoming too generally known by the marked civilities of the citizens and military, obliged me to remove from it at the expiration of the first week. I am at present at the house of a worthy friend to mankind, where, after a long silence, I wait for your writing to me. My intention is to make every effort to procure an interview with you, with the desire of which my heart is so full, and if you can come to Dijon, I will set off for that place immediately after the reception of your letter,

letter, shedding tears of joy and sensibility in the hope of embracing you. I will not at present explain myself farther. Write to me *under cover* to *M. Mirabeau, at Paris*. By this means your letter will reach me. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO M. MIRABEAU.

Fleury, Friday noon, June 5, 1767.*

I Must in future enjoy the advantage of your cares and goodness without returning you my thanks for them. The air, the house, garden and park, are admirable, and I hastened to take possession of all these, that is by the enjoyment of them. I have visited all the environs, and, at my return, found M. Garçon who has relieved me from my uneasiness about your return yesterday, and given me hopes of seeing you tomorrow. I will not for the future suffer myself to be uneasy. Yet, however agreeable to me my residence in your house may be, my intention is always to guard against new misfortunes. A thousand salutations and respects from Mademoiselle le Vasseur.

* A country house belonging to M. Mirabeau.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To THE SAME.

Tuesday, June 9, 1767.

YOUR presence, noble hospitality, and goodness of every kind, have confirmed the esteem with which your letters and writings had inspired me for your person. I am attached to you by all the ties which can render one man dear and respectable in the eyes of another; but I returned from England with a resolution, from which I cannot depart, as I could not become your constant guest without laying myself under obligations which I have neither power nor inclination to discharge, and to answer once for all to what you once hinted to me, I repeat to you that I will never more take up my pen for the public upon any subject whatever; that I will neither send nor suffer any thing to be printed during my life, not even what I have in manuscript; that I neither can nor will in future read any thing which may tend to awaken my ideas, not even your own writings; that, from the present moment, I am dead to all literature upon every kind of subject, and that nothing shall ever make me change any part of this resolution. My mind is full of gratitude for your goodness, but this sentiment shall never be carried so far as to induce me to recover from my mental annihilation. Expect nothing from me unless, for my sins, I should become emperor or king; in this case what I should do would be less for you than for my people, and which, although I should owe you nothing, I would equally do.

Besides,

Besides, whatever arrangements you may make at Bignon, I should be your guest, and I cannot be at my ease except in my own house. I should be within the jurisdiction of the parliament of Paris, which, from a motive of convenience, might, in a moment when I should least expect it, make a new excursion *in animavili* : I will not expose it to temptation.

I would however willingly go and look at your estate if this were not uselessly going out of the road, and were not I afraid of being tempted to remain there. Yet, in this respect, let your will be done : I will never object to the good services you wish to render me, when I feel they are consistent with my real happiness or agreeable to my fancy ; these, for me, are the same thing. I am not afraid of your obliging me but of being useless to you.

I am much surprised and very uneasy at not receiving news from England, and especially from Switzerland, whence I am impatient to receive letters. This delay gives me an opportunity of doing you and myself the pleasure of remaining here until I get some accounts, and, consequently, that of again embracing you, knowing that works of charity are satisfactory to your heart. I therefore postpone, until these agreeable moments, what I have farther to say, especially upon the pleasure you procured me on Sunday evening, and which, by the impression it made upon me, I again deserve. *Vale et me ama.*

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. DE MIRABEAU.

Friday, June 19, 1767.

I Will read your book, since you are desirous I should do so; afterwards I shall have to thank you for the perusal of it; but the result of this will be nothing more than a confirmation of the esteem with which you have inspired me, and of my admiration of your great and profound genius, which, on this occasion, I take the liberty to tell you once for all. I do not promise to follow you throughout the whole, because thinking was always painful to me, following the thoughts of others fatiguing, and at present I cannot do it at all. I do not thank you, but I leave your house proud of having been admitted into it, and more desirous than ever of preserving the friendship and good wishes of the master. Whatever you may think of sensibility instead of food, it is the only aliment that remains to me, nothing now keeps me alive but the sentiments of my heart. I am determined to love as much as I respect you. This is saying a great deal, but it is every thing you have to expect from me. I will, if I can, take with me your books of plants; should I find it too embarrassing, I will leave it behind me in the hope that I may some day return to read it more at my ease. Adieu my dear and respectable host. I set off with my heart full of you, and satisfied with myself, because I take with me your esteem and friendship.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Trie le Chateau, June 24, 1767.

I Was in hopes of giving you some account rather circumstantial of my arrival and of my new habitation; but a pain I have had since yesterday in the joint of the wrist makes holding my pen so difficult that I am forced to abridge what I had to say. The castle is old, the country agreeable, and I am in a place which would leave me nothing to regret had not I left Fleury to come to it. I have brought with me your book of plants, of which I will take great care. I have also your *Philosophie Rurale*† which I have endeavoured to read and follow up without being able to do it: I will, however, take it up again. I answer for the intention but not for the success. I likewise brought in my pocket the key of the park; I was disposed to bring away every thing in the house. I will send you back the key by the first opportunity. I beg you will keep my place of retreat a secret. The Prince de Conti wishes it not to be known, and I have promised him it shall not. The name of Jacques not pleasing him I have substituted to it that I have signed to this letter, under which I hope to hear from you. Receive my humble salutations. I revere and embrace you most sincerely.

RENOU.

† Rural Philosophy.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Trie, August 12, 1767.

I Am sorry you lay me under the necessity of refusing you any thing, but what you ask of me is contrary to the resolution I have taken, from which I never will depart, and even to my engagements, and you may be assured that not a line more from me shall ever be printed by my consent. To remove once for all every temptation to that effect, I declare to you, that from this moment I for ever renounce every kind of reading, except that relative to plants, and moreover, that I will carefully avoid the passages in your letters which may awaken in me such ideas as I wish to stifle. After this declaration, if you return to the charge, be not offended should you do it to no purpose.

You wish me to give you an account of the manner in which I am situated here. No, my respectable friend, I will not distress your noble heart by such a recital. The treatment I receive in this country, from all the inhabitants without exception, and which began at the moment of my arrival, is too contrary to the spirit of the nation, and to the intentions of the great prince who has given me an asylum, to justify me in attributing them to any thing more than a spirit of fanaticism, of which I will not attempt to discover the cause. May their behaviour to me remain unknown to all the world, and may I, on my part, consider the affronts I have received as never having happened.

I most

I most sincerely wish my good and beautiful country woman, who I imagine is set off, a good and an agreeable journey. I am proud the countess deigned to recollect a man, who but for a moment had the honour to appear in her presence, and whose appearance is not brilliant. She would have too much to do were she to preserve a remembrance of those on whom the happiness of seeing her makes an impression.—Receive my most tender embraces.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

August 22, 1767:

I Owe you many thanks for your last letter, and I most cordially offer them to you. It has relieved me from great inquietude. My attachment to you is such, that I could not be easy for a moment under the apprehension of having displeased you. Thanks to your goodness, I am now at ease upon that head; you think me a man not easily satisfied; this may be the case, but you will never find me ungrateful; yet, expect nothing from my deference or friendship contrary to the clause I have the most expressly stipulated, for I assure you, for the last time, this would be in vain.

I was wrong in not saying something for the Abbé, but this I swear to you is only in appearance. Men like him, should, I am of opinion, guess at the impression they make without being told it. The reason even which prevented me from making a return for his politeness is flattering for him; since this was the fear of being led
to

to discussions, into which I am determined never to enter, and wherein I was afraid I should be the weakest. I confess to you, I read at your house a few pages of his work, which you had carelessly left in the office of M. Garçon, and that perceiving it began to interest me I hastily shut the book, before I was quite taken in the snare. Therefore, preach, and give advice at your ease. Be assured I will never again open that book, nor yours, nor any other of a like nature; except *Astree*, I will read nothing but that which is uninteresting, or which treats of the trifles whence I derive my greatest amusement.

I am afraid you have but too well guessed the cause of what passes here, of which, however, you cannot have a sufficient idea; but all this not being in the natural order of things, furnishes no reason against a residence in the country, and does not by any means disgust me with it. It is not the country but the houses of the great, and those of princes, who are not masters in theirs, and know nothing of what passes in them, from which a man like myself should fly. My misfortune is, in the first place, to live in the palace of a prince, and not under a thatched roof; in the house of another, and not in one of my own; and especially to have for a host a man of so elevated a rank, that between him and myself intermediate persons are necessary. I feel I must renounce the hope of tranquillity and a rustic life; but I cannot refrain from sighing when I think of it. Love me, and pity my situation. Ah! why did I ever think of putting pen to paper. I was so unfit for the sad profession of an author! My heart bleeds. I conclude, and embrace you.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. D. P....v.

September 27, 1767:

YOU may judge my dear host of the pleasure I received from your last letter, by the inquietude I expressed to you in the preceding one, and which you justly blame. But consider, that after such long agitations of nature to affect my head, instead of repose, of which I stood in need to calm my mind, I find myself here submerged in a sea of trouble and iniquity at the moment when every thing seemed to concur in rendering my retirement honourable and peaceful. If, my dear friend, with a heart unfortunately too susceptible, and so cruelly and continually tormented, some uninjured fibres still remain in my head, the whole cannot naturally have been badly formed. The only efficacious remedy, and from which I hope for the greatest relief, is the heart of a friend pressed against my own. Come to me then, you are my only real friend, you know it; this is sufficient; I regret but one, and will not have another. In future, you will be for me all mankind. Come and pour upon my enflamed wounds the balm of friendship and reason. The expectation of this salutary elixir already anticipates the effect of it.

What you mention about Neuschâtel is not a good specific for my complaint; of this I am of opinion you are sufficiently persuaded. And unfortunately my duties are always so cruel, and my situation so painful, that I scarcely dare abandon my heart to its secret wishes, between the prince

K

who

who has given me an asylum, and the people by whom I have been persecuted.

The Prince of Conti is not arrived; I know not when he will come, he was expected yesterday. I know not what he will do; but I read in the countenances of those who conspire against me, that they have but few apprehensions of the consequences of his arrival; that their party is strongly formed, and that they are sure, in spite of their master, to drive me from the place. We shall see how things will turn. This I think is the time to say, Pugh; they little expect what is to happen.

The resolution you have taken not to leave your bed until your health be perfectly re-established is a wise one, but you must not too suddenly jump from between your curtains into the street; this would be dangerous. Put mats into your chamber if you have not carpets. Give yourself time to gain strength before you think of coming; and, in the mean while, arrange your affairs in such a manner as to make it unnecessary for you to leave this place until you are weary of it. Take measures to make yourself master of your time; I cannot too much recommend to you this precaution. Finally, I once more conjure you to make such a previous provision for every thing, as to let nothing induce you to separate from me but your inclination.

We have chess boards, therefore do not bring any. But if you bring a few shuttlecocks you will do well, for mine are spoiled, or are good for but little. I am glad you are becoming a better chess player, that I may have more pleasure in beating you. This is what you have to expect. For unless I give you some advantage, you will, my poor friend, be beaten. I remember

ber having, seven or eight years ago, had the honour of playing with the Prince of Conti; I won three games successively, whilst all his retinue made me frightful grimaces. When I rose from play, I said to him very gravely: "My lord, I have too much respect for your highness not to beat you always." You will be beaten my friend, and well beaten too. I should not be sorry were this to disgust you with chess, for I do not like you should be so fond of such fatiguing and sedentary amusements.

Apropos. Let us speak of your regimen. It is proper for a convalescent, but very unfit for a man of your age, who ought to walk and stir a good deal. This regimen will weaken your frame, and disgust you with exercise. Do not I beseech you fall into such systematical extremes; they are contrary to nature. Take me for the physician of your body as I take you for that of my mind; we shall both be the better for it. I even give you notice that it will be impossible for me to keep you upon vegetables, because here is a great kitchen-garden, from which I cannot get a root on account of his highness having ordered his gardener to furnish me with every thing. In this manner, my dear friend, are princes, so powerful and so much feared where they are not, obeyed and feared in their houses. You will find excellent beef, excellent broth, and excellent game. You shall eat but little; I take upon myself to order your regimen, and promise you that in leaving the place you shall be as fat as a monk, and as healthy as a beast of the field; for it is not your stomach but your brain that I will put upon a frugiferous regimen. I will make you graze as I do. Adieu.

A thousand civil things from me to M. de Luze. Alas, at whose house did we meet! In

what a moment did we separate ! Shall we never meet again ?

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

October 9, 1767.

I WRITE a few words in haste, to tell you the patron arrived alone on Tuesday, and did not hunt. So that I enjoyed the company of this great prince during the whole time of his stay. This he entirely consecrated to me ; you know my heart, and will judge how sensible I was of this favour. Alas ! why cannot he perceive the evil by which I suffer, and destroy it in its source ! But I must resign myself to my fate, and this is what I do as much as possible.

Come to me, my dear host ; we will have vegetables, not from his garden, for he is not master of it ; but a worthy man whom the rest had deceived, has withdrawn himself from the conspiracy, and I intend to make an agreement with him for what I shall want ; which, hitherto, I have not been able to procure, neither with nor without paying for it. On Tuesday, at supper with his highness, I eat fruit for the first time during two months, which I candidly told him. The next day he sent me the basket which had been served him the evening before ; this gave me great pleasure ; for I must remark to you I am here surrounded with gardens and trees, like Tantalus up to the chin in water. It is impossible to describe to you my situation. But come

and

of
joy
on
the
to
re-e
tem
rath
to p

and see me, it will be changed for the better, at least whilst you remain here.

Your precaution to walk by degrees is excellent. Continue this method, and do not be impatient. But I conjure you to make such previous arrangements as shall make it still less necessary to hasten your departure from this place when once you are to come to it. You do well to carry at your feet your mats and carpets. The manner in which you state to me this terrible enigma convulses me with laughter. I am the *Cædipus* who will endeavour to make it out; you have woollen slippers lined with straw. If your attacks at chess be equal to your enigmas, I have nothing to do but to stand well upon my guard.

Adieu. Your ears must have tingled a good deal whilst his highness was here: once more adieu. I intended to have written but a very few words and yet I know not when to finish.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Saturday, October, 1767.

I HAVE received, my dear host, your letter of the 13th, and learn from it, with the greatest joy, that your strength gradually returns, and, on that account, the better enables you to play the great boy at Paris; yet I would not have you to be too much the man there, but come here to re-establish your virility, lest you should be tempted to exercise it where you are. You seem rather disposed to abuse the permission I gave you to prolong your stay there. Hark ye! I measured

the terms of that permission by the aids necessary to the establishment of your health, but not by your desire of pleasure, and I am not on this head sufficiently disinterested to consent to your amusing yourself at my expence. Do not, after solacing yourself at Paris, come here and tell me at your ease that you must hasten your departure, that your affairs require your presence elsewhere, &c. I give you notice that this language will have no effect upon me, that I am serious, and have at least a right to expect you will not be in greater haste to leave this place than you were to come to it. Think of this, I beseech you, and do things with such a grace as shall merit my forgiveness for the eight days of which you have dared to speak to me. The moment this place becomes disagreeable to you, leave it immediately, nothing can be more just than your doing so; but take such measures as shall prevent every thing but weariness from driving you away. I have no more to say upon the subject.

I am not sorry for the trouble you have had in seeking for the works upon botany. Walks, diversion, dissipation, all are proper in a state of convalescence; but you must not be uneasy at the little success of your researches; of this I was previously almost certain, and knowing there were but few botanical books to be found at Paris, was my reason for giving a list of a great number to leave to chance the meeting with a few. The ignorance of the people in France of this fine and ravishing science, which the illustrious Linnæus has made fashionable in every other part of Europe, is astonishing. Whilst in Germany, and England, princes and the great make the study of plants one of their most delightful amusements, it is considered in this country as the study of an apothecary; and you cannot imagine
into

into what profound contempt simpling here has brought me. The magnificent carpet with which the earth is covered, offers nothing to the eyes of the French but clysters and plasters, and they imagine I pass my whole time in purgations. What would have been their surprise had they seen the Duchess of Portland, to whom I have the honour to be herbalist, climb such rocks as to me were almost inaccessible, in search of the *Chamedrys frutescens*, and the *Saxifraga Alpina*! There is nothing therefore surprising in your not finding books of plants in Paris, and I shall send to other places for those I want.

If M. de Luze be not already set off, as I hope he is not, I beg you will say to him a thousand civil things for me, and desire him to do the same to Madame de Luze. I scarcely da e mention to you the good mamma, being persuaded that, on this occasion, her wishes are opposed to mine; but, in truth, it is almost the only one on which I did not, and with great pleasure, sacrifice to her my own desires.

The hour at which the post sets off is at hand, the servant waits and is importunate. I must therefore conclude embracing you.

L E T T E R

To M. MIRABEAU.

December 12, 1767.

I CONSENT with all my heart, my illustrious friend, to your printing, with the precautions you mention, the letter you have done me the honour to write to me, and I thank you for the

K 4.

politeness

politeness with which you have been pleased to ask my consent to that effect. You have now fairly entered into a literary war. How sorry am I for it, and how much do I pity you! Without taking the liberty to say any thing from myself upon the subject, I will venture to quote to you two lines from Tasso which now occur to my recollection, and to which I will add no reflection of my own :

*Giunta è tua gloria al somno, e per l'innanzi
Fuggir le dubbie guerre a te conviene*.*

I honour and embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....v.

January 6, 1768

MY mind, my dear host, ran so much upon your journey that, to get the enclosed packet, which I knew to be at the post-office, and in expectation of your letter, the post arriving yesterday later than ordinary, I sent three times to Gilson. At length I received the letter expected with so much impatience, and after having torn in my eagerness to open it, instead of the detail I expected it to contain, I perceived the beginning to consist of that of the departure of my letters. My God, how hateful you seemed

- * Your glory at the height, with heedful care
Avoid the chances of the doubtful war,

HCOLE.

to

to me whilst I read it ! if this be politeness the devil may take it if he pleases.

You are, however, safely arrived at last, notwithstanding the first accident, the account of which would have made me tremble had your letter been dated from Paris. Acknowledge that when the accident happened you felt a friend may be of use in travelling to a person in a state of convalescence, and that, in your heart, you were glad I had put a trick upon you. This is the only kind of deceit of which I am capable, but I shall never be able to refrain from it.

I am delighted at your being satisfied with your little repasts tête-à-tête, and wish you may dine from home as seldom as possible ; and the more so as the severe cold, the influence of which I feel most cruelly, and the great fall of snow, by which it will probably be succeeded, must prevent you from thinking of your departure until the weather become milder, and the roads more practicable. Yet, I confess to you, your long stay at Paris would give me some inquietude were not you accompanied by a good guard who, I hope, will care as little as I myself should do about displeasing you in preserving you from evil. I therefore make myself as easy as I can, and endeavour to remove the apprehensions of my poor sister not less concerned than myself for your welfare, hoping that, during the severe weather, you will attentively watch each other, that you may each arrive in health and safety at your respective homes. God grant you may. The good girl is transported with joy at your safe arrival at Paris ; and I perceive with pleasure that she yields to that inclination, so natural and honourable to the human heart, of attaching herself more tenderly to people by the services she

has rendered them. With respect to what you say of her getting herself scolded more than once by her brother on account of her attention to you, it appears to me so diverting that not being so full of pleasantry as yourself, I have no answer to make to it.

You are right in supposing the detail of your breakfasts and dinners gives me pleasure; and you may add, that they do me much good; for they restore me my appetite of which the excessive cold tends to deprive me.

I enclose you, my dear host, an answer from the Abbess de G****. It was accompanied by a very civil note to me, and some pretty religious trinkets for my sister. This lady is young, good, and very amiable, and I am of opinion you would have liked to render her little services as agreeable to her as to you. I will not fail to say for you civil things to her the moment the weather will permit me to go out.

L E T T E R

TO THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

B. January, 1768.

I SHOULD reproach myself, my lord, for having so long delayed writing to, and thanking you, had not this constantly been my intention, and were not the thing I most wish to do the last I always set about. I have, for three months, been an attendant upon a sick person, a friend, without quitting the side of his bed; he is now, thank God, perfectly recovered. I offer to your lordship the first fruits of my leisure, and it is with

with equal earnestness and gratitude that, being sensible of all the goodness with which you have honoured me, I ask of you a continuation of it. It will not be my fault if, in cultivating your friendship with the greatest care, I do not on all occasions prove to your lordship how precious it is to me.

I have long since received the money for the bill you took the trouble to send me, as the produce of the prints, and another of my inexcusable neglects is, my not having sooner informed you of it; but in this I rather depended upon your banker, who must have advised you of his having paid the money. Your lordship asks me what is to be done with the prints of M. Watelet. We agreed that as you had not them, these, as they seemed to please your lordship, should be added to your port-folios; and this arrangement was the more proper as they could not decently be disposed of to any body but a friend to the artist; therefore, by this title I hope you will not disdain to accept them. With respect to the portrait of the king, I am very desirous of its being sent to me, and if you will again permit me to abuse your goodness, I take the liberty to beg you will get it carefully enveloped in a roll of paper. I wish to receive this fine print as soon as possible, that I may get it properly framed, and have the features of my august benefactor constantly under my eyes, as his goodness will ever be in my heart.

Vouchsafe, my lord, to continue to honour me with yours, and sometimes with the marks of your remembrance. I will endeavour on my part, not to let you forget me by renewing to you, as frequently as I can do it without importunity, the assurances of my most profound respect.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO M. MIRABEAU.

January 13, 1768.

I HAVE let pass the time, my illustrious friend, of foolish compliments, dictated, not by the heart, but by the day and hour, and which go off at the appointed moment like the detent of a clock. My sentiments of esteem and affection for you are too real to stand in need of being repeated, and of these you are too deserving to mistake them in me for others. I pity you from the bottom of my heart, on account of the troublesome affairs in which you are engaged ; for, notwithstanding whatever you may say ; I perceive you are embarked ; if not in literary at least in political quarrels ; these perhaps are worse, if it be possible. I am ready to faint by the remembrance alone of those in which I have been embroiled. Permit me to be silent upon this head ; and not to think more of the matter, except from the tender concern I have for your repose and honour. I can lift up my hands during the combat, but I cannot possibly turn my eyes towards it.

Let us talk of songs ; this will be better. Is it possible you should seriously think of writing an opera ? Oh ! how amiable would you be, and how much better should I be pleased by your singing in an opera, than by hearing you cry in the wilderness ! Not, that you are not listened to and read, but people will neither follow nor understand

understand your precepts. Let us do by men as nurses do by children, sing, and make them dance when they cry or scold. Your proposition alone, old as I am, has already placed me amongst these children, and my hoary muse is almost animated by the accents of yours, or rather by your announcing them. I will say nothing more upon the subject at present, for your proposition seems to be a bait held out to see whether or not the old fool will take it. As you have almost the pleasure of seeing me do so, make me acquainted with your real intention, and I, on my part, will freely tell you what I think of it, and how far I may be able to second your wishes. Afterwards, if you have it at heart, we can mention the matter to my amiable country woman who will be able to give us very good advice. Adieu, my illustrious friend ; I embrace you respectfully, but at the same time most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO MR. GRANVILLE.

Tric, January 25, 1768.

ISHOULD not so long have delayed returning you my thanks for the pleasure I received from the letter with which you honoured me on the 6th of November, had not unforeseen, and pressing affairs prevented me from disposing of my time as I could have wished to do. The marks of your remembrance and friendship will ever be as dear to me as your polite attention and goodness were flattering to my self-love during the whole time of my being your neighbour. What still adds to the pain I feel in writing to you after so long

long an interval, is my fear of your having left Calwick, on which account this letter will have a long circuit to make before it reaches you at Bath. I hope you will this time have made the annual journey rather from habit than necessity, and, let this be as it may, that you will receive so much benefit from the waters as to enjoy at your ease, in your delightful habitation, the fine weather of the approaching season, without feeling the least inconvenience from your old complaints. You will, I believe, find there at your return an ill written work lately printed, wherein I have given some unconnected thoughts upon music, and of which I have sent a copy to M. Rougemont, begging of him to forward it to you. Being fond of music, and understanding it so well, you will not perhaps disdain to bestow a few of your moments of leisure upon a kind of book which treats upon the science. I could wish the performance were more worthy of your attention, but such as it is I offer it to your perusal.

The want of an opportunity to send this letter makes the date of it ancient, and has made me write it at twice. The opportunity of sending it by a friend ready to set off, and who is so good as to offer to take charge of it, does not leave me time enough to transcribe my answer to the amiable shepherdess of Calwick, and obliges me to let it go with a few corrections. Pray beg of her to excuse this little irregularity, as well as that of a want of signature, of which you may perhaps know the reason. Receive my warm salutations, and my best wishes for the re-establishment of your health.

The herbalist of the Duchesse of Portland.

As the copy of the Dictionary of Music intended for you was addressed to M. Vaillant, who was never very careful in any thing of this kind which related to me, I have sent a second to M. de Rougemont, that he may forward it to you in case of your not receiving the first.

L E T T E R

To M. DE MIRABEAU.

Trie, January 28, 1768.

I REMEMBER, my illustrious friend, that the day on which I renounced all the little vanities of this world, and, at the same time, its advantages, I said to myself, amongst other things, in disposing of my watch, Thank Heaven, I shall no more want to know the hour. I might have said the same thing relative to the day of the month, in laying aside my almanack; but, although I have renounced the world as to the affairs of life, friendship still attaches me to it. This renders my correspondence more pleasing and less frequent; and, for the same reason, I am subject to mistake dates, the week, and sometimes the month. For although with the almanack I know how to find the day of the month in the week of which I know the day, when I want to find the week I am quite at a loss. This, however, ought less frequently to happen to me with respect to you than any other person, because I do not write to any body so often, nor with so much pleasure, as to yourself.

Conclusion.

Conclusion. We will neither of us write an opera ; of this I was previously almost certain. I confess, however, that in my present situation some alluring amusement would be agreeable, and is necessary to me. If I do not compose music I shall want to hear it, and this would be of more service to me. I am more than ever attached to solitude, but mine is accompanied with so many disagreeable circumstances and melancholy reflections which, notwithstanding all I can do, crowd in upon me, that another more complete, but wherein agreeable objects should efface the impression of those I have now before me, and divert my attention from the picture of my misfortunes, is necessary to my happiness. Scenes, at which I could be alone in a corner and weep at my ease, music which might give my depressed heart a little animation, these are things capable of effacing all anterior ideas, and entirely confining my attention to plants, of which I have this winter lost sight for too long a time. I shall enjoy none of these, for in all things the most natural consolations are refused me ; I must recur to my own mind for want of every other resource.

The people of Paris say I am going to return to England. I am not surprised at this : for the public knows me so well that it makes me do things exactly contrary to those I in fact set about doing. M. Davenport has written me very polite letters, strongly inviting me to return to his house. I took care not to answer rudely to his invitations, but I did not let him perceive I had the least intention to accept them. Honoured by the benefactions of the sovereign, and by the goodness of many men of merit of that country, I am attached to it by a sentiment of gratitude ; and, with a little choice in my acquaintance,
I have

I have no doubt but I should live agreeably there. But the air of the climate which drove me from England has not changed since I left it, nor does it permit me to think of returning to it again. The climate of France is that which, of all the climates upon earth, is most agreeable to my body and my heart, and as long as I am permitted to live there at liberty I shall not think of another asylum wherein to end my days.

The post presses me, on which account I am under the necessity of concluding abruptly, respectfully saluting you and embracing you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.... u.

February, 10, 1768.

YOUR No. 5, my dear host, gave me the pleasure impatiently expected of hearing of your safe arrival, upon which I sincerely congratulate the excellent mamma and all your friends.— You are wrong, I think, to be uneasy at my silence. For a man who is not fond of writing, I was certainly regular with you to whom writing is a pleasure. Your last letter was an answer; I received it on Sunday evening; it informed me of your intended departure on Tuesday morning, in which case it was impossible any letter I should have written to you at Paris could have found you there; and it was natural I should wait until I heard of your arrival at Neufchâtel before I wrote to you at that place; the snow or other accidents might have delayed you upon the road. My health is much as it was when you left

left me; I keep by my fire side; indolence and oppression of spirits gain upon me; I have left the house but three times since your departure, and always returned to it almost immediately. I have not courage to do any thing, not even to think of my plants. M***, whose heart is blacker than his beard, taking advantage of the absence of his master, incessantly torments me, and is determined to expel me the place; these circumstances are far from rendering my life agreeable, and were it to become less agitated, not perceiving a single object which my heart can desire, the remainder of it must be insipid to me.

Mademoiselle Renou, who was as impatient as myself to hear of your arrival, heard of it with the greatest satisfaction, which is still increased by your kind remembrance of her. We never sit down to breakfast without speaking of you; and I have constantly before my eyes a never failing memorial in the Pot de Chambre, which served you as a cup, and of which I have taken the liberty to become the possessor.

I have received your wine for which I thank you, but you did wrong in sending it me. It is agreeable to drink, but I am far from thinking it natural. However this may be, this case will resemble many others: one gives the affront and the other swallows it.

Present, I beseech you, my salutations and friendly respects to all your good friends and mine, especially to your amiable travelling companion, to whom I shall always think myself obliged. My respects in particular to the queen of mothers, who is yours, and to the queen of wives who is Madame de Luze. I am sorry I have not a lace to send to her charming daughter, certain of her well deserving it.

I must

I must conclude, for the good Madame Chevalier is in haste, and waits for my letter. I take the only method I have of writing to you immediately from this place by addressing my letter to M. Junet. Adieu, my dear host, I embrace you and recommend to you, in preference to every other thing, amusement and cheerfulness: you will say to me, physician heal thyself; but the medicines proper to this effect are not within my reach, and you are in possession of them.

I have scribbled so long that the good woman is set off, and my letter will not be sent away until to-morrow; at least it will not go so safely.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

March 3, 1768.

YOUR No. 6, my dear host, gives me pain, by informing me you have a new touch of the gout, sufficiently strong to prevent you from leaving your chamber. I am, however, of opinion these repeated little paroxysms will prevent your having violent attacks. But as one of these situations is as inconvenient as the other is painful, I do not know that you will be satisfied with having changed your great sufferings for lesser and more continual ones; but I presume what you now feel is nothing more than the remains of your gout, which is upon its departure, and that every thing will soon return to its natural course. Learn, therefore, once for all, not to wish for a cure in spite of nature; for this is almost the certain means of increasing a disorder.

With

With respect to myself, your advice is more easily given than followed. Simpling and walking would certainly be great reliefs from mental weariness, were it in my power to recur to them; but the people, by whom my motions are governed, take great care not to leave me that resource. The project executed by Messieurs M*** and D** require that I should not have one of my own; they throw themselves in my way, and spare no pains to drive me hence, in which there is an appearance of their shortly succeeding by one means or another. The most effectual one is their letting loose upon me the populace of the neighbouring villages. They no longer dare to put people in prison and say it was I who would have it so; but the castle is shut up, barred and barricaded on all sides. There is neither passage nor communication by the courts nor terrace; and although this obstruction be very inconvenient to me, care is taken to propagate a report, by different emissaries, that the master of the castle requires it to keep off the peasants. I have twice felt the effect of this rumour upon attempting to go out, and have no inclination to expose myself a third time. I have desired the gardener to get me a key made to his garden, which you know is extensive, and I am resolved to confine my walks to this, and that of the prince, which is about the size of my hand, and hollowed out like a well. In this manner, my dear host, in the heart of the kingdom of France, I feel the weight of the hands of strangers.—The lord of the castle knows nothing of the matter, and care is taken that he shall not, nor meddle with any thing that concerns me. I am alone and totally abandoned to my fortitude and my persecutors. I hope, however, to prove to them that what they have undertaken is not so easy

easy of execution as they had imagined. Instead of an answer in a few words, I have fatigued you with much idle prattle. But my heart has always been expensive; it will never be otherwise, and your device can never become mine.

I have discovered, with infinite pains, the botanical names of several plants of Garfaut, I have also reduced, not without as much trouble, the phrases of Savage to the nomenclature of Linnæus, which is very convenient. If the pleasure of having a garden should give you a little taste for botany, I can save you much trouble in synonymising, by sending you, for your books, what I have noted in mine, and it is absolutely necessary to be master of this part of botany to know the same plant, to which each author frequently gives a different name.

I say nothing to you of your public affairs; not that I do not feel myself interested in them, but that this interest, confined by its effects to wishes as fruitless as they are real, that peace will shortly be re-established in all your cantons, cannot in the least contribute to that effect.—Adieu, my dear host; present my homage to the best of mothers; a thousand civil things to the good Mr. Jeannin, to all those by whom I am beloved, and to those whom you love.

L E T T E R

To D'IVERNOS.

March 8, 1768.

YOUR letter of the 29th of February makes me tremble. Ah, cruel friends! what anguish of mind

mind do you cause me! was not my own sufficient? I exhort you, from the bottom of my heart, to renounce the wretched quarrel, which otherwise will be the cause of your ruin, and raise against you an universal clamour which has hitherto been in your favour. Endeavour to obtain some other equivalent; consult your understandings, weigh, devise, and propose; but I conjure you speedily to finish, and this like honest and peaceful men, with the same wisdom, moderation, and honour as you manifested at the beginning. Do not wait until your astonishing union is weakened, nor expect that such a miracle will be of long duration. The expedient of a provisory regulation may permit you to pass lightly over many things for which, at a more favourable moment, a better provision may be made. The present short and transient moment is favourable to you, but if you do not immediately take advantage of it the opportunity will be lost: every thing will turn to your prejudice, and ruin will ensue. I think differently from you upon the general chance of the future. I am persuaded that in ten years, and especially in twice that space of time, it will be much more in favour of the party remonstrating: this seems to me certain; but every thing upon the subject cannot be said by letter. Finally, I once more conjure you, by your families, country, and all your duties, immediately to put an end to the matter, even should you be under the necessity of making great concessions. Do not let your firmness become obstinacy: to guard against this is the only means to preserve the public esteem which you have acquired, and of which you will some day feel all the value. My heart is so fully persuaded of the necessity of this immediate good understanding that, to make you feel the same conviction,

conviction, it would willingly dart itself amongst you, and communicate the impressions it has received to each of yours.

In hopes of a more convenient opportunity, I defer re-embursing you the hundred livres you advanced for me. When you think of carrying into execution your ancient project, keep your intention secret: no confidants, no noise, nor names; and, more than all others, suspect those who pretend to have a great friendship for me. Adieu, my good friend. May God bless all your endeavours, and crown them with success: I embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M. MIRABEAU.

March 9, 1768.

I Will not, my illustrious friend, repeat to you the usual excuses for my long silence, and I am the less disposed to do it as I should always have to begin again: for my indolence increases in proportion to my depression of mind. I am no longer active in any thing, not even in walking, from which besides I have for some time been obliged to refrain. Reduced to the fatiguing labour of rising from or going to bed, I find this even too much; I am in a state of nonentity. This is not only favourable to my indolence but as much so to my reason, and as nothing impairs the body and consumes time more fruitlessly than to struggle with necessity, the best thing I can do, and upon which I am resolved, is not to resist those at whose disposal I now am.

The

The proposal you make to me of going to see you at Fleury is equally charming and polite, and I feel the amiable society I should find there would, in fact, be an excellent specific for my melancholy. Your expedients, my illustrious friend, are more agreeable to my heart than your morality; it is too high for me, more stoical than consolatory, and nothing seems less calming to people who suffer than proving to them they have nothing to complain of. The pilgrimage tempts me a good deal, and for this reason I am afraid I shall not be able to make it: so much pleasure is not reserved for me, otherwise I see no sufficient obstacle, but a continuation of my present state of languor which would not permit me to undertake a journey although it were a short one. The will, I assure you, is not wanting, no more than a persuasion of my being in safety. I am certain you would not expose me to danger, and, by experience, I know your hospitality to be as free from risk as it is agreeable. Besides, the refuge I have taken in the heart of your country, without any precaution whatsoever, and depending upon no other security than the esteem I have for it, clearly proves what I think of the citizens and government, and that I am but little alarmed by the terror with which my enemies endeavour to inspire me. Finally, when a man of my way of thinking, and who has nothing to reproach himself with, is willing, in abandoning himself without reserve to those whom he is supposed to fear, to submit to such precautions as are necessary not to force them to see him*, such a conduct is no proof of arrogance but one of confidence; it is a

* M. Rousseau had changed his name, and taken that of Renou.

mark of esteem which ought to be favourably received, and not one of temerity at which government might be offended. I am sure all sensible men must be of this opinion.

Be therefore assured, my illustrious friend, that no motive of fear shall prevent me from coming to see you. I have done nothing derogatory to my right to liberty, and it would scarcely be possible for me to exercise this right more agreeably than by doing that which you propose. But my present situation does not permit me to hope for this, any more than in as much as it shall be changed for the better by the fine weather; of this I shall be able to judge when it comes. In the mean time receive my respects, my thanks, and most tender embraces.

L E T T E R

TO MR. DE L. L.

March, 1768.

YOU are not, sir, one of those who, to the unfortunate, do ironical honours, and crown the victim they intend to sacrifice. I therefore conclude from the encomiums you have so lavishly bestowed upon me in the letter with which I am favoured from you, that generosity has made you carry to an extreme the respect due to adversity. I attribute to as praise-worthy a sentiment the favourable account you have been pleased to give of my Dictionary, and the extract you have given seems to be made with great judgment, art, and method. If, however, you had less scrupulously chosen the passages in which French music is the most unfavourably treated, I do not know

L

that

that this reserve would have been prejudicial to the book, but I am of opinion it would have been favourable to the author. I should, likewise, in some instances, have been desirous of another choice of the articles from which you have taken the trouble to give extracts; some of these relate to middle parts, and others are extracted or compiled from different authors; whereas most of the more important ones are my own, and better in themselves; such as, *accent, consonance, dissonance, expression, taste, harmony, interval, licence, opera, sound, temperature, unity of melody, voice, &c.* and the *enharmonica* in particular, wherein, I flatter myself, this difficult genius, hitherto badly understood, is better explained than in any other book. Pardon the liberty with which I express to you my thoughts; I submit them with the fullest confidence to your decision, which will give you no additional trouble, as you have read the whole book, a fatigue for which I at the same time return you my thanks, and offer you my apologies.

I remember with pleasure and gratitude the visit with which you honoured me at Montmorenci, as well as the desire it gave me of sometimes enjoying the pleasure of your conversation. I consider as one of the misfortunes of my life my not having it in my power to cultivate so good an acquaintance, and perhaps some day to deserve from you fewer encomiums and more marks of goodness.

L E T T E R

To M. D'IVERNOIS.

March 28, 1768.

I Should not, my good friend, forgive myself were I to leave you in the state of inquietude into which my preceding letter may have thrown you, relative to the ideas with which my mind was struck when I wrote it. I had an agreeable walk and got safe home; I received accounts which gave me pleasure; and, seeing that no part of what I had apprehended is come to pass, I begin to be afraid, after so many real evils, of seeing imaginary ones which may have an effect upon my spirits. Of one thing however I am certain, that let my head be affected in whatever manner it may, my heart will still remain the same, and constantly entertain an affection for you. I hope you begin to taste of the agreeable fruits of peace. How happy you are! never cease being so. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

To THE SAME.

April 26, 1768.

WERE I in a situation to write in a satisfactory manner the letter of which you have mentioned to me the subject, I would herein inclose you a copy; but my heart less capable of expansion, my head in disorder, and all my faculties

L 2

deranged,

deranged, no longer permit me to write any thing with care, not even with perspicuity; and all the wisdom that remains to me is no more than sufficient to prevent me from undertaking that which I am no longer able to execute. This refusal does not, I assure you, proceed from unwillingness; I am for ever incapable of writing for myself the most trifling things, of which however I shall stand in the greatest need.

I think, my good friend, I ought, for good reasons, to refuse the pension from the King of England, and, for reasons equally well founded, I have irrevocably broken the agreement I made with M. D. P.....u. I do not consult you upon these resolutions but give you an account of them, you may therefore spare yourself the trouble of useless efforts to dissuade me from adhering to what I have resolved upon. It is true that, weak, infirm, and discouraged, I am in my old age almost without bread, and not in a situation to get it. But no matter; Providence will provide for me in some way or other. Whilst I was poor I was happy, and it was not until I had every thing necessary to my subsistence that I found myself the most wretched of men. Happiness, or at least the repose after which I seek, will perhaps return with my former poverty. One thing to which you ought, perhaps, to pay attention, on account of the situation to which I am going to be reduced, is to send me fewer expensive packets by the post, and not to imagine that in proposing to re-imburse me the postage you will be taken at your word. To friends in my situation there is much more politeness in creating them fewer expences than in offering a re-imbursement.

I hope

I hope you will not make my good old aunt uneasy about her little pension. As long as she and I live, this will be paid her, let what will happen, unless I should be upon the point of dying of hunger ; and I have great hopes this will never be the case.

P. S. When M. D. P.....u informed me the theatre was burned, I was afraid the consequences would be unfavourable to the remonstrating party ; but Voltaire's imputing it to me is laughable ; I see nothing in the charge which merits an answer or my giving myself the least concern about it. The friends of this poor creature would do well were they from time to time to get him bathed and bled.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P. ...u.

Lyons, July 6, 1768.

I INTENDED, my dear host, to acknowledge, by my good friend Madame Boy de la Tour, the reception of your answer, but I had not a moment to spare to write to you before her departure, and at present even, upon the point of setting off to simple at the grande Chartreuse, with a good and an agreeable botanical company, which I found and have recruited in this country, all the time I have upon my hands is no more than sufficient to permit me hastily to wish you a good morning.

Mademoiselle Renou has received at Trie many letters for me, amongst which yours will, I

have no doubt, be found; but as the packet is rather large, and I must wait for a proper opportunity to send for it, should any part of what you have written relate to business which will not admit of delay, you will do well to repeat it to me in a letter to this place. If, as I desired, you have burned all my books and papers, I am, I swear to you, most heartily glad of it; but should you have preserved them, there are some, I confess it, which I should not be sorry to see again, to pass, by way of amusement, the bad days of winter, during which my situation and the season prevent me from going a simpling. That which would most engage my attention would be the beginning of the novel entitled, *Emile et Sophie, ou les Solitaires**. I have preserved for this work an attachment which I do not attempt to diminish, because I should find in it an useful specific for my leisure moments, without bearing any reference to that employment which would call to my recollection all my misfortunes. If you can lay your hand upon this fragment, and send me either the rough draft or the copy of it by Madame Boy de la Tour at her return, the packet would, I acknowledge, give me real pleasure.

How is your gout? in what state is your left eye? If it does not get worse it will get well; and I perceive, with infinite pleasure, by your letters, that it becomes much better. Why, my dear host, have not you a moderate taste, equal to a quarter of my passion, for the knowledge of plants? Your greatest misfortune, and what most contributes to injuring your health, is your fondness of an idle life, which makes you think you are unable to take exercise. Take my word

* *Emilius and Sophia, or the Solitaires.*

for it, were you seriously to set about making an herbal you would no longer think of making a will ! You will find in our guide and chief, M. de la Tourette, a botanist equally learned and amiable, who would make you fond of the science he cultivates. I have the same opinion of the Abbé Rosier ; and you would find in the Abbé de Grange-Blanche and in your host, two fellow-students more zealous than learned, whose ignorance in company with their masters would frequently set your self-love at ease.

Adieu, my dear host ; we all four set off tomorrow in the same coach, and in the rest of the day we have no more time than is necessary to collect a sufficient number of port-folios and papers for the immense collection we are going to make. We shall leave no gleanings after us. I will give you an account of our labours. I embrace you most cordially. You may continue to write to me at Messieurs **.

L E T T E R

To MR. LALIAUD.

Bourgoin, August 31, 1768.

MADemoiselle Renou and myself, owe and return you, sir, our warmest thanks for all the goodness you shewed to us both, but we neither of us thank you for the female travelling companion, by whom, by your means, we were accompanied. I have had the pleasure of having with me here, for several days past, that of my misfortunes ; perceiving that at all events she was determined to follow my destiny, I have taken

such steps as will at least enable her to do it with honour. I thought I risked nothing in rendering indissoluble an attachment of twenty years, which mutual esteem, without which no friendship can be lasting, has incessantly increased. The tender and pure paternity in which we have lived for the last thirteen years has not changed its nature by the conjugal tie ; she is and will until death be my wife, by virtue of the obligations whereby we are reciprocally bound to each other, and my sister by the purity of our intercourse. This holy engagement was entered into in all the simplicity, but at the same time with all the verity of nature, in the presence of two men of merit and honour, officers of artillery, one of them the son of one of my old friends in my happy days, that is before I had a name in the world, the other, the mayor of this city, and nearly related to the first. During the short and plain ceremony I saw these two worthy men soften into tears, and I cannot tell you how much this mark of the goodness of their hearts attached me to them both.

I am as uncertain of the place in which I shall fix my abode as when I had the honour of seeing you at Lyons, and so many journeys and public houses do not tend to facilitate a good establishment. The journeys I have still to take frighten me, especially at the beginning of the bad season, upon which we are going to enter, and I shall readily determine to remain here, if I can, before my situation renders this impossible to me, or to go farther ; I am therefore for this year deprived of the hope of settling near you, saving that which hereafter to satisfy myself in this respect I may have it in my power to do.

Receive

Receive the salutations of my wife, and those of a man who loves you from the bottom of his heart.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

Bourgoin, September 26, 1768.

I HAVE this moment, my dear host, received your letter of the 20th, and learn from it the progress of your re-establishment, with a satisfaction which wants nothing to make it complete, but as good accounts of the health of the good mamma. Nothing can be done for her sciatica but waiting for relaxation from pain, and being patient; you are in the same situation with respect to your gout, and after the terrible experience, which, for yourself and others you have had, I hope you will renounce, once for all, every attempt to cure it, to torment your stomach and your ears, and to change your constitution by whey, purgatives, and drugs, and that you will firmly resolve to follow, and, if it be possible, to aid nature, but not to oppose her.

I know not for what reason you think I ought, for the purpose of being married, to have quitted the name I have taken*; it is not names which are married but persons, and if, even in this holy ceremony, names were a constituent part, that which I bear would have been sufficient, because I acknowledge no other. Were property in

* That of Renou, which he took on his going to live at the Castle of Trie.

question the case would be different, but you well know that neither of us possess any ; each, and the whole being and possession of each, appertains to the other, and this comprehends every thing.

Was it possible, my dear host, you should hope liberty would be maintained in your country ; you who must know that there is no longer any liberty upon earth except in the heart of a just man, whence nothing can banish it ? I confess I do not think your country-men make use of theirs like free-men, but rather like those who are outrageous. They seem not to have been sufficiently convinced that liberty, in whatever manner it be enjoyed, cannot be maintained without great virtues. What makes me most angry with them is, their first having the vices of licentiousness, and their present disposition to fall into those of servitude. Excessive in every thing ; virtue alone, which is seldom thought of, would be the happy medium. .

Receive my thanks for the papers you gave to our friend, and which may afford me some means of relaxation of which I have great need. I thank you for the plants also which you desired Gagnebin to gather, although he has not done as you could have wished. It is for this good intention I am grateful, I am more flattered by it than I should be by all the plants in the universe. The continual hurry in which I am kept disgusts me a little with botany, which, in my opinion is not a delicious amusement, except when we can give to it our whole time. I feel that, should I be farther tormented, I shall entirely forsake it. I have, however, found in this country some plants, which, if they be not beautiful, are at least new to me. Amongst others I found near Grenoble the *osiris* and the *terebinthus*. Here the
cenchrus

cenchrus racemosus which surprised me a good deal because it is a maritime gramen, the *hypopitis*, a parasitical plant, because it bears some relation to the *orobanche*, the *crepisfœtida*, which smells like the bitter almond, and some others of which I do not at present recollect the names. This, my dear host, is more upon botany than was necessary to your stoical indifference. You may write to me here under the name of Renou. I am afraid, should not my situation and affairs change for the better, I may be obliged to pass the winter in this place with my wife in a public house, since I find not upon earth a stone on which to lay my head.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Bourgoin, October 2, 1768.

WHAT frightful news do you tell me, my dear host, and how greatly is my heart affected by it! I feel the cruel accident befallen your poor mamma almost as severely as she does, or rather as you do, and this is saying every thing. A broken leg is a misfortune which happened to my father when he was old, and as he was taking a walk; whilst in the dreadful fatigues of hunting, of which he was passionately fond, he never met with the least accident. His leg was easily and well set, and he was soon restored notwithstanding his age. I should hope for the same favourable accounts of Madame C, were not the fracture in a part which makes the operation more difficult and painful. However, with a good deal of patience, time, and the care
of

of an able surgeon, the cure is equally possible, and may reasonably be hoped for. I cannot with propriety say more for our common consolation. This misfortune diverts my attention, although in a most dreadful manner, from my own, in as much as to the concern for the misfortunes of those who are dear to our hearts is added the tender impression of our attachment to them, which always produces some alleviation, whereas what we feel under the weight of our own afflictions, when these are excessive and without remedy, is sterile, melancholy, and unaccompanied by any sentiment of a lenient nature. You do not, my dear host, expect from me the cold and vain expressions of persons who are incapable of feeling; we seldom find for our friends the consolations we ourselves have not been able to obtain. Yet, I cannot refrain from remarking that your reasoning in your affliction is not just, when you increase the weight of this by the idea that the accident is not in the order of things attached to the human condition. Nothing, my dear host, is more in the order of them than unforeseen accidents which embitter and shorten life. In this dependence we are born; it is annexed to our nature and constitution. If there be any thing we ought to bear with patience it is the strokes which proceed from inflexible necessity, and independent of the human will. Those we receive from the hands of the wicked are, in my opinion, much less supportable, because nature never intended we should suffer them. But this is moralising too much. Give me frequent accounts of the state of the sick person; tell her repeatedly how much my heart is torn by her sufferings, and how many fervent wishes I join to yours for her recovery.

I have

I have received from the Comte de Tonnerre a letter from Lieutenant Guyenet, announcing to me another, which I wait to receive before I return him my thanks. At present Thevenin is fully convicted of being an impostor. M. de Tonnerre, from whom I had received a positive promise of every kind of protection in this affair, informs me he will impose on him silence. What say you of this manner of doing me justice ? It is like commanding a man who should have stolen my purse not to rob me again, instead of restoring to me what he had taken. This, in every respect, is the manner in which I am treated.

I told you in a former letter, you might write to me here under the name of Renou ; you may also continue to make use of the address as before ; this to me seems a matter of the greatest indifference.

L E T T E R

TO MR. LALIAUD.

Bourgoin, October 5, 1768.

YOUR letter of the 29th of September reached my hands in due time, but without the duplicate, and I think you need not in future give yourself the trouble of writing one, as I hope your letters will continue to arrive with their usual regularity ; they may perhaps be opened, but this is of no consequence provided I receive them. If I perceive any interruption, I will endeavour to find an intermediate address to this place, or to Lyons.

I am

I am very thankful for your cares, and the trouble they give you, which I am very certain you do not regret; but it is unnecessary you should continue them relative to the rascal Thevenin, whose imposture is now so clearly brought to light that M. de Tonnerre himself can no longer have a doubt of it. What justice do you think he means to do me in this affair, after having promised me the highest protection that I might be enabled to sift the matter to the bottom? This consists in making the man hold his tongue; and the pains I took were with an intention of making him speak. Let us no longer think of the wretch nor of those by whom he was prompted: I know his escaping with impunity will relieve them from their apprehensions, and be an inducement to more mischief; for this reason it was of importance to me to make the first public. I have done so, and am satisfied: at present were a hundred attempts of the same kind made in one day, I would not deign to give them the least notice.

Although my situation daily becomes more cruel, notwithstanding I find myself obliged to pass the winter, of which I feel the approaches, in a public house, and that I have not a stone whercon to lay my head, there is no extremity to which I would not expose myself rather than return to Trie; and certainly you would not propose to me to do it were you acquainted with my sufferings there and the people into whose hands I fell. The thought alone of these makes me tremble: let the subject never more, I beseech you, be mentioned.

The more I reflect upon the treatment I receive, the less am I able to comprehend what my enemies wish to bring me to. Equally tormented let me take what measures I will. I am neither

at liberty to remain where I am nor to go to any other place of which I shall make choice ; I cannot so much as learn where my persecutors wish me to be, nor what they intend to do with me. I have vainly desired them openly to dispose of my person : this would leave me at rest, but they are determined I shall not be so. All I can perceive is that my existence is importunate to them, and they wish to make it a burden to myself ; they cannot take better means than they have done to this effect : I have a hundred times thought of making a proposition to get myself transported to America, in hopes of being there at peace, in which, I am of opinion, I too much flattered myself ; but this I certainly should have attempted had I and my wife been more in a situation to bear the voyage and the air. I have another idea to communicate to you, and with which my passionate fondness of botany has inspired me : for perceiving I was not permitted to go a simpling undisturbed, I intended to quit the study of plants, but I find I cannot ; it is an amusement absolutely necessary to me ; a childish infatuation, but which will continue to the end of my life.

I wish to find some means of going to pass the rest of my days in the islands of the Archipelago, in that of Cyprus, or in some other corner of Greece, no matter in which, provided I find in it a fine climate, a soil fertile in vegetables, and no Christian charity to influence my actions. I have taken it into my head that the Turks in Barbary would be less cruel to me. Unfortunately I have need of aid and protection to enable me to go and live there with my wife. I could not exist without resource ; and without some favour from the Porte, or a recommendation at least from one of the consuls who reside in that country,

country, my settling there would be totally impossible. As I should not be without a hope of rendering my residence abroad of some utility to the progress of natural history, I should hope to obtain assistance from the sovereigns who think themselves honoured by favouring this science. I am neither a Tournefort nor a Jussieu, but I should not, full of other views, make the business accidental, nor consider it as task work ; I should entirely abandon myself to the undertaking, solely from the pleasure I should expect from it, and for the rest of my life. Taste, assiduity, and perseverance, may make up for the want of much knowledge, and in the end, acquire it. Had I still the pension from the King of England, this would be sufficient for me, and I should have no favour to ask except that of facilitating my passage, and the essential one of some recommendation. But without having formally renounced the pension, I have placed myself in a situation which does not permit me to ask, nor even to desire a continuance of it, and besides, before I could exile myself for the remainder of my life, some reasonable assurance that I should not be forgotten and left to die with hunger, would be necessary. I acknowledge that in making use of my own resources I should find in the fruit of my past labours a sufficiency to exist in any country ; but this would require arrangements different from those which exist, and cares which at present I am not able to bestow. Pardon me the trouble I give you. I have in a very confused manner explained to you the idea by which I was struck, and the obstacles I see to the execution of it. Yet as these are not insurmountable, and the idea affords the only remaining hope I have of repose, I thought it necessary to speak to you upon the subject that,

making

making enquiries, should you have an opportunity of doing it, either of some person who has credit at court, and of the protectors whom you know me to have, or endeavouring to discover the disposition of the court of St. James's to protect my simpling in the Archipelago, you may inform me whether or not the exile of which I am desirous to that country may be favoured by one of the two sovereigns. This is the only means of rendering it practicable, and however ardently I may desire it, I will never to that effect make an application to any private individual. The shortest and most safe method to learn what may possibly be done for me in this affair would, in my opinion, be to consult Madame de Luxembourg; I have so much dependence upon her goodness towards me, and such an opinion of her good understanding and knowledge, that I could wish you in the first place to communicate the project to her only, to take no steps but those of which she shall approve, and to think no more of the business should she look upon it as impracticable. You have told me I may depend upon you. This is my answer. I confide to you, as much as this depends upon myself, the care of my happiness. Adieu. I embrace you most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Bourgoin, October 23, 1768.

I Have received your letter of the 13th, and the others. I will return you my thanks for the trouble I give you, by endeavouring to turn it
to

to my advantage; I could, however, wish to spare you that part of it which relates to duplicates; these are useless, since it is clear that were your letters to be intercepted or suppressed the duplicates would share the same fate.

I feel the impossibility of executing my project; your reasons are unanswerable, but I cannot agree that, in supposing the execution possible, it would be favourable to the machinations of my enemies. I am certain it is no more possible for me in France than in England to avoid falling into the hands of their vile agents; whereas the Pachas, not piquing themselves upon their philosophy, and being but moderately gallant, the Machiavels and their female friends would not have it so much in their power to dispose of them as of those in this kingdom. The project you substitute to mine, that of retiring to Cevennes, was the first thing I thought of the moment I perceived I should be under the necessity of quitting Trie; I mentioned it to the Prince of Conti, who objected to my leaving his house, and forced me to abandon my design. The execution of it would, however, have been very agreeable to me, nor should I have less pleasure in it at present. But I confess to you a lonely habitation would inspire me with some apprehensions, as I have lately perceived in those who dispose of my person an ardent desire to confine me to such a place. I know not what they wish to do with me in a desert, but all their endeavours tend to drive me to one; and I have no doubt but this was one of their reasons for forcing me to leave Trie, the situation of which did not appear to them sufficiently solitary for their purpose, although the common wish of his highness, of Madame de Luxembourg, and myself, was that I should there end my days. Had they been
desirous

desirous of nothing more than making sure of my person, and defaming me at their ease, without my being able to unmask them to the eyes of the public, or even to penetrate their designs, it was in that place they ought to have kept me; since, absolute masters in the house of the prince, in which he himself has not the least authority, they disposed of me at pleasure. Yet after having endeavoured to dissuade me from entering it, and to persuade me not to remain there, finding my resolution not to be shaken, they drove me from it by force, by means of the abominable knave whom the master had charged to protect me, but who found himself too well supported by others to apprehend any disagreeable consequences from disobedience. What are their intentions now they have me entirely in their power? At these I cannot guess; all I know is, that they do not chuse I should be at Trie, in a city, in the neighbourhood of any friend, nor in that of any person whomsoever; and that, for the present, their only wish is to be absolute masters of my person. These circumstances, you will acknowledge, afford matter of reflection. If the prince has not been able to protect me in his own house, how can he do it elsewhere? What will become of me in these mountains, should I take refuge in them without any preliminary precaution, not being acquainted with a single person, and, as in every other place, certain of becoming the dupe or the victim of the first knave who shall come about me? If we make previous arrangements, that which has always happened will again befall us; the Prince of Conti and Madame de Luxembourg, not having it in their power to conceal our precautions from the Machiavelists, by whom they are surrounded, and who carefully conceal their

secret

secret designs, will give them the most favourable opportunity to erect their batteries against the place I intend to inhabit. They will wait for me there as they did at Grenoble, and as they every where do when they are acquainted with my destination. If the house be solitary, the thing will be more easy to them; all they will have to do will be to corrupt the people on whom I shall depend for and in every thing. Were this for no other purpose than that of watching over my actions, well and good, I should care but little about the matter. But they have other intentions, as I have already proved to you. And for what purpose? Of this I am ignorant: it surpasses my comprehension; but the doubt, you will acknowledge, is by no means pleasing.

These are the considerations I wish you to weigh, to which I add the numberless inconveniences of a solitary habitation for a stranger at my time of life, and in my situation; the expence at least triple, the terrible ideas to which I must be a prey, thus sequestered from mankind, not voluntarily, but by force, and to glut the rage of my oppressors; for otherwise my love of solitude is rather increased than diminished by my misfortunes, and were I at liberty to pursue my own inclinations, I would make choice of the most solitary retreat, there to pass the remainder of my days. What is still more, a declared captivity would not, for me, have any thing in it either painful or melancholy. Let my persecutors treat me as they please, provided they do it openly, I can suffer without murmuring; but my heart cannot bear the base flattery of a foolish knave who thinks himself subtle because he is false: I was unmoved by the stones of the assassins

assassins of Motiers, but I cannot be so at the expressions of the admirers of Grenoble.

I must, besides, inform you, that my present situation is too disagreeable for me not to seize the first opportunity to quit it; therefore, arrangements relative to projects of which the execution is at a distance, can never be absolute engagements which oblige me to refuse intermediate resources should these present themselves. It was proper I should enter with you into these details, to which I must add that the kind of liberty which, from my resources, I have of taking such steps as I shall think proper, is not unlimited, that this is daily restrained by my situation, that all the projects I can form are confined to two or three years, after which I shall be subject to other laws, and so will the companion of my old age; but things at a distance have never inspired me with fear. I feel that, upon the whole, alive or dead, time is in my favour; of this my enemies also are convinced, and to them the thought is grievous; they are anxious to enjoy all the advantages which remain to them; they have done so much that it is impossible their manœuvres should remain long concealed, and the moment when they shall become evident will be precisely that in which they will wish to extend them to the future. You are young; remember this prediction, and be assured you will see it accomplished. What I have farther to say to you is that, since you are in possession of all these circumstances, and prepared for what is to happen, you may take such measures as your heart shall inspire, and your reason dictate; depending upon your intentions and understanding, and certain that you are not a man who will favour my interests at the expence of my honour, I give you my entire confidence. Wait upon
Madame

Madame de Luxembourg, my confidence in her is still the same. I equally depend upon her goodness and upon that of the Prince of Conti; but one is subjugated and the other is not; and I previously ratify every thing upon which you shall resolve with her, as done for my happiness. With respect to the title you mention, I shall always think it a great honour to belong to his highness, and it will not be my fault if I do not merit it: things of this kind may be accepted, but they cannot be asked for. I have not yet finished what I had to say, but my paper will not suffer me to prate any longer. I must, however, inform you that the adventure of Thevenin has produced in me the effect you desired. I think it was ridiculous to take such an affair to heart; this I certainly should not have done had not I been sure he was a suborned wretch. I wished, not from a motive of vengeance, but for my own safety, that his instigators might be unmasked; this was judged improper, and I thought no more of the matter: a thousand other attempts of the same nature might now be made against me without my returning a word of answer to those who should speak to me of them. Adieu. I embrace you most cordially.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that my shamoy leather dresser is the shoe-maker of M. de Tanlay: he learned the former trade at Yverdun after his retreat. I got information in Switzerland with a juridical deposition and legalised by the publican Jeannet.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Bourghin, November 2, 1768.

SINCE the last letter I wrote to you, and to which I have not received an answer, I have received from M. de Choiseul a passport, for which I asked him about six weeks ago, for the purpose of leaving the kingdom, and, not receiving it immediately, I thought no more of the matter. More and more convinced of the absolute necessity of making use of this passport, I have considered what, in the cruel extremity to which I am reduced, and during the present season, I can do with it; not having it in my power nor being disposed to let this expire like the last. You will be astonished at the result of my deliberation although accompanied with all the attention, coolness, and reflection of which I am capable; this is to return to England, and there end my days in my solitude of Wootton. I think this the wisest resolution I ever made, and I have one proof of its solidity in the horror I had to conquer in making it, and which was of such a nature that at this moment I cannot think of it without trembling. I cannot explain myself farther in a letter, but my determination is such, that the difficulty in prevailing upon me to depart from it will be in proportion to that which, before I could finally resolve upon taking the step I mentioned, I myself had to conquer. The enclosed letter is upon the subject, and I beg you will forward it to its address. I have written to the English ambassador, but I am not certain that

that he is at Paris. You will oblige me by making enquiries to that effect, and if you can learn that he has received my letter you will do a good act by letting me know it; for whilst I am here, waiting for his answer, my passport approaches the day after which it will no longer be in force, and time is precious. You have too much good sense not to perceive the necessity of keeping the resolution I have communicated to you a secret, and this without exception of persons: however I require nothing more from you than that which prudence and your friendship for me shall dictate. Should the English ambassador make my intentions public, the case will be different; and this I cannot prevent him from doing. Since I have come to a determination on this point you will easily judge I have done so upon all the rest. I shall quit the continent as I should quit a habitation in the moon. Formerly this was not the case; I left behind me attachments and thought I separated from friends. Pardon me, I speak of old friends. You must be persuaded that a separation from new ones, however true these may be, does not wound the heart to such a degree as to make it bleed for life by shaking off the most endearing habits it can contract. All my wounds will bleed, I confess it, for the remainder of my days; but I am cured at least of my errors, the cicatrice is formed in that part. I embrace you.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. MOULTOU.

Bourgoin, November 5, 1768.

YOU have suffered a loss, my dear Moulton, by which all your friends and every honest man ought, as well as yourself, to be afflicted; and I have had a severe one in that of your worthy father, by the esteem with which he honoured me, and of which so many false friends, of whom I am the victim, have made me feel all the value. It is in this manner, dear Moulton, that I die by degrees in all those by whom I am beloved, whilst they who hate and betray me seem to find in age new vigour to add to my torments. I talk to you of my loss without mentioning to you your own; but real grief, which is not susceptible of consolation, knows not how to find it for others: we console such as are indifferent to us, but we weep with our friends. Were I near to you, and if we embraced each other and shed tears together, I think our hearts would have said a great deal.

Cruel friend, what regret you prepare for me in your description of Lavagnac! Alas, that delightful abode was the asylum necessary to my happiness: I should there have forgotten in soft repose the fatigues of my life; I might have hoped to find peaceful days; and patiently to wait for death, which in every other place I shall incessantly desire. It is now too late. The fatal destiny by which I am governed ordains it otherwise. Had this depended upon myself, and had the prince been master in his own house, I should

M

never

never have left Trie, where he had spared nothing to render my residence agreeable to me. Never has any prince done so much for a private individual as he has been pleased to do for me. *I leave him here in my place*, said he to his superintendant; *he shall have the same authority as myself, and nothing shall be offered him because I make him master of every thing.* He deigned even to come and see me several times, to sup with me tête-à-tête, to tell me in presence of all his retinue, that he came on purpose to do it, and, what excited my gratitude more than every thing else, to refrain from hunting lest the motive of his visit should be equivocal. Yet, my dear Moulton, notwithstanding his cares and most positive orders, in spite of the desire, and I will add, the passion he had to render me happy in the retirement he had given me, my persecutors drove me from it by such means that the horrid recital of them shall never come from my mouth nor my pen. His highness was informed of every thing, and could not disapprove of my retreat; the goodness, protection, and friendship of this great man followed me into this province but could not shelter me from the indignities I have suffered in it. Perceiving that my persecutors would never leave me at peace in this country, I have determined to leave it: I asked M. de Choiseul for a passport who, after a considerable delay, has at length sent it to me.—His letter is very polite and nothing more: before this he had written me others which were very obliging. Not desiring me to make no use of this passport, is, in some measure, inviting me to do it. Ministers must not be needlessly importuned. Yet since I first asked for this passport the season is advanced, and the Alps are covered with ice and snow; there is no possibility
of

of my passing them in my present situation. A thousand considerations, impossible to state in a letter, have forced me to take the most violent and terrible resolution, but the only one which seemed to remain to me; this is to return to England and finish my unhappy days in my melancholy solitude of Wootton, to which place, since my departure from it, the proprietor has frequently invited me in the most flattering terms. I have just written to him in consequence of the resolution I have taken; I have written to the English ambassador also; should my proposition be accepted, which will certainly be the case, I cannot retract, and must set off. Nothing can equal the horror with which this journey inspires me; but I see no means of avoiding it without meriting reproach; and at every time of life, especially at mine, it is better to be unfortunate than culpable.

I should be doubly wrong to purchase by any thing reprehensible the repose of the short time I have to live. But I confess to you the agreeable abode of Lavagnac, the neighbourhood of M. Venel, and the advantage of being near his friend, consequently near an honest man, instead of which I was at Trie in the hands of the meanest of wretches; all these circumstances will accompany me in idea to my solitary retirement, and increase my misery by my not having had in my power to make them the foundation of my happiness. What most torments me at present is a glimmering of vain hope, of which I perceive all the illusion, yet notwithstanding this it gives me uneasiness.—When once my fate shall be fully decided, and nothing more remains to me than to submit, I shall enjoy greater tranquillity. In the mean time my heart is much relieved by the detail

into which I have entered with you upon my situation. I am penetrated with gratitude at the thought of your ladies, yourself, and M. Venel making together this beneficent pilgrimage, which, more than those to-Loretto, deserves to be added to the number of works of charity. I beg you will receive my warmest acknowledgments and those of my wife; present her respects and mine to your ladies. We salute and embrace you all most cordially.

I have proposed the alternative of England and Minorca: I should prefer the latter on account of the climate. Should my destination be to this place, could not we meet before my departure, either at Montpellier or Marseilles.

L E T T E R

To M. LALIAUD.

Bourgoin, November 7, 1768.

SINCE my last letter, I have received the enclosed from a friend; it has considerably increased the regret I had on account of my having so precipitately taken my resolution. The charming situation of the castle of Lavagnac, the person to whom it belongs, the honest man whom he has for his agent, the mildness of the climate, so proper to my emaciated body, and the place sufficiently solitary without being a desert; all these favourable circumstances, should I go to England or Mahon, for I have proposed the alternative, will frequently make me turn my eyes towards that agreeable asylum so well calculated to make me happy provided I be left there in peace. But I have written: should the
ambassador

ambassador answer me politely I am absolutely engaged; were I to change my resolution this would have the appearance of trifling with him, and, in some measure, be to treat with but little respect the passport M. de Choiseul has had the goodness to send me at my request. Ministers have too many affairs of importance to dispatch to be uselessly importuned. Besides the more I look round me the more clearly I perceive something of a nature which I cannot discover is preparing against me. Thevenin was not suborned for nothing: there was in that ridiculous farce something which it was impossible for me to penetrate; and in the profound obscurity by which I am surrounded, I am incessantly afraid of making a false step. All that has happened to me since my return to France and my departure from Trie, evidently proves that amongst those by whom I am beloved, nobody but the Prince de Conti is perfectly acquainted with my situation, and that he has done every thing in his power to render it peaceful without having been able to succeed. This persuasion fills me with gratitude towards that great prince, and I strongly reproach myself with my impatience upon the subject of his silence relative to my two last letters; for I lately wrote a second to his highness which he, perhaps, like the first, has never received: this is what I am very desirous of learning. I dare not enclose one for him in this packet, lest it should so increase the bulk as to make it remarkable; but if in this critical moment you should have the goodness to obtain of him an audience, you would do me the most important service by informing him of what passes, and communicate to me his opinion, that is, his orders; for every thing I have done from myself has been a fault, which, however, will serve me.

as a lesson for the future, should he again deign to give himself the least concern about my affairs. Pray ask, in my name, his permission to write to him under cover to you, as letters addressed to himself never reach his hands.

The affair of Thevenin is at length terminated. After the undoubted proofs I have given to M de Tonneire of the imposture of this knave, he offers to punish him by a few days imprisonment. You will readily imagine this was what I did not accept, and that no such thing ever entered my head. You cannot conceive what anguish of mind this foolish affair has given me, not on account of the miserable wretch, whom I should not have deigned to answer, but on account of those by whom he was suborned, and who, had I thought proper to do it, I could with the greatest ease have unmasked. Nothing ever proved to me more clearly how simple and weak I am in such cases; this, however, is the only one of the kind which ever immediately related to myself. I was afflicted, full of consternation, and almost brought to tremble. I knew not what I said when I interrogated the impostor; whilst he, calm and composed in his absurd lies, had, in the audacity of the crime, all the appearance of the security of innocence. I have however sent to M. de Tonnerre the printed *arrêt* which I received from a friend, concerning the wretch, and from which M. de Tonnerre will have perceived that those by whom this man was directed, knew how to make choice of a person of experience.

I never found myself so much embarrassed as I now am, and yet I never enjoyed greater tranquillity. I see no hopes of repose in any place whatsoever; and, far from despairing, my heart announces to me that my sufferings are almost at

an end. It is time they should terminate. You perceive how freely I write to you, how I charge you with a thousand cares, and how fully I commit to you my destiny, and to you alone. If you do not call this confidence and friendship, as well as importunity, you do wrong. I most cordially salute you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Bourgoin, November 28, 1763.

I Cannot better undeceive you relative to the reserve of which you suspect me than by following your ideas and confiding to you the execution of them, which, I protest to you, I do in a manner satisfactory to my own heart, and which must be equally so to yours. I have enclosed you a letter to the Prince de Conti, wherein I have expressed your thoughts which correspond with my own. I never desired nor expected my letter to the English ambassador should be a secret to his highness, or to people in place, but for the public only; and I observe to you once for all, that in whatever respect I may beg of you to be secret, the precaution will never extend to the Prince of Conti, in whom I have more confidence than in myself. You have promised to get my letter conveyed to him by a proper person: I suppose you yourself will be the bearer of it; upon this I depend, and ask it as a favour.

You will have observed that the project of going to England, which occurred to me on receiving the passport, was no sooner formed than abandoned; new lights relative to my situation

convinced me that remaining in France was what I owed to myself, and I am determined to do it. M. Davenport has returned me a very polite and engaging answer. I have not yet received one from the ambassador. Had I known M. W** had been with his excellency you will naturally imagine I should not have written to him. I had supposed that all England had conceived for this wretch and his comrade all the contempt they deserve. I have always acted according to the supposition of sentiments of innate uprightness and honour in the hearts of men. At present I remain quiet, and no longer suppose any thing: I daily become more displeased amongst them, and more embarrassed with my person. Whether this be their fault or my own I leave them to decide in whatever manner they please; they may continue to bandy about my poor machine as long as they think proper, but they shall never deprive me of my place; this is in the midst of themselves.

I was very well for ten days. I was chearful, had a good appetite, and made some good additions to my herbal. For the last two days I have been rather indisposed: I have a fever, and a violent head ache which, by playing at chess, I yesterday increased. I am fond of the game, and yet I must abandon it. My plants no longer afford me amusement. I am incessantly singing strophes from Tasso: the amusement I find in this, with my poor broken voice, is astonishing. I yesterday melted into tears, almost without perceiving it, while singing the story of Olindo and Sophronia. Had I a wretched little spinnet to aid my declining voice, I should sing from morning until night. It is impossible for my poor head not to build castles in the air. The produce of the court of the castle of Lavagnac,
a spinnet,

a spinnet and my Tasso, entirely engage my attention at present, notwithstanding all my efforts to divert it from them by other objects. Adieu. My wife salutes you most cordially: I do the same, and we both sincerely love you.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Bourgoin, December 7, 1768.

I Beg you will take the trouble to forward the enclosed letter. It is for M. Davenport, who returned me so polite an answer to my former letter as to make my giving him advice of my change of resolution indispensable. I hope my last dispatch to you with the enclosed reached your hands in due time, and to which I expect an answer as soon as possible. I am well enough satisfied with my present situation: my Tasso and herbal make the hours pass away with a celerity sufficient to prove to me the folly of attaching so much importance to a fugitive existence. I wait without impatience until mine is fixed; it is so inasmuch as depends upon myself: the remainder, which daily becomes shorter, is at the mercy of nature and men: it is not worth while to dispute this with them; I should like well enough to pass it in the grotto of balm if the bats did not give the place such a smell. We must go and see it when you come here. I most cordially embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P....u.

Bourgoin, December 19, 1768.

WHAT you tell me of the finishing of your disputes with the court gives me infinite pleasure; and by this I foresee you may still live agreeably where you are, and are held by attachments which your heart cannot shake off. The king seems to behave like a great prince by wishing first to be master and afterwards just. You will think he would be still greater were he desirous of inverting this order; that may be, but this is out of the reach of humanity; and the first article not making the last to be forgotten is sufficient to honour the mind and genius of the greatest prince. If Frederic ratifies the establishment of all your privileges, as I hope he will, he will deserve the greatest eulogium of which a sovereign can be worthy, and that by which he is compared to the Supreme Being himself: that which Armida gave to Godfrey of Bouillon:

*Tu, cui concessè il cielo e diel' ti il fato,
Voler il giusto, e poter ciò che vuoi*.*

If the deputies, whom, in this case, you will probably send to thank him, confined their harangue to these two verses, I am of opinion they would not be ill received.

* Thou to whom Heaven and fate decree to will,
Whate'er is just, and what thou wilt'st fulfill!

HOOLE.

I am

I am very thankful for the directions you have given to Gagnebin ; this is really a friendly care, one of those which will ever be flattering to me because it is according to my own heart. I certainly owe my life to plants : this however is not the best thing for which I am indebted to them ; but they have procured me some agreeable intervals in the midst of the bitterness with which my mind is overflowed ; whilst I am collecting herbs I am not unhappy ; and were I left to myself I would do nothing during the remainder of my days but go a simpling. However I had rather the collection of M. Gagnebin were very small, and that it should not be composed of common plants every where to be found. I must also inform you that I have already many of the most rare Alpine plants ; yet as there is a greater number which I should be glad to add to them, I have no doubt but in those you are to send me there will be several which of themselves will give me pleasure, besides that I shall receive by their coming from you. For instance, although I am sufficiently rich in Gentians, there is one I have not been able to find, and of which I am very desirous ; this is the large *purple Gentian*, the second in rank of the *Species* of *Linnaeus*. I have the *Tozzia Alpina*, *Linn.* but the root is wanting to it and this is the most curious part of the plant, difficult in itself to dry and preserve. I have a *Uva ursi* bearing fruit, but I have not one in flower. I have also the *Azalea procumbens*, but I want other fine *Chamerhododendros* of the Alps. I have but one wretched little *Androsace*. I have not the *Cortusa Matthioli*, &c. The list of what I have would be a long one ; that of the plants I have not, still longer ; but if you will send me one of those you receive from Gagnebin, I can note in it such as I wish to have, that the rest,

rest, which would be superfluous in my herbal, may remain in yours. I have ruined myself by purchasing botanical books, although I had resolved not to buy another; however I perceive that, becoming fond of the plants of the Alps, I cannot do without the work of Haller. You will oblige me by giving me the exact title of the book, with the price and the place where you found it; for France is still so barbarous, relative to botany, that scarcely any book in that science is to be found in it. I have been under the necessity of procuring, at a great expence, from England and Holland, the few I have; and have in vain sought for that of Clusius. What a length of time have I kept you upon the subject of botany, for which I perceive, with much regret, you have lost all taste. However as you seemed much pleased with my *Apocyn*, I have a great inclination to send you a few seeds of the silk-tree, and the cinnamon apple which has lately been brought me from the West Indies. When you begin to stock your garden, I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. Adieu, my dear host, we embrace and salute you with all our hearts.

L E T T E R

TO M. LALIAUD.

Bourgoin, December 19, 1768.

POOR fellow, poor Sauttershaim! Too much taken up with my own affairs during my distress, I had in some measure forgotten him, but he still remained in my heart, and in this I had cherished a secret desire that we might again see each other,
in

in case of my ever finding an interval of repose between misfortunes and death. He was the man whom I could have wished to close my eyes ; his character was mild, his manners and conversation natural ; they had nothing in them of French tinsel ; he had more sense than wit ; a pure taste formed by the goodness of his heart ; sufficient talents to ward off solitude, and a disposition to become fond of it with a friend ; he was my man ; Providence has deprived me of him ; men have deprived me of all the enjoyments which depended upon them ; they sell me even the little measure of air which they permit me to respire. But one illusive hope remained to me and this I have lost. Heaven, undoubtedly, thinks me worthy of finding in myself every needful resource, since in its wisdom it has left me no other. I perceive that the loss of this poor fellow affects me more in proportion than any of my other misfortunes. There must have been a strong sympathy between him and me, since, having already learned to be upon my guard against the officious, I received him with open arms the moment he presented himself, and our connection became intimate during the first days of our acquaintance. I remember at that time to have received a letter from Geneva, informing me he was a spy, sent to endeavour to entice me to France, where, said the writer, I was to be betrayed. Upon this I proposed to Sauttershaim a journey to Pontarlier, without mentioning to him the purpose of it. He consented, and we took our departure ; as soon as we arrived at Pontarlier, I embraced him with transport, and then put the letter into his hands ; he read it without emotion ; we again embraced each other and both shed tears. My eyes are still overflowed with them when I recollect this delicious

licious moment. I have made with him several short pedestrian journeys; I began to collect herbs and he became fond of the same amusement: we went to see my lord Marshal, who, knowing I had an affection for Sauttershaim, received him well, and soon conceived a friendship for him. This was not ill placed. Sauttershaim was amiable, but his merit was perceptible to none but persons born with virtuous inclinations, it made no impression upon others. He was superior to the generation with which he lived; for which reason he did nothing in Paris nor any where else. Heaven has taken him from amongst men where he was a stranger; but why am I still left with them?

Pardon me, sir, but you loved the poor boy, and I know the effusion of my attachment and regret cannot be displeasing to you. I am very thankful for what you have done in my favour with the Prince of Conti; but you have been highly rewarded for your trouble, by the pleasure of conversing with the most amiable and generous of men, who certainly would have loved and protected our poor Sauttershaim, had he known him. I perceive, by what you inform me of his new marks of friendship in my favour, that his goodness towards me, like the generosity of his heart, is inexhaustible. Ah! why should the intermediate persons by whom we are separated turn aside and even destroy all the effect of his cares? I am informed that his treasurer who, by his intrigues, had me driven from the castle of Trie, is connected with the agent of the prince at that of Lavagnac, and that something relative to me has already passed between them. This is sufficient to enable me to judge of the treatment I am to receive there; but no matter, I am ready to set off, and there is nothing I would not endure

dure rather than incur the disgrace of the prince by retracting after having made a requisition, and by rendering useless the arrangements he has been pleased to make in my favour. Of all the misfortunes which my persecutors have determined to heap upon me until my latest moment, there is one at least from which I shall be able to shelter myself, let them do what they will; this is that of losing, by my own fault, his benevolence and protection.

You are so good as to endeavour to find me a spinnet. This is an act of friendship, for which I am extremely obliged to you, although your success in it would embarrass me a good deal; for before I have the spinnet, I must find a place to put it in, and a stone whereon to lay my head. My herbal and my books upon botany already put me to a considerable expence in conveying them from place to place, and from public house to public house. Were we to add to these a spinnet, straps to it would be necessary, that I might carry the instrument upon my back as the Savoyards do their sambucus. All this apparatus would form me an equipage worthy of comic romance; but as little laughable as useless to myself. In the agreeable reveries with which I am weak enough to suffer my mind to be amused, I may sometimes have permitted the desire of a spinnet to enter; but it will be time enough to think of this article when every thing else is realised, and of all the services you may be able to render me, that of providing me with a spinnet, ought, I think, to be the last. It is true, you already think me quietly settled at the castle of Lavagnac. Ah! my dear M. Laliaud, this proves that you see farther than I do. Adieu, we both salute you most cordially. I set you the
example

example of concluding without compliments; you willd well to follow it.

L E T T E R

To M. MOULTOU.

Bourgoin, December 30, 1768.

BEFORE I answered your letter, my dear Moulton, I wished to receive the orders the Prince of Conti announced to me, after giving his approbation to the project of my retreat to the castle of Lavagnac; but these orders are not yet come, nor will they, I fear, for some time; for I have received intimation from his highness, that, before he wrote to me, he had, relative to the project, arrangements to make, similar to those he thought necessary for my journey to Dauphiny; these arrangements depend upon the agreement of persons who do not often meet together; and, however generous the heart of this prince may be, and with whatever goodness he may honour me, you know he neither is nor ought to be entirely occupied with my affairs, and his greatest eulogium is, that he is not fatigued by the trouble I have already given him. I therefore wait with patience; but in the mean time my situation becomes daily more critical in every respect, and the foggy air and the water of Bourgoin have lately given me a singular complaint, which, by some means or other, I must endeavour to shake off. This is a swelling of the stomach, very considerable, and externally perceptible, which oppresses and almost stifles me, and is moreover so inconvenient that I cannot stoop, so that my poor wife is obliged to put on my shoes, &c.

I at

I at first thought I was getting fat, but fat is not stifling ; my stomach is the only part which fattens and the rest of my body is as lean as usual. This complaint, which hourly increases, has determined me to leave the unhealthy country I am in as soon as possible, and retire to some other place until the prince shall think proper to dispose of me elsewhere. Half a league from the city, there is a house well and agreeably situated upon the side of a hill, where the air and water are very good, and in which the proprietor is willing to let me a little apartment in which I am desirous of living. The house is alone, far from any village, and at present uninhabited. I shall be there with my wife and a servant who constantly remains in the house ; the opportunity will be a good one for those who dispose of my person to deliver themselves from the cares of watching over my actions, and me from the miseries of life. This idea neither encourages nor disheartens me. I intend to go there in a few days, and remain at the mercy of men, and under the protection of Providence, until I know whether or not it be permitted me to join you, or that I am to stay in this country : for I am determined to take no decisive step without the consent of him relative to whom my confidence is equal to my gratitude, and this is saying every thing. Adieu, my dear Moulton : I know not either when, or upon what occasion, I shall cease writing to you. But as long as I live I shall never cease to love you.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. D. P. . . . v.

Bourgoin, January 18, 1769.

I Have learned, by the most singular accident, that somebody has printed, at Lausanne, one of the fragments you have in your hands upon the following question: *Quelle est la première vertu du Héros ?** You will easily judge that I know a theft must have been committed upon you: but how, and by whom?—You who are so careful, and especially of the deposits of others! I am under engagements which render such larcenies of the greatest consequence to me†. How then has it happened that you have not given me advice of this impression? Pray, my dear host, endeavour to trace the matter to its source; and to know how and by whom this nonsense has been printed. I have not the least uneasiness about the papers you have in your hands: if you suffer me to be alarmed what will become of me? Put yourself in my place and pardon my importunity.

I thought I should have died during the night. I am better to-day. My consolation is that I know that it is impossible I should pass many such nights. My wife, who has been very ill also, is now better. I am preparing to leave this place to go and live in the elevated residence which is

* What is the first virtue of the Hero?

† He had engaged to suffer nothing of his to be printed during his life.

destined for me, there to breathe a purer air than that of these valleys. I embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M. LALIAUD.

Monquin, January 18, 1769.

I Do not know M. de la S**. I have understood he was a manufacturer at Lyons: in the autumn he accompanied the son of Madame Boy de la Tour, my friend, who came here to see me. Finding I was ill lodged, and in so bad an air, he proposed to me a residence in Dombes. I neither assented to, nor refused his proposition. This winter, perceiving my health decline, he repeated his offer, which I declined, and he then became pressing. For want of better reasons, I told him I could not leave the province without the consent of the Prince of Conti. He pressed me to give him leave to apply to the prince for permission, and I made no objection to his doing it. Thus stands the matter.

I have learned by the greatest accident that one of my old manuscripts has been just printed at Lausanne. It is a discourse upon the question proposed in 1751, by M. de Curzay, when he was in Corsica. The discourse was no sooner finished than I found it so bad a performance that I was unwilling to print it or give it out of my possession. I afterwards placed it, with every thing else I had in manuscript, in the hands of M. D. P.....u before my departure for England. Since that time I have never seen nor so much as once thought of it; I cannot recollect to a certainty

tainty whether or not this scrawl be one of the illegible manuscripts which M. D. P....u sent me to Wootton to transcribe, and which I returned to him, copy and rough draft, by his friend M. de **, upon whom, or upon the road, the theft must have been committed. One thing however is certain, that I had no part in sending the manuscript to be printed, and had I been foolish enough again to send any thing to the press, it would not have been such a wretched performance of which I should have made choice. I know not by what means it got into the hands of the printer; but I believe M. D. P....u incapable of such a breach of trust. This, as far as relates to myself, is the whole truth; and it is of importance to me this truth should be known. I embrace and salute you, my dear sir, most cordially.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Monquin, February 4, 1769.

I Have received your two letters, and with the first the rescription you had the goodness to send me, and for which I thank you.

What! the academical scrawl printed at Lausanne had first been printed at Paris!—and of this M. Freron is the editor!—The time of the impression, and the choice of the performance, the most stupid of those which I left in manuscript, prove to me by what kind of persons, and with what intention, this has been published. The edition of Lausanne, if it exists, has probably been printed from that of Paris. But the silence of M. D. makes me doubt of the second edition,

edition, of which I received intelligence from such a distance as to make it probable that the edition of Paris is the only one ; moreover trifles of this kind are seldom of the number of those which are printed twice. You have taken the best method to discover, if this be possible, the author of the theft, by an examination of the manuscript.— This is better than a printed letter, the only effect of which would be to call me to the recollection of the public and of my enemies by whom I endeavour to be forgotten ; it certainly would not induce those who are guilty to declare themselves so. You also inform me that a new volume of my real or pretended writings has been printed. In this manner am I dissected during my life time, or rather another body is dissected under my name. For what have I to do with the collection of which you speak, except two or three of my letters inserted in it, by which it is intended to make the public believe the whole collection is from my pen ? The persons concerned had the impudence to get it printed in London, in my name, whilst I was in England, suppressing the first edition of Lausanne, printed under the inspection of the author. I perceive that the impression of the academical scrawl is connected with some secret manœuvre of a like nature. You have sometimes told me I saw things in the blackest light ; the expression is not just : I do not blacken any thing ; it is my persecutors who blacken me. Have patience. They vainly attempt to destroy the source of clear water ; this will be found when I am no more, and at a time when they least expect it. Therefore let them in future manœuvre at their ease, I bid them do their worst. The explosion they intend to make after my death upon my memory, like vile crows which fall ravenously upon dead bodies,

bodies, gives no kind of uneasiness. They will then imagine they no longer need to be afraid of the rays of light which, as long as I am alive, will make them tremble; and at the same time my present silence and patience will, perhaps, have their proper weight with men. However this may be, when I quitted Bourgoins, I shook off all the cares which rendered my residence there equally disagreeable and prejudicial to me. The situation in which I am has done more towards my tranquillity than the precepts of philosophy and reason. I have lived and am satisfied with the employment of my life, and with the same eye with which I see the remainder of it, I perceive the events whereby it may be filled up. I, therefore, renounce all future desire of knowing what is said, done, or going forward, relative to myself; you have been discreet enough never to say any thing to me upon these subjects. I conjure you to continue so. I do not refuse the services which your friendship and equity may induce you to render to truth or myself on proper occasions; this, after the esteem and affection you profess for me, would be failing in respect to you. But in the present situation of things, and the turn they seem to take, I will not trouble my head about any thing capable of diverting my attention from myself, or depriving my mind of that tranquillity which my conscience enjoys.

I write to you, without intending to do so, very long letters; these are of great service to my heart, and very prejudicial to my stomach. I postpone, until another opportunity, the account of my habitation. Madame Renou thanks and salutes you; and, I, my dear sir, embrace you most cordially.

LETTER .

L E T T E R

To M. MOULTOU.

Monquin, February 14, 1769.

I Have changed my lodging, my dear Moulton, I quitted the foggy air of Bourgoin to come and inhabit a solitary house which had long been almost empty; it stands upon an elevation, and the lady to whom it belongs made me an offer of it sometime ago; I was received with a noble hospitality, but too much so to make me forget I was a visitor. Having taken this step, my present situation does not permit me to think of another habitation; I could not, indeed, consistent with honour, quit this immediately after having consented to its being prepared for me. Necessity, inclination, and my present state of health, all concur to induce me to make my sole desire that of finishing in this solitude the rest of my days, which, thank Heaven, will not, I think, notwithstanding what you may say, be extremely numerous. Overwhelmed with the evils of this life and the injustice of men, I approach with joy an abode where these cannot reach me, and in the mean time my only object shall be that of turning my thoughts inwards, and endeavouring, in the presence of the Supreme Being, who is witness to all my actions, to taste here below, with the companion of my heart and misfortunes, a few hours of peace and agreeable repose in expectation of the last moment. Therefore, my good friend, continue to assure me of your friendship, it will ever be dear to me; but never more
speak

speak to me of projects. The only one I have to execute is, that of leaving the world as innocent as I have lived in it.

I have perceived, my friend, in some of your letters, and particularly in the last, that the torrent of fashion has reached you, and that you begin to waver in those sentiments in which I thought you not to be shaken! Ah! my dear friend, why are you changed? You, in whom I always thought I perceived so sound a heart and such strength of mind. Are you then no longer satisfied with yourself, and does the secret witness of your sentiments begin to become importunate to you? I know that faith is not indispensable, that sincere incredulity is not a crime, and that men will be judged according to what they have done and not according to what they have believed. But be careful, I conjure you, to be sincere with yourself; for not having believed is very different from not having been willing to believe; and I conceive it to be possible that he who has never believed may never believe, but not that he who has once believed can ever cease to do so. Besides, what I ask of you is not faith so much as sincerity. Will you deny the existence of a universal intelligence? Final causes confute the supposition. Would you reject moral instinct? You must hear an internal voice in your heart, which confounds fashionable petty arguments, and cries aloud telling you that they who maintain honesty and villainy, vice and virtue to be words without meaning, are liars. You are too good a reasoner not to perceive by instinct, that in rejecting the primary cause and attributing every thing to matter and motion, the morality of human life is excluded. What! My God! the just man unfortunate, a prey to all the evils of this life, not excepting shame and dishonour,

dishonour, has no reward to expect in that which is to come, and dies like a beast, after having lived like a divinity! No no, Moulton; Christ, whom the present age has not known, because it is unworthy of knowing him; Christ, who died for having been desirous of making an illustrious and a virtuous people of his vile country-men, the divine Jesus did not entirely die upon the cross; and I, who am a poor mortal full of weakness, but who feel I have a heart which no guilty thought ever approached, perceive, from this alone, in the approaching dissolution of my body, a certainty of living beyond the grave, of this I am assured by every thing in nature. She does not contradict herself; I perceive in her the reign of physical order, which is never interrupted. With this moral order I must correspond. It was, however, overturned in me, and will therefore begin at my death. Pardon me, my friend, I perceive I begin to talk idly; but my heart full of hope and confidence relative to myself, and to you of attachment and affection, could not resist this overflowing.

I think no more of L. and my journeys are probably ended. I have, however, lately received a letter from the patron as full of goodness and friendship as any he ever wrote me, and approving of another proposal which had lately been made. I am determined to enjoy with nature the few days I have to live without ever again associating with men by whom I have been so ill treated, and who have known me so little. Although I can no longer stoop to examine and

N

gather

gather plants I cannot renounce them; I observe their construction with more pleasure than ever. I do not tell you to send me yours because I hope you will bring them; that moment, my dear Moulton, will be very agreeable to me. Adieu. I embrace you; share all the sentiments of my heart with your worthy better half, and be both pleased to receive the respects of mine. She will soon be to be pitied. Our not having been able to fulfil great duties has not been her fault nor mine. But she has fulfilled very respectable ones. How many things which ought to be known will soon be buried with me, and what advantages will my cruel enemies reap from their having made it impossible for me to speak out!

L E T T E R

TO M. D. P.

Monquin, February 28, 1769.

I Am upon my mountain, my dear host, where my new establishment and my stomach make writing painful to me; had not this been the case I should, before this time, have made frequent enquiries after Madame **, of whose complete cure your last letter but one gave me hopes to add to my desire. For my own part, I am much in the same state as I was when I first came here, not worse at least, but I still suffer a good deal. I did wrong in not informing you of the recovery of Madame Renou, who kept her bed but a few days; but think what our situation, both dangerously ill at the same time, in a wretched public house, must have been.

It

It has not been possible to procure from Freron the manuscript from which the discourse in question was printed ; but I perceive, from what you tell me, that the furtive copy of it was taken before the corrections were made, which, however, are of long standing. Even with these the work is a wretched piece of scribbling ; judge, therefore, what it must be in the state in which it has been printed. What is still worse than all, Rey and the other booksellers will not fail to insert it as it now stands in the collection of my writings. What can I do in the affair ? What has happened proceeds not from any fault of mine. All I have to do in my present situation, when evils are not to be remedied, is to remain quiet, and not give myself the least trouble about any thing.

M. Séguier, who has acquired celebrity by the *Plante Veronenses*, which you should perhaps already have, has just sent me plants which have turned my attention to my herbal and my botanical books. I am at present too rich not to feel the want of that which I have not. If, amongst the plants promised you by Parolier, the *purple Gentian*, the *Thora Valdensium*, the *Epimedium*, and some others be found, the whole well preserved and in flowers, would, I confess to you, be a present which would give me great pleasure ; for I perceive, after all, that botany gets the better of me. I will smile, my dear host, until death, and after it ; for if there be flowers in the Elysian fields, I will form them into wreaths for true, candid, and upright men, and such as I shall certainly have deserved to meet with upon earth. Adieu, my very dear host, my stomach gives me notice to conclude before I begin to moralize ; for this would lead me to a great length. My heart follows you to the feet of the

bed of the good mamma. I embrace the good M. Jeannin.

L E T T E R

TO MR. LALIAUD.

Monquin, August 27, 1769.

A BOTANICAL ramble to Mount Pilat, which I took almost immediately after my arrival here, deprived me of the pleasure of answering you so soon as I ought to have done. This ramble was rendered disagreeable by continued rain; I found but few plants and lost my dog, who having been hurt by another dog ran away. I thought him dead in the woods of his wounds, but at my return I found him here quite well, but could not imagine how he had been able to run twelve leagues and cross the Rhone, in the situation in which he left me. You have the pleasure of again seeing your native spot, and living in the midst of your friends. I should partake of this happiness by being a witness to your enjoyment of it, but I am afraid this is no part of my destiny. I found Madame Renou in tolerable good health; she thanks you for your remembrance of her and salutes you most cordially. I hasten to do the same, being obliged to be brief on account of the care required by some plants I brought home with me, and of a small quantity of seed which I intend for the Duchess of Portland; all half rotten by the rain when I arrived here. I am, however, desirous to preserve some part of these, that my ramble and the trouble I had in collecting them may not be fruitless.—Adieu, my dear M. Laliaud, take care of yourself and live contented.

LETTER

L E T T E R

To M. MOULTOU.

Monquin, September 8, 1769.

WERE it not, my dear Moulton, for a sprain in my hand, which has made me suffer for several days, I would chat with you quite at my ease ; but I am in hopes of finding a more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, receive my thanks for your kind remembrance of me and for that of Madame Moulton : I shall not without much difficulty console myself for not having seen her when I was so near. I am willing to believe I am something indebted to her for the pleasure I received by your bringing with you your son, and this rendered the sight of the lovely child a greater pleasure to me. I am delighted at his wishing in what he does for my approbation. This he will always easily obtain by acquiring yours ; for upon this head, as well as on many others, you and I cannot think differently.

I am not surpris'd at what you tell me of the secret dispositions of the persons by whom you are surrounded. They have long since changed patriotism into egotism, and their pretended love of public good is nothing more in their hearts than party hatred. Guard your own, dear Moulton, against this painful sentiment, which always gives greater torment than pleasure, and even in satiety revenges in the heart of him by whom it is felt, the evil it does to his enemy. Paradise

to the beneficent, said the good Abbé de St. Pierre. This is a paradise of which the wicked cannot deprive any body, and which they themselves would gain were they capable of judging of the happiness it gives. Adieu, my dear Moul-tou, I embrace you.

L E T T E R

To M. D. P.....u.

Monquin, September 16, 1769.

YOU had great reason, my dear host, to expect an account of my botanical journey to Pilat; for one of the greatest pleasures I hoped to receive from it was that of giving you a detail of my researches. But having failed in the last, little remains to me to say of the first. I set off on foot with three companions, one of whom was a physician, all pretending to be fond of botany, and wishing to please and flatter me, for I know not what reason, thought the best thing they could do was to be very ceremonious. Judge how ill this agreed, not only with my manner of thinking, but with the ease and cheerfulness of a pedestrian journey. They all thought me a very disagreeable companion, and I do not wonder at it. They do not, however, say that it was they who made me so. Yet I do not think we were any of us, notwithstanding the rain, out of humour at Brot. So much for the first article. The second consists in our having had bad weather during the whole of the journey. This is not amazing when the sole object is that of sampling, and, for want of a certain intimacy,

it is the only resource. The third is, that we found upon the mountain a very bad lodging. The only bed in it consisted of damp hay in a state of heating, excepting a single matrafs full of fleas, of which, as the Sancho of the troop, I was pompously put in possession. The fourth, accidents of every kind; one of my companions was bitten by a dog upon the mountain. Sultan was half killed by another, and immediately disappeared. I thought him dead of his wounds or eaten by the wolves; and what surprised me to a degree beyond description, was my finding him at my return home quite at his ease and perfectly cured; I could not imagine by what means he had been able, in his wounded state, to run twelve leagues, and cross the Rhone which, as M. de Chazeron said of the Rhine, is not a rivulet. The fifth and worst article, is our having made but few acquisitions, having gone too late for the flowers and too early for seed, and not having a guide to conduct us to the best places. Add to these, that the mountain is very melancholy, uncultivated, and a desert, and has nothing of the admirable variety of the mountains of Switzerland. Were you not become an apostate, I would here give you an account of our slender collection; I would mention to you the *meum*, the *raisin d'ours*, the *doronicum*, *bistort*, *napellus*, *thymelia*, &c. But I hope when M. * * *, who has learned botany in three days, is in your neighbourhood, he will explain to you the nature of all these. Amongst all the very common alpine plants, I found three more curious ones which gave me great pleasure. One is the *Onagra*, (*Oenothera biennis*, Lin.) which I found upon the bank of the Rhone, and which I had already met with on that of the Loire in my

N 4

journey

journey to Nevers. The second is the *Sonchus Alpinus*, which gave me the more pleasure, as I had some difficulty to determine its genus, obstinately continuing to take it for a lettuce. The third, the *Lichen Islandicus*, which I immediately knew by the short *pili* with which its leaves are edged. I fatigue you with my pedantic detail, but if your Henrietta were fond of plants how quickly would my hay be transformed into flowers! In that case you would, in spite of yourself, be obliged to become a botanist.

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Monquin, November 15, 1769.

THANKS to the relapse from which you are recovered. You are now, my dear host, in one of those happy intervals during which, perceiving at a distance the return of the gout, you may enjoy health and even prolong it; and I am persuaded that the best use you can make of this will be to render life agreeable to the amiable Henrietta who gives so much pleasure and consolation to yours. The account you give me of the manner in which you cultivate the sentiments and reason you find in her, enables me to judge of the pleasure you must have in so endearing an occupation, and makes me frequently desirous of being a witness to it. But called by great and afflicting duties to more necessary cares, I see no reason to flatter myself with the hope of ending my days near you. Of this I feel the desire, and
which

which I would gratify were nothing but my will to be consulted ; the thing is not perhaps absolutely impossible ; but I am so accustomed to see all my wishes disappointed in every thing, that I no longer form any, and endeavour to support the rest of my fate, resigning myself to the will of Heaven.

Let us speak no more of botany ; although my passion for it has hitherto increased, and, notwithstanding this innocent and amiable amusement was very necessary to me in my situation, I abandon it ; I must do so : let us not again enter upon the subject. Since I began this study, I have made rather a considerable collection of botanical books, amongst which there are some very scarce ones, and much sought after by the lovers of that science, who may think my collection valuable. I have besides enriched most of these books with synonyma, by adding to the greatest part of the descriptions and figures the names of Linnæus. None but persons who have attempted these concordances can form an idea of the trouble they give, and how much that I have taken may save those into whose hands my books may fall should they wish to make use of them. I wish to part with this collection which becomes useless to me, and is difficult to convey from place to place. I wish it could suit you ; when you have a garden of plants, I have no doubt but you will again become fond of botany, which, in my opinion, would be very advantageous to your health. In this case you would have a complete collection, sufficient to all your purposes, and which you would have much difficulty to form in detail. For this reason I thought proper to propose to you mine before I offered it to any other person. I am going to

make out a catalogue. Do you wish I should send it you?

I am not surpris'd at the cares, delays, unexpected expences, and embarrassments of every kind caus'd you by your building. You ought to have expected all these, and you may recollect what I wrote to you upon the subject when first you thought of the undertaking. You must however have got through the heaviest part of the business, and what remains to be done can be nothing more than an amusement compar'd with what you had to do. Except, however, you should become fond of building and pulling down: in this case your whole life will not be sufficient to complete the undertaking, and you will never enjoy what you have done. Fly from this dangerous temptation, otherwise I predict to you much unhappiness.

L E T T E R

To M. MOULTOU.

Monquin, March 28, 1770

I POSTPONED answering your last letter, my dear Moulton, in hopes of being able to give you some certain account of my journey, but the snow, by which I am besieged, renders the roads of this mountain so impracticable that I can no longer say when I shall have it in my power to set off. A part of my project will be to go to Lyons, after which I know what I intend to do, but not what I shall be able to accomplish.

My

My intention was to go and settle in Savoy, which you have since suggested; and for this purpose I asked for and obtained a passport during my residence at Bourgoin, of which, in consequence of some information that I gained at the same time, I was unwilling to make any use; I have determined to end my days in this kingdom, and to give those who are here masters of my destiny, the pleasure of satiating their desires until my latest breath.

I am not, at least at present, in want of aid from the purse of any person, and in my present situation my expences whilst I remain at home are not much less than when I travel; but I am sorry the offer of your purse has deprived me of the resource I should have had in recurring to it in case of need; my most favourite maxim is never to ask any thing of those who once make me offers. I punish them for having destroyed the means I had of procuring myself one pleasure by depriving them of another, and when I make friends to my own liking, I will not go in search of them to Monomotapa, notwithstanding what la Fontaine says of it. This proceeds from my particular turn of mind, for the oddity of which I do not attempt to make an apology, but I have a right to consult my own inclination when an obligation to be conferred upon me is in question.

The more I am satisfied with that which is granted me, the less am I pleased with that which I am obliged to accept. For which reason I never accept any thing with a good grace, nor until I am overcome by the tyranny of importunity. But a friend, who wishes to oblige me in my own manner and not in his, will always be satisfied with my heart. I confess, however, that
your

your offer, being so well timed, deserves an exception, and this I make by endeavouring to forget it, that our friendship may not be deprived of one of the rights to which, from an equality of fortune, it ought to be entitled.

Your discernment cannot be very nice if you find a resemblance of me in that figure of a cyclops sold for my portrait. When the honest Mr. Hume was pleased to have my picture taken in England, I was unable to guess his motive, although I clearly saw it was not friendship. I did not learn what it really was until I saw the engraving, and was farther informed that for a companion it had one representing the said Mr. Hume, who was really the figure of a cyclops, and to whom the artist has given very pleasing features. Our minds have been described, with the same fidelity as our visages have been painted, I can easily imagine the great eulogiums you have heard of this portrait have vitiated your judgment; but consider the print more attentively and take from your chamber that savage countenance which certainly bears no resemblance to mine. The engravings taken from my portrait by la Tour make me, it is true, something younger than I am, but the resemblance is considerably greater; these, you will observe, have disappeared, or have been hideously counterfeited. How happens it you cannot perceive whence this comes and what it means?

I have two aids of politeness, justice and friendship, to perform, and I make you my agent in the business.

1st. Rey has just published an edition of my works, by which, and other marks, I have discovered he has been gained over. I ought to have foreseen that people so attentive to every thing would not forget him, and that he would

not

not be proof against their manœuvres. Amongst other remarks upon this edition, I perceived, with great indignation, that it contained three or four letters from the Comte de 'Tressan with the answers, written fifteen years ago, upon the subject of a quarrel with Palissot. I never communicated the contents of these letters to any person except V **, in whom, and very unfortunately, I had the same confidence as I now have in you. Since that time I have not shewn the letters to any body, nor do I recollect ever having spoken of them. These however are printed by Rey. By what means can they have come into his possession? He certainly did not receive them from me; and in mentioning this edition not a word escaped him relative to the letters. I easily conceive he has not better fulfilled that duty by obtaining the consent of M. de 'Tressan, who probably would no more have given it than myself. From the tomb in which I am shut up alive, I cannot write to M. de 'Tressan, not having his direction, nor would my letter ever reach him. I beg you will do this for me. Tell him that with him, whom I honour, I should not have been in the least degree wanting in a duty which I discharged with the most scrupulous and, perhaps, an unheard of attention towards Voltaire, whom I have suffered to falsify and disfigure my letters, and suppress his own, without my having hitherto shewn those of either to any body. It certainly is not to do me honour that these letters have been printed, but for the sole purpose of bringing upon me the enmity of M. de 'Tressan.

2d. A few months ago I sent to the Duchess dowager of Portland the plants I had collected for her at Mount Pilat, and prepared with great care, as well as an assortment of seeds which I
added

added to them. I have not heard from the duchess, nor any thing about the packet, although I wrote to her grace and to her agent ; my letters remain unanswered, and I apprehend have been suppressed, as well as the packet, from motives you will readily imagine. The manœuvres made use of are well chosen for the object proposed. Be so good, my dear Moulou, as to write to the duchess informing her what I have done, and tell her grace how much I regret being deprived of the means of discharging the functions annexed to the title she permitted me to take, and which I thought it honourable to deserve. You know I cannot continue a correspondence in spite of those by whom my letters are intercepted. Therefore, in this respect, as well as in all others where necessity is imperious, I submit to it. My only desire is, that my old correspondents should know the fault is not mine. and that I have not neglected them. The same thing happened to me with M. Guan, of Montpellier, to whom I sent a package addressed to M. de St. Priest. Something similar will perhaps interrupt my correspondence with you. Acknowledge at least the receipt of this letter, should it reach your hands : yours, if you write immediately after you receive mine, may still find me here. My paper fails me. My respects and those of my wife to Madame Moulou. We jointly embrace you most cordially. Adieu, my dear Moulou.

LETTER

L E T T E R

TO THE SAME.

Monquin, April 6, 1770.

(Poor blind mortals that we are ! &c.)

YOUR letter, my dear Moulton, affects me, on account of what I learn from it of the state of your health. In your preceding one, you spoke of your sore throat as a thing that was past, and I considered it as one of those to which I myself have been so subject ; they are violent, short, and leave no trace. But if yours be a gouty humour it will be difficult entirely to get rid of ; but above all do not suffer yourself to think of a cure, this would be wishing to cure yourself of life, an evil which good men ought to support as long as they can in any respect make it useful. D. P.....u, by attempting to cure his, drove it upwards, and it was not without great difficulty that we brought it back to the extremities. You undoubtedly know what is proper to be done for this purpose : I have seen great and immediate effects from mustard applied to the soles of the feet ; I recommend it to you on a like occasion, from which, however, Heaven preserve you. So young and already attacked by the gout ! I pity you from my heart. Had you always followed the regimen I made you observe at Motiers, especially with respect to exercise, you would not have had to complain of that cruel disorder. No soups, short sittings in your closet, and a good deal of walking in your hours
of

of relaxation ; this is the only prescription I have to recommend to you.

What you tell me relative to some late proceedings in your city, still gives me pain, but no longer surprises me. What ! your Sovereign Council pronounces judgment in criminal cases ? Kings, more wise than that is, never do this. These poor heads hasten to follow the example of the Athenians, and to seek the same fate which, alas ! they will soon enough find without running after it.

Quos vult perdere Jupiter, dementat.

I have no doubt but the natives accompany their pretensions with the insolence of persons who feel themselves prompted and think they are supported ; but I am still more certain that, if these poor citizens did not suffer themselves to be blinded with prosperity, and seduced by a vile interest, they would have been the first to offer that share, fundamentally just, and very advantageous to all, which the others demand. They are now as haughty aristocracies with the inhabitants as the magistrates formerly were with them. Of these two aristocracies, I should prefer the first.

I am much obliged by your kind intention to write to the Duchels of Portland and M. de Tresfan. Your letters will be dictated by equity and friendship ; I am not uneasy about what you will write. What you tell me of the prior impression of the letters of the latter, entirely exculpates Rey, upon the head, but does not weaken the strong reasons I have for looking upon him in a suspicious light ; and I too well know those with whom I have to do, to believe that, turning their manœuvres against so many people, and thinking
of

of so many things, they have forgotton that man in particular. What you say of M. G***, and his public profession of friendship for me, is not of a nature to increase my confidence in him. This affection is, in a singular manner, in the plan of those who dispose of me at pleasure.—C*** excelled in it, and never spoke of me without tears of tenderness. They who really love me take special care, in the present state of things, not to shew so much warmth of attachment. On the contrary they grieve in secret, observe and are silent, waiting until the time shall come, when, without prejudice to me, they may speak out.

This, my dear Moulton, is what I beg of and advise you to do. Exposing yourself would not be serving me. Secret manœuvres have for the last fifteen years been constantly employed; they who have contributed towards this work of darkness have rendered it too dangerous to be approached and examined by honest men. Before these walk upon the mine, they must suffer it to make its explosion; and it is no longer my person but my memory they must think of defending. This, my dear Moulton, is what I have always expected from you. Do not imagine I am unacquainted with your connections; my confidence is not that of a fool, but, on the contrary, that of a person acquainted with men of different characters, and of one who expects nothing from such people as C***, but every thing from those who are like Moulton. I doubt not but attempts have been made to seduce you; and am persuaded that the utmost my persecutors have been able to do has been confined to deceiving you. But, with your penetration, you have seen too many things, and there are too many more with which you will become acquainted, to remain

main long in error. When you discover truth, it will not on that account be time to make it manifest; you must wait for revolutions favourable to it, and which, sooner or later, will come to pass. At that time the name of friend to me, which at present must be kept secret, will honour those by whom it has been borne, and who will fulfil the duties it imposes on them. This, dear Moulton, is the task thou hast to perform! It is great, noble, and worthy of thee, and many years ago my heart chose thee to fulfil it.

This is perhaps the last time I shall ever write to you. You must know of what importance it is to me to see you, and how much pleasure I should receive from it; but let us no longer think of Chamberry; that is not the place to which I am called. Honour and duty cry aloud, and I hear nothing but their voice. Adieu, receive the embrace my heart sends you. All my letters are opened; this, however, does not give me the least uneasiness; but several of them never reach the persons to whom they are addressed. Endeavour to let me know whether or not this has been more fortunate. You know where I shall be; but I must inform you that my letters after having been opened at the post-office, will be opened again in the house in which I am going to lodge. Once more adieu. We both embrace you in all the tenderness of our hearts. Our homage and tender respects to Madame.

It is true, I have endeavoured to dispose of my botanical books, and even of my herbal. Yet, as the herbal is in most respects at present, I will not part with it until the last extremity; and my intention is to leave it, if I can, to him by whom it was given to me, with the addition I have made to it of upwards of three hundred plants.

FRAGMENT,

F R A G M E N T,

*Found amongst the Papers of J. J. ROUSSEAU,
following this Collection of Letters.*

WHOEVER, without urgent necessity and indispensable business, pursues even to importunity, a man of whom he has an unfavourable opinion, without wishing to come to an explanation concerning the justice or injustice of the judgment he has formed of him, is, whether he be or be not deceived in this judgment, himself a man who deserves to be thought ill of.

To flatter a man in his presence and defame him when he is absent is certainly the duplicity of a traitor, and most probably the artifice of an impostor. To say to others, the better to defame an absent man, that from a motive of delicacy you wish not to confound him, is a lie equally absurd and cowardly. Defamation being the worst of all civil evils, and that of which the effects are the most terrible, were it true that you were desirous to spare this man you would confound him, and perhaps threaten to defame him, but in this you would confine yourself to threats. You would reproach him in private with his crime, and carefully conceal it from the world; but to tell it to every body except himself, and still pretend to interest yourself in his welfare, is a refinement of hatred, and the last degree of wickedness and barbarity.

Treacherously to give alms to a man in spite of himself is not to serve but to degrade him; it is not an act of goodness, but one of malignity; especially if, by rendering the parsimonious gift

gift useless, but public, and inevitable to the person who is the object of it, measures be so taken as to make it known to every body but himself. This deceit is not only cruel but base. By assuming the mask of beneficence it conceals malice under the appearance of virtue, and by re-action gives the colour of ingratitude to the indignation of injured honour.

A gift is a contract which always supposes the consent of both parties. A gift forced or made by address, and which is not accepted, is a theft. To wish by deceit and treachery to make gratitude a duty in him whose hatred we have merited, and by whom we are justly despised, is horrid and tyrannical.

Since honour is more precious and important than life, and nothing renders the latter more burdensome than the loss of the former, there can be no possible case in which it is permitted to conceal from him whom we defame, no more than from him who is punished with death, the accusation, the accuser, and his proofs. Evidence itself is submitted to this indispensable law ; for if all the inhabitants of a city had seen one man assassinate another, the accused would not be put to death without first having been heard and interrogated. Otherwise, no person would be in safety, and society would be entirely overturned. If this sacred law be without exception it is equally free from abuse ; since all the art of an accused person cannot prevent an evident crime from continuing to be a crime, nor, in such a case, make it possible for him to escape conviction. But without this conviction evidence cannot exist. This essentially depends upon the answers of the accused person, or upon his silence ; because it cannot be presumed that enemies, or even indifferent persons, will give to the proofs
of

of a crime the same attention in order to discover that part of them which may be weak, nor the explanations by which they may be destroyed, as the person accused can naturally give. Therefore, no person has a right to take his place to deprive him of the right of defending himself, by undertaking to do this without his consent; and it will be a great thing if sometimes a secret disposition does not incline those who have so much pleasure in finding the accused guilty, to see that pretended evidence of which, had he been heard, he would have pointed out the imposture.

Hence it follows that the same evidence lies against the accuser whilst he obstinately continues to violate this sacred law. For the cowardice of an accuser who does every thing in his power to conceal himself from the accused, let the pretence with which he covers it be what it may, can proceed from nothing but the fear of seeing his imposture made public and the innocent justified. Therefore, all those by whom, in such a case, the manœuvres of the accuser are approved of and seconded, are the agents of iniquity.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, heartily acquiesce in these maxims, and think all just and reasonable persons bound to do the same.

F I N I S.



